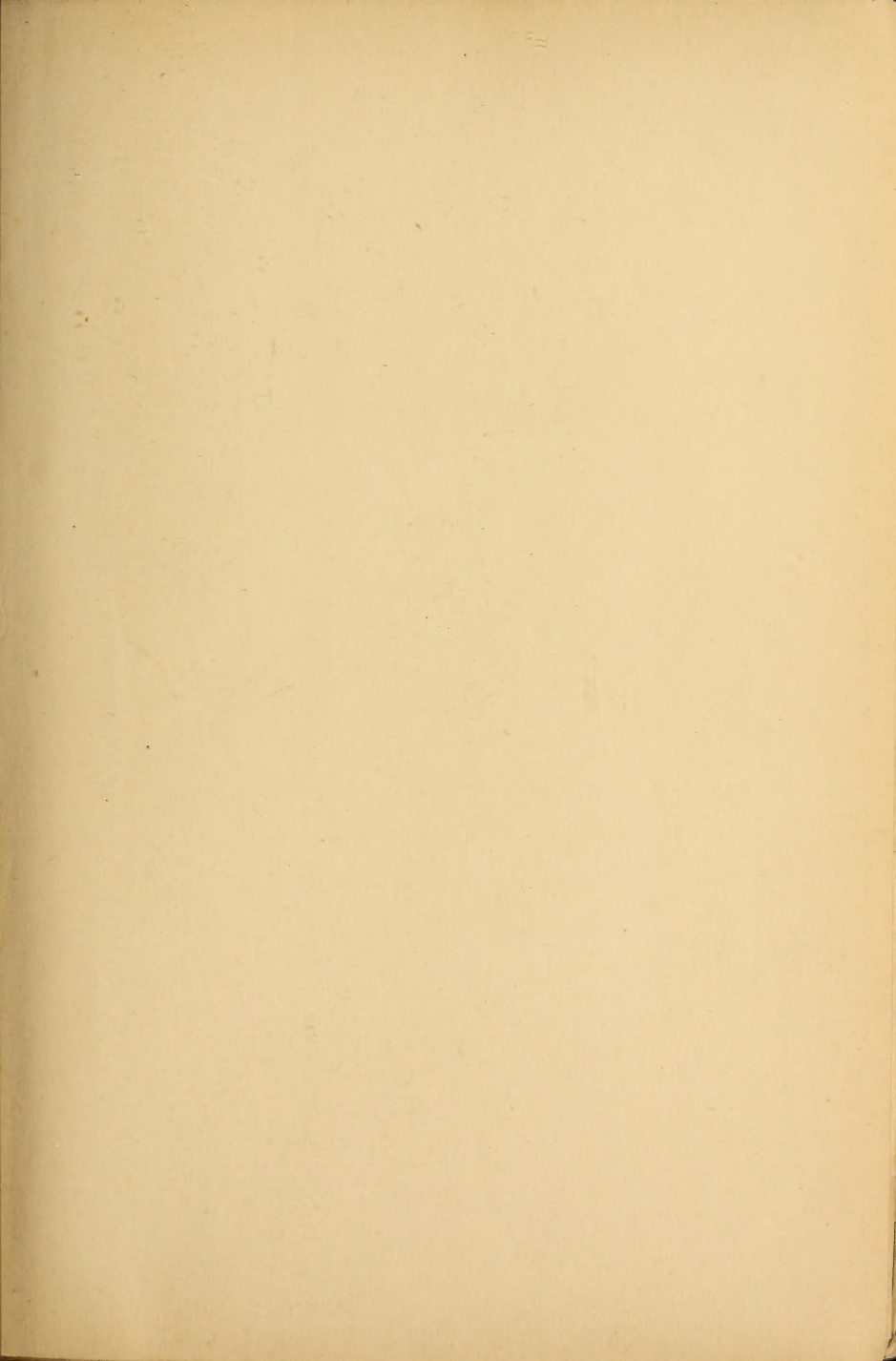


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DR. P. A. MATTSON

# Through The Land of Promise

*Reminiscences of A Journey in Bible Lands*

By  
Rev. P. A. Mattson, Ph.D., D.D.



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## Preface

When leaving this book to the public, I am not doing it without a certain hesitation, as I am well acquainted with its deficiencies. In these critical times it is rather risky to send out a book, but I trust that the reader will have forbearance with it, and remember that it is intended to be a travelogue.

During my journeys in the Orient on the trains and on horseback I have made my annotations of the impressions of the various places, and during the past years I have arranged them in their present form. The limited time at my disposal in writing this book will in some measure atone for its defects.

Some might say that we have too many works on travels in the Bible Lands, and I grant that there are a quite a number already, but it is a fact that the more works on travel we read, the more we learn to know the countries through which the tourists have gone, and we find that one has observed something that another has entirely passed by. The author of this book has endeavored to localize the holy places as much as possible, and this may be the characteristic feature of this work. From this point of view it may not have been written in vain.

As this work is going out into the world, we trust that it may in its humble way lead the reader into the great subjects which the blessed Book unfolds to us. To be able to understand the Bible properly, we must also know something of the countries, their customs and manners, where the various books of the Bible were written, and if the author has in some way been able to create an interest for these great subjects which the Scriptures open up for us, these lines will have served their purpose.

THE AUTHOR.

Cannon Falls, Minn., September 28th, 1919.

“Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy, and peace, with thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?”

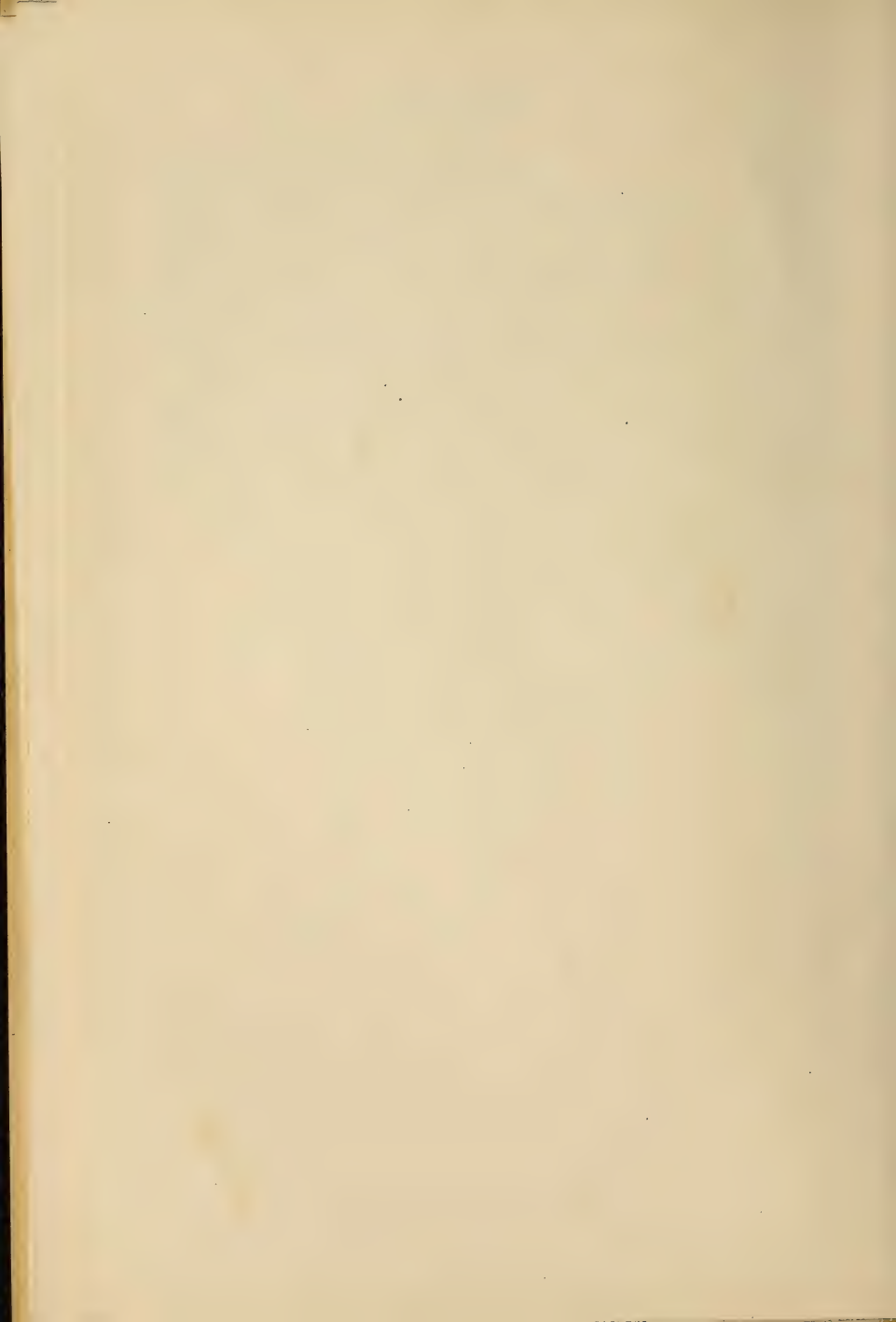
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CHAPTER I

DEPARTURE FROM HOME AND THE  
JOURNEY TO EUROPE

“Canaan, bright Canaan,  
The glorious land of Canaan;  
Our Canaan is a happy place,  
Come, let us go to Canaan!”

**T**HROUGH the Bible countries! What a thought for a Bible student! Who has not at some time in his life entertained the thought of making such a journey! I, too, am one of those who from his early childhood had entertained the idea of traveling in the Bible lands, and when everything was ready for my departure, I could hardly realize that it was true and that I was going.

The Bible countries have had, and will continue to have, their peculiar significance for those who have learned to love and appreciate the treasures, which God in His infinite love has given us in His word. Anyone born and bred within the folds of the Christian church, has had an opportunity to become familiar with that matchless story of the Bible characters, who have lived and labored, struggled and died in the Land of Promise, and above all with the wonderful story of Him, who left the glory of His Father, came down to this sinful and corrupt world to give Himself a ransom for the sins of the world and to show us a new and living way to eternal bliss.

Can there be anyone with soul so dead, who has not, while reading the Holy Writ, at some time or another, been longing to wander along the pathways, where the Godman and his chosen

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twelve were wandering? Who has not at some time in his life longed to see the native country of the Master and to meditate at the birthplace of the Christian religion?

For various reasons the author had not been able to undertake this journey until quite late; but "better late than never" holds good in this case also. At last the hindrances were removed and I prepared for my departure.

My first duty was to secure leave of absence as President of Gustavus Adolphus College. My Conference granted me a six months' leave and I could now continue my preparations for the journey.

As I had to travel in Turkish countries, it was necessary to secure a passport from the Secretary of State at Washington, D. C.

For one dollar I got my passport from Mr. P. G. Knox. On top of the passport is the American Eagle. Under the shadow of its protecting wings I went forth into the world. When you have the protection of the great and respected American Eagle, you feel safe to travel among Turks and Arabs and other half-civilized nations.

But, my dear reader, do you know of a passport that gives greater security than our beloved country, the United States? Yes, there is one! You have an old, tried and true book in your home. It is the Bible. Do you know the value of the 91st Psalm of David as a safe guide and protection? In this psalm we read, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord: He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust" (Ps. 91: 1-2). The word of God is the best passport; it has the signature of Him, who has all power in heaven and on earth. Without such a passport I did not wish to travel

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among half-civilized nations, though I have the greatest respect for the passport of my country.

There were two reasons why I wished to travel at this time. Owing to strenuous duties at the institution, my health was not of the best and I wished to recuperate. This was the first cause of my travel. In the second place, anyone who has labored continually for twenty-five years without any recreation, hails with joy a period of rest.

The young boy, thrown out into the world to shift for himself on the stormy ocean of humanity, to row his own little boat, does not always have happy and cloudless days. If he determines to secure an education at some institution of learning and has no one to depend upon but himself, he will have to fight a good fight to get through. A lot of hard work is ahead of him, to be sure, but "where there is a will, there is a way."

If he is stationed in one of our larger cities, after having completed his college and seminary courses, he will have to struggle to keep up. But if the office of the ministry is not the easiest, the duties of the college president are not less responsible and exacting. Before I began my work at the college as president, an old professor said to me, "I tell you, brother, a college presidency is no sinecure." I have already found out that there is a lot of truth in these words. The college president in these days, when so many duties are placed upon him, has a strenuous calling. Recreation will be very welcome for such a man.

With a United States passport in my pocket, a letter of recommendation from the Governor of Minnesota, John A. Johnson, and from the president of our church, I gathered my things together and started on my long journey. On the twenty-ninth of May, a clear and beautiful morning, I left the home on College Hill at St. Peter, Minnesota, with my family, and went to Hopkins, where I left my wife and children. I confided myself and

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them into the hands of the loving Father in heaven, bade them farewell and departed. At Minneapolis I secured some things for my journey, and in the evening boarded the train for Chicago. Here I attended divine worship in the Trinity Lutheran Church, and the next morning I boarded a Baltimore and Ohio limited for Washington. I wished to see the capital of my country, and for this reason I went to New York via Washington.

Our train rushed ahead over the plains of Ohio and Indiana, and then across the picturesque Alleghany mountains. The following day found me in Washington. I wanted to see the sights and my first object was Mt. Vernon, the home of the Father of my country. There we observed the halls and the bedrooms, the kitchen with its highly interesting fireplace and the old cooking utensils, etc. We must not forget the little building nearby, where Martha Washington worked at the loom. You can see the loom itself, the cloth she wove, and many other interesting objects. In the buildings which belong to the Government there are many antiquities of great value. From these you can get an insight into colonial life and customs. A visit to this highly interesting place on the banks of the Potomac is inspiring. It was very strange to stand at the grave of the Father of his country. I felt as though his mighty and protecting spirit was hovering over the vicinity. We thank God for such great men, gigantic characters in history, who have left marked footprints on the sands of time.

In the late afternoon I returned to the capital. The following morning I went to the Turkish minister to secure his signature to my passport. The Secretary of State had informed me that this could be done in Washington. The Turkish minister refused, however, to do this and referred me to the Turkish Consulate at New York. I had to return without accomplishing anything, and I thought, that the mighty of this world also make

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their mistakes. The rest of the day was spent in our beautiful capital city, seeing its important sights. First I went to see the Washington monument. It is located in a beautiful part of the city, and resembles in form the Egyptian obelisks, being 555 feet high. You can reach the top by elevator or by climbing the winding stairs. I took the elevator, for I was very tired and needed rest. From the top of this monument you have a magnificent view over the city of Washington, and to distances far beyond. Next I visited the White House. This building is conspicuous because of its beautiful architecture, and its location is most excellent. During the day I passed through various Government buildings, such as the Treasury, the War and Navy buildings, the Smithsonian Institute, and last the Capitol building. The Senate was in session and I wished to hear what these men had to say about questions in which the public is vitally interested. Large gatherings of people filled the galleries. Several of the Senators partook in the discussion, while I was there. It was interesting to listen to the little Senator La Follette from Wisconsin and to Senator Nelson from Minnesota. Senator Depew also spoke a little while. I prophesied and my prophecy came true, that the worthy Senators would not satisfy the public. How strange, that the servants of the people do not comply with the wishes of the people! Too often they go the errands of the political bosses, and the capitalists and suit themselves.

I went to the railroad station to meet my fellow-travelers. In the afternoon, I went to the Hall of Statues, in the Capitol Building. It was very interesting to see the statues of prominent sons and daughters of our country. It was a matter of great interest to me to find among those thirty-seven statues, one who is spoken of very often, the Swede, John Hanson, the President of the first Congress. In a certain sense, he is really the first President of this country. I felt proud of the fact, that a de-

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scendant of the early pioneers from Sweden, had been able to serve his country to such an extent.

Early the next morning I left Washington and my company to go to New York and Philadelphia. I wanted to see the sights at these cities and also those at Norristown. I was particularly interested in the old Swedish churches at these places, those landmarks of bygone days. It is worth while to see them, and be reminded of the chapter these people have written in the annals of our country. To be able to see these places and these churches, I had to catch each moment on the wing and I did so. Having arrived at Philadelphia, I went at once to Norristown, where I found the old Swedish church. This church was founded in 1760. It has been recently restored inside, and there is nothing that reminds us of the early pioneers, except a picture of Rev. Nicolas Collin. A baptismal font stands by the altar, and this is a gift from the king of Sweden, the late King Oscar II. He gave this font to the church, while he was crown prince. On the baptismal font these words are written, "Sweden's blessings to Sweden's children."

In this section of the country the Swedes settled, built homes for themselves, tried to educate their children, so that they might be good and trusty members of the church and loyal citizens, and outside the church, in the cemetery, they found their last resting places, where they slumber until the day of resurrection. The old Swedes have finished their course and gone. Their children have taken up the work of the fathers, but they belong no more to the church of their fathers, the Lutheran, but to the Episcopal church.

I could not stay here very long, so I hastened to return to Philadelphia, that I might have an opportunity to see another one of the early monuments of our pioneers, the Gloria Dei church of that city. I found it open. I went in to see, and

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meditate. This building is erected exactly on the spot where the Swedes, who came across in the *Kalmar Key* and *Bird Grip* in 1638, built the first church in 1639. The first church was a log structure. It was very strange, indeed, to walk about in this sanctuary, and call to mind the epochs in its history. Here they used to worship, and now their dust rests under the monuments outside of the church.

On the north side of the altar, we find the following inscription: "This tablet is erected to the memory of Nicolas Collin, D. D., whose remains repose beneath. He was the last of the long line of missionaries, sent by the mother church of Sweden, to give the bread of life to her hungering children on this distant shore. He became pastor of this church and of King Sessing and Upper Merion churches in July, 1766. He died October 7th, 1831, in his 87th year." Beside this stone tablet, which is placed in the wall, is another, erected by pastor Collin, to commemorate the death of his wife. On the tablet the following words are inscribed, and they bear testimony to his love and esteem for his spouse: "Beneath repose the earthly remains of Hanna, wife of Nicolas Collin, Rector of the Swedish churches in Pennsylvania, departed on the 29th of September 1797, aged 47 years and 2 months. He erected this monumental record of her piety, kindness, economy and neatness, her affection to him in many trying scenes; of his grief which shall not cease until they meet in the land of the living."

Above the aisle, on the gallery railing, the following words are inscribed, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shone." A little to the side, the following words are written, "Glory be to God on high." Having looked around for some time in the church, I went out on the cemetery and observed the inscriptions on the tombstones,

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and then I went to the railroad station. On my way to the station, I passed by the Liberty Hall, that great landmark in the history of our country. Every American knows by heart, or ought to know that it was in this Hall that the Declaration of Independence was adopted, the 4th of July, 1776. I recalled as I passed by, that it was John Morton, another Swede, who put his decisive name to the document. A name was lacking and Mr. Morton put his name on it and then it passed. In doing this, he offended many who were royalists. In his last hours he sent this message to an old friend: "Tell them that they will live to see the day when they will acknowledge, that my signing the Declaration of Independence was the most glorious service I ever rendered my country." John Morton died in 1777, leaving an honored name, of which we are all proud. In this connection, it might be well to remind ourselves that Sweden was the first power in Europe that voluntarily offered its friendship to the United States, in that great struggle for independence.

It might also be interesting to note that the man who from the tower of Liberty Hall rang in the new era was a Swede. His little boy cried out in Swedish, when they had passed the Declaration of Independence, "Ring, papa, ring," and the bell rang out Liberty to all the land and all the inhabitants thereof.

At last it was time for me to board the train for New York. Now I was on the way to the largest city in the world. My intention was to look over this city very carefully, but rain and gloomy weather set in, and my plans could not be carried out.

My time was very limited. The 5th of June our boat, "California" was to leave for Europe. But let us, nevertheless, note a few things about our large cities. It is quite generally admitted, that the emigration of our people, from the country to our large cities is one of the most serious problems before our nation at the present time. The prosaic life in the country does

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not seem to appeal to the rising generation. Our larger cities have grown very fast. As late as 1850 one-eighth of the population of the land lived in cities. Now it has grown to one-fourth.

Mr. Wendell Phillips said at one time, that our larger cities will give occasion for greater misery, than did slavery. Perhaps the prophecy of this clear sighted man will be fulfilled! The tendency, at present, is towards the city, but the strong influx to the cities is nothing new. We remember that Virgil, the Roman poet, when Rome was overpopulated, said: "The plow is no more held in honor, the farmer is carried away, and the field is covered with weeds." When such times come — and they are coming, for history is constantly repeating itself — then the nation will stand near the brink of destruction.

But we must now continue. The 5th of June we gathered at the dock, where "California" was ready to start. What consolation to have the privilege to confide in the living God at all times, and especially, when we shall sail out on the treacherous ocean! What a rest to sit under the shadow of the Most High! Our boat has 9,000 tons' displacement, is 515 feet long, and was built only a few years ago. At 10:15 A. M. the anchor is lifted, our boat turns, and steams out on the Hudson River. On the shore is a great throng of people. All are waving farewell. I know only a few in that great mass. It is an exciting moment, when one bids farewell to his country, even if it is only for a short time. I felt then, as I have always felt, that America is my country. I have no other. Slowly our boat glides down the Hudson River towards the sea, passing by Ellis island, the Statue of Liberty and Sandy Hook. It was not long before we saw the last glimpse of land. When others took off their hats to bid farewell, I took off mine, and with a prayer in my heart, I bade farewell to my country, my church, and all that is dear to the human heart, praying that God would protect them, my family,

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and the institution where the church had placed me. It did not take very long before the "California" commenced to roll among the waves, and as a consequence thereof, many faces became pale and a good many went down into their cabins. Others were determined to remain on deck and I saw several times, how some manifested a surprising generosity at the railing. Most of the passengers kept up their courage all day, and were at their places at meals.

The next day was Sunday, and a stormy day it was. Very few appeared at the tables and we could hold no services. The 7th of June came with beautiful weather, and the passengers were in a happy mood. The following day we were at Newfoundland banks, and for some days we had excellent weather and all went well. An ocean steamer is a little world in itself. Here you find representatives of all kinds of people. On our boat there were seven ministers and we held religious services every evening. What a quieting power the word of God has everywhere, and especially on the stormy ocean!

Having been on the Atlantic about a week, we see the first glimpses of land about 10 o'clock in the morning. It is the mountain tops of the northern part of Ireland. At three o'clock P. M. we are anchored at Moville, and a number of passengers land at this place. Then our boat sets out for Scotland, and we land in Firth of Clyde the next morning, and at Greenwich on June 14th. A few hours later we land at Glasgow, and the same morning, we continue our journey to Edinburgh, the beautiful capital city of Scotland.

Our company went to hotel Waverley, and there we found a hearty welcome. In the afternoon we went out with a guide to see the city. We must see Holyrood Castle, of course. Here the rulers of Scotland used to live. This magnificent building is now used as a sort of museum, and is open to the public.

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Here, in this castle, Queen Mary used to live. The history of Queen Mary is a sad one. Having passed through many vicissitudes, she sought refuge at the court of Queen Elizabeth of England. Here she was taken captive, held in prison for eighteen years, and then executed.

From this castle we went to the house where John Knox used to live. This house is in fairly good condition and is now used as a museum. Not far from this house is the Parliament building.

In front of the Parliament building is a statue of King Charles II. He is represented as sitting on a horse, and there is a little face behind his head. He is known as the "two-faced king." Alas, that there are found so many of this class at the present time! From this place we went to the Castle of Edinburgh, which is located in the middle of the city. From this height there is a splendid view over the whole vicinity. Among other things, we saw here a cemetery for dogs. At the graves, tombstones are placed, stating the names and the merits of the various dogs while they were living. Strange sight indeed!

A little distance from this church we saw the home of Sir Walter Scott, and near by, a statue of Thomas Chalmers. His name is inscribed on the monument, and the dates 1780-1847. The statue represents him standing with the Bible in his hand. His work did not pass away with the spring breezes, but remains in the hearts of his countrymen. The city has an ideal location by the Firth of Forth, and a colossal bridge is built over the bay. It is one of the largest bridges in the world.

The 15th of June we went to London. The country through which we passed, was very beautiful and well kept, looking like a garden. Along the road we pass castles, villas, farms and well kept parks. Every square foot seems to be utilized in some way.

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At six o'clock in the evening, our train rushed into Easton, in the great metropolis. We had some difficulty in finding a place, because all the hotels were overcrowded. At last we found a splendid place on Bedford street, near the station.

Our time was very limited, even here, and we had to rush ahead. We went to St. Paul's cathedral. This is a very large building and is located in the middle of the city. The style is not so easy as that of the other cathedrals on the continent. It is sooty on the outside, and dark within. Some one has happily defined dirt as "matter out of place" and this definition is quite correct. The Englishmen thought so too, as they were cleaning their cathedral on the outside at the time we were there.

We were in the cathedral several times and beheld the various choirs, altars, statues, sarcophagi and the numerous inscriptions on the walls and statues. Great men and women slumber here their last sleep till the last trumpet shall call them to rise. Here are the earthly remains of poets, warriors, scientists, theologians, philanthropists and architects. On the monuments of these dead we read in short sentences what they have done in life. Sometimes a few words will tell a long story. But the tourist must not forget the crypt or the basement — *sit venia verbo*. We went down into this crypt, and truly there are many things of interest to be seen. In this crypt sleeps the architect of this building, Christoffer Wren. On the wall above his tomb these words are inscribed in Latin, "*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*" (Reader, if you seek the monument, look around!). This building is surely a worthy monument to his memory. Here in this crypt many illustrious sons of England have found a last restingplace. It is really a "kingdom of the dead." Going up in the cathedral proper, we see many names, noted in history, and among them I wish to mention General Gordon. On his monument the following words are

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written, "Major General Charles H. Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, and his heart to God." He died in the battle at Khartum, Africa, Jan. 26, 1885. The memory of the righteous will remain. We bring nothing with us into this life and shall take nothing out of it, save our own souls. Some time ago a certain man, walking on the streets of New York and meeting another, was informed, that a certain man in the city had died. He was asked the question, "How much did he leave?" The answer was, "Everything." That is right. When we die, we leave everything behind us and take with us our conscience, either a good or a bad one.

As I was walking among these monuments, I thought, "O that these graves could speak!" If the departed dead could bring us a message from the great beyond, what a message would they not bring!

Let us now go to the tower. This historic building is located near the Thames, not far from London bridge. It is a union of several buildings. The Tower was founded in 1078, by William the Conqueror, and his purpose in doing so was to give protection to the city. In the course of time this building has served as a fort, palace, and prison. At present it is used as a garrison for soldiers, and also as a kind of museum. Inside the first walls there are open places and on these the soldiers were marching around. Think of the history of the Tower of London! Let us remind ourselves of a few things that have happened here. Within these gloomy walls many a prisoner has been held, while he was awaiting the time of his execution or the day of his liberty. One cell, particularly, made a deep impression on me. It is in the form of a chapel and called St. Peter ad Vincula. There are many graves at the altar. Here we see the graves of the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland. They are buried be-

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tween the graves of Queens Ann Boleyn and Catherine Howard. These four persons were executed during the bloody regime of Henry VIII. In front of the chapel is an open place, called "Tower Green," and was used in ancient times as a burial place. In the middle of the open space is a piece of marble and this is surrounded by an iron chain. This marble slab and iron chain were placed there by the late Queen Victoria, and indicate the place where the scaffold used to stand. The history of England is very bloody and many of the kings have ruled with an iron sceptre. A certain prisoner had written, "More suffering for Christ's sake in this world, more glory for him in the next." Think of the time when the deeds of the world shall be made known before the whole world!

Let us go into the "Tower" proper. What a variety of relics are stored up here! Here you see blocks, where many a one had been compelled to bow down and meet death, the axes, used in such executions, racks, used in torturing people and what not! Here we find all kinds of garments used during the Middle Ages and weapons of warfare, garments used at the coronation of the Kings of England. Think of the history of such things that are gathered together here!

From the "Tower" we went to see the Picture Gallery. Here we saw paintings from the second and the third centuries. Among these pictures I saw one, representing a young man dreaming about pleasure and duty. He is in the act of choosing between the two, but the painting does not indicate which one. Perhaps pleasure; if he did, it would not be surprising. In one of the rooms we saw a painting that cost \$125,000 and another one \$250,000. This painting was small and every square inch costs 920 dollars. This painting is supposed to be the most costly in the world. But there are too many things to be seen here and we shall have to go on. We saw the Buckingham Palace,

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Kensington Parkway, and returning we passed through the beautiful residential district of the city. We also saw the Museum of Natural History and the British Museum. We must not forget to mention that we saw "Dickens' Curiosity Shop," an old and rickety building. But there is one thing more, which I must mention and that is the cemetery of the dogs in Hyde Park. Over the graves of the dogs there are monuments, and on the monuments there are inscriptions like the following, "To dear little Josie, in loving gratitude for her sweet affection, until we meet again, April 3, 1887, Nov. 24, 1899—Faithful unto death". Our guide informed us, that at such dog-funerals the dogs are led in procession to the grave, and in front of the procession the dead dog is brought to the grave in a carriage. Sometimes the dogs fight and there is a fearful noise among the canines. At one such funeral not less than ninety bull dogs partook in the procession. Now what shall we say of such insane foolishness in the midst of the enlightened British nation? But we find this senselessness also in America, although not on such a large scale. Here in America, for example, there are women who are not willing, under any circumstances, to become mothers, but whom you see in public places carrying their poodle dogs; and if the newspapers give us the correct information, we have women who are spending thousands of dollars in making birthday parties for their poodle dogs and even for pigs. If Cicero were living at the present time, he would have occasion to cry out, as he did in the days of his greatness, "Shame on such an age and its principles!"

It would be very interesting to relate some of the things which we saw in the British Museum. I was intensely delighted to see the Codex Alexandrinus, which dates from the middle of the fifth century. We must not forget to mention the Rosetta Stone, which was discovered in Lower Egypt in the year 1798,

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near the town of Rosetta. The inscription on the stone is a decree by the priests at Memphis, — according to which decree divine worship shall be given King Ptolemæus V Epiphanus. The stone dates from the year 195 B. C. In the year 1892 this stone was brought to the British Museum. The hieroglyphic inscription comes first, then the Demotic, used by the priests, and meant for the common people, and in the third place there is an inscription in Greek.

This stone has given us the key to the old Egyptian language and thus the annals of the ancient Pharaohs have become legible before the world. This museum is, no doubt, the richest in the world. Think of the relics found here! In this museum there is, for instance, a larger gathering in Egyptian antiquities than is found in the Bulak Museum at Cairo. Any one who wishes to study Egyptology, should go to London.

Another intensely interesting place is Mme. Taussaud's Exhibition. Here you will find wax statues of prominent men and women from the various countries of the world. Here you find kings and queens and other prominent characters, who are dressed in the costumes of the time in which they were living. Quite a few of the presidents of the United States are found here on exhibition. Here you will find all kinds of instruments of torture. Here I saw an axe that was used in the terrible days of the French revolution when 20,000 people were beheaded by it. I would advise those who are not very strong not to go down into the Chamber of Terror. Here is also a Napoleon Chamber, and there are quite a few things to be seen from the life of this man. Here are some of his chairs, his mattress, upon which he slept at Helena, and many other things, too numerous to mention.

Let us also pay a visit to Westminster Abbey. It is a magnificent building and is located quite near the House of

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Parliament. The interior looked something like St. Paul's Cathedral.

One afternoon, while in London, I went to see the Tabernacle of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. It was not an easy matter to be admitted here. At last the son of the sexton took pity on me and, of course, I told him that I had come all the way from America and wished to see the noted building. It is quite a large building and well arranged. It is not the tabernacle that Rev. Spurgeon used to preach in, however, as that building burnt down some years ago, after the death of that noted preacher. This present building was put up in the same form and on the same place. Rev. Spurgeon's influence is felt not only in the church where he spent his life, but in the whole Baptist church and far over its boundries.

But our time is limited and we must go on. Saturday morning, June 19th, found us on the way to the Milbury station from the Fenchurch station, where we had taken the train to the above named place. When we came to Milbury on the Thames, we saw our boat "Thule" ready to lift anchor, and the Swedish flag at the top of the mast, waving in the air. To us it was a greeting from the continent, and we felt that we had come nearer the coast of Scandinavia.

At 1:45 P. M. the boat set out on the Thames towards the North sea. While the boat was rushing onward, we sat down and enjoyed a very good dinner. To our surprise there was brandy on the table. It is needless to say, that we did not touch it. Any one using that should have a throat thicker than sole leather, and a conscience harder than a freetrader.

Reminding ourselves of the reports of the stormy North sea, we had boarded "Thule" with a certain anxiety, fearing that we might have a stormy journey, but to our surprise this trip was a very agreeable journey, the sea being quite calm.

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Sunday forenoon we had services on the steamer and a good many attended them. When the meeting was over, Consul Danielson extended thanks in behalf of the passengers for the privilege of attending services on the boat. The day was beautiful and it was an enjoyable hour. The afternoon was spent in a lively conversation about the conditions in the Old and New world and we had a delightful time.

During the night we passed around the northernmost cape of Denmark, and saw the lighthouses on the distant shore in the darkness. Late in the evening we retired, knowing that we were in safe keeping, and the next morning we arose very early, so as to be able to see the first glimpses of the continent. When I came up on deck, we were already among the rocks in the harbor of Gothenburg; in a few minutes we passed the fortress of Elfsborg, and at 7.30 A. M. we landed at the wharf of Gothenburg. It was now over twenty seven years since my feet touched the soil of Sweden. It was with a peculiar feeling that we saw again the old country, the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

## CHAPTER II

### HERE AND THERE IN SWEDEN, NORWAY AND DENMARK

GOTHENBURG is the first Swedish city that I visited, and naturally I was very curious to take it all in. In the afternoon I went to Ljungskile on the steamer Kung Rane and it was an exceedingly pleasant trip. Talk about scenery! On the boat I met an Associate Judge in the Gothic Court, Hon. Oscar Nyman of Swanesund, a very pleasant man.

In the afternoon about five o'clock we came to Ljungskile, and when I bade the judge farewell, he said, "I hope you will not be disappointed in your expectations of Sweden." Here in these sections of Sweden the scenery is very picturesque, and I enjoyed a pleasant rest during my visit among the good people here. But these light nights! They are something so quaint and peculiar, when you have not seen them for a long time. Late in the evening I went out to listen to the stream, as it "rolls its silver" in the valley below. I listened to the cuckoo as it sang in the neighboring bower on that bright summer night. Late, if ever, shall I forget my trip among those cliffs and my stay among those good folks.

Returning to Gothenburg, I went by boat with the rest of my company on a canal steamer, Motalaström, to Stockholm. We started our journey the 22 of June. It was one of the most delightful trips during my journey abroad. We went up the Göta river and through the Trollhättan canal to Wenersborg. The waterfalls at Trollhättan are very picturesque, and the scenery round about is grand.

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We came to Wenersborg late at night, and sat on the deck until midnight. But Sweden has really no night this time of the year. O, those beautiful nights! when it is neither night nor day — it is something betwixt and between. We passed the lake Wener during the night, and when we awoke the following morning, the steamer was far into the country, moving along the canal. In the forenoon we came to Motala. It took some time to pass through the locks and we had plenty of time to walk along the side of the canal and see the sights.

A little distance below the city of Motala, on the left bank of the canal, stands the monument of Balzar Von Platen, the builder of the canal, who, together with his wife and his son, is buried near the monument.

Our journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm took two days and these days gave us a splendid rest. On the boat we found congenial company. Among others I met Prof. P. G. Lyth from Örebro. He is professor of Latin at Örebro College, is a pedagogue and author of note.

Regarding our meeting on the steamer he wrote the following in Norrköpings Press:

“Then the noon hour came. The tourists from America ate most heartily at the lunch table, and while at the table I addressed one of the Americans. I took up the question concerning the Swedes in America and discussed it from a new standpoint. We spoke at length and the rest of the Americans became interested in our conversation, even to such an extent that they forgot to eat their lunch. After dinner one of the Americans came to me — he was tall and dark — and began to speak something touching America. I found out that he was Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, and President of Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn. We sat down on the deck and drank coffee together, and now began a very interesting conversation between him and the rest of us. We were four Swedes. He spoke with enthusiasm of the Swedes in America,

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how they have proven themselves faithful and industrious in their work. They go out into the woods or on the prairies, and there they build themselves elegant homes, and prove to be law-abiding and faithful citizens in every walk of life. They are noted for their cleanliness, fidelity and trustworthiness. They are respected by the American people, and the descendants of the early Swedes on the Delaware are proud of their ancestry, and are very careful in keeping their lineage.

"I happened to speak of the characteristics of the Swedish people, and presented the religious needs as one of the chief characteristics of our people. This is particularly manifested in the works of Bishop Esaias Tegner, Doctor Selma Lagerlöf, and rector Schuck of Upsala has given a very powerful description of this trait in his history of Swedish Literature. Then the doctor began to speak of this trait as manifested in the life of the Swedish Americans, how they are sacrificing to build churches and educational institutions, orphan homes, homes for the aged and such institutions that will help the needy and sick. He told of the work of the Swedish Americans, who came across in 1860 and 1870, how they succeeded in their endeavors and proved that they love the country of their adoption. He also said that the Swede is somewhat reticent to begin with, when he arrives in America, but he soon overcomes this trait and adopts the spirit of independence and thrift. But here in Sweden he had seen so much lethargy and slowness, and you should have seen, how he suffered on account of the slowness among the crew on the boat. Our boat was late, and he spoke in such glowing terms of the American intensity in work that I could feel in my very limbs how it feels when the Americans are at work. Space forbids us to mention all he said about the American schools and institutions in general.

"By and by all the Americans gathered around us, and when we passed through the Mälar and went by Kungshatt to Stockholm, we were all enthused and one of the Americans, seeing the beautiful scenes around the capitol city of Sweden, said, 'Now I understand, how it can be that the Swedes in America have this longing back to their own country. They

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spoke so that we all became enthusiastic and tears came in our eyes and for a long time I could not utter a word."

It was in the afternoon of the midsummer day that we came through the Mälar, which with its islands, bays, cliffs, and promontories presents a unique view we cannot forget. Our steamer is drawing near the old wharf of Stockholm. We are in the capital of Sweden and not one of our company has ever been there before. At Ersta Deaconess Hospits we found an excellent and delightful resting place during our stay in the city. This institution is located by the Mälar and has an ideal location. Here we had an excellent view of the city and a better place for rest and spiritual recreation could not have been procured.

June 25th was a beautiful day. The sun rose from a cloudless sky, throwing a beautiful light over the whole city of Stockholm and lake of Mälar. My first object was to see the Royal Castle on the outside; — another day I had a chance to see the interior. It is located in the heart of the city, and busy streets are on every side. Surely this Castle cannot be a place for repose. But the Royal family has other places for such purposes.

Having seen the Castle, I went to see some of the noted churches of Sweden, and among them I wish to mention "Stor" church or the Great Church, St. James church and Riddarholms church. At the eastern end of the "Stor" church is a statue of the reformer of Sweden Olaus Petri. On the pedestal of this statue these words are inscribed, "Olaus Petri, 1495-1552. Preacher of the word of God, pastor in St. Nicolai. We Swedes also belong to God as well as other people, and the language we have God has given us." The church of Riddarholmen is not now used for religious services, but is set aside as a burial place for the Royal family of Sweden and other prominent persons. It was strange to walk about in this ancient sanctuary, where so many prominent characters sleep their last sleep. It is in a way

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a pantheon and there slumber many of the heroes of old Sweden.

The church of Riddarholmen is quite old. It was founded by King Magnus Ladulas, and for a long time it belonged to the order of Franciscans and Bridget. The congregation that used this church for their meetings, was dissolved in 1807 and since that time this church has served as a burial place.

June 26th, a delightful day, found us at Skansen. If you wish to see something characteristic of Swedish folk life, go to Skansen. Here you will see it. Here you will find all kinds of relics from the olden times. Skansen is planned something like an American park. Here you will find various kinds of animals, and this place attracts a great throng in the summer time.

Sunday, June 27th, also came with excellent weather. It was the Lord's day and we went to church, of course. I attended the meeting in "Stor" church and then I went to St. Jacob's church. In the former the pastor delivered a written sermon to a small audience, and in the latter I could not get a place to sit; every place was occupied. The preacher delivered a very plain sermon *ex tempore*. Why this difference? Do the people have no confidence in the written sermons? Perhaps they think, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I have read of a prominent preacher, who used to write his sermons for some time, and yet they did not seem to give satisfaction. Then he took them and put them in the stove and he was satisfied that they had not given so much heat as they then gave. After all, it is not the very learned sermons that will bring out the spiritual life, but it is the plain and pure Gospel of the Lamb, slain before the foundation of the world for the salvation of sinful men. This age is in need of the gospel message. We have too much of the gospelless discourses in the present day pulpit. Tell us the story of redeeming love. That is the theme that will save the lost and condemned generations.

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The next morning found me in town to see the sights. I went out very early, but the people were out in every nook and corner, busy as ever. The people of Stockholm are not rushing things, but they are on the go all the time and whatever they are doing, they are doing well. The people in the old world take time to live. They seem to think "I am not fighting for life, anyhow. Whatever I cannot do today, I will do tomorrow." But it would be well for many a country in the Old world, if they would have a little more of the American "get-up spirit" in them.

My first object for the day was to see the Northern Museum. Here the tourist will find much that is worth seeing. Here is order and system in the arrangements, and it is a pleasure to see it. The building cost six million crowns and is a very tasteful and well planned building. Here are clothes, weapons, wagons, instruments and what not? Among other things I saw here the little yellow horse on which Gustavus Adolphus rode that memorable morning, at the battle of Lützen, November sixth, 1632, his bloody shirt, which he had on his body that eventful morning, and other relics of that great King.

June 30th we looked over the Royal Castle very carefully, and surely it is a building worthy of the King. Great is the Castle, indeed, but I do not envy the man, who shall have to live there and be responsible for the government of the Kingdom.

I had now seen quite a good deal of the "Mälar Queen" and must get ready to leave. What a history this city has! It is a long time since the Earl Birger laid the foundations, and what events have taken place here! And then the location! I do not blame the Swedes for feeling proud of the capital city. It is considered to be one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

The first of July the train pulled out of the railroad station at Stockholm, carrying me to the northern part of Sweden. At

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9 A. M. I came to Upsala. I could not pass by this renowned educational center, so I stopped off to see it, although I had only one day to do it in. Passing over Fyris river, I went to the Dôme church, an attractive building. In this sanctuary rest many of the early Royal families of Sweden and other noted historical characters. Among the last ones to find a resting place within these walls is the renowned Emanuel Swedenborg, who was brought home from England not long ago to rest in the land of his fathers. To the right of the front door you will find the sarcophagus of this remarkable man. Here is another of those pantheons that we find among the nations, and heroes and heroines rest in peaceful slumbers within these hallowed walls. It is an old building, begun at the end of the 13th century and was ready for dedication in 1435.

From the Dôme Church I went to the University. As I drew near the building, I saw the statue of Prof. Erik Gustaf Geijer. It stands in front of the University. This man hailed from the backwoods of Vermland, but became one of the most prominent men of his country. He was historian, philosopher, poet, and professor. As we enter the University building, we see these words, written on the wall, "The free mind is great, but the right mind is greater." These are the words of the renowned Thomas Thorild. The University Chapel is very attractive, but the seats appeared to me to be very plain, almost too plain for such a building.

Next I went to the Library, "Carolina Rediviva," where the librarian showed me a whole lot of manuscripts of prominent authors in Sweden. Here we can see quite a few codices, and among them Codex Argenteus, or the translation of the Bishop Wulfila's Bible from the latter part of the fourth century. I stopped a long time to see the quaint old documents.

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As I came down to the city again, I saw the spring of King Erik the Holy and drank from it. It is said, that when this King's blood was shed, there sprang up a fountain, which is flowing yet. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, and that is, that when King Immanuel's side was pierced on Cavalry, there sprang up a fountain, which has given living water to the salvation of souls of mankind. Near by the fountain of Erik I saw the old foundation of the first University building, which was erected in the time of King Sten Sture the Elder, who ruled from 1470-1497. It was during his reign that Jacob Ulfsson founded the Upsala University in 1477. This man has been honored by being given a resting place behind the altar of the Cathedral, which is near by this fountain and the ancient ruins.

In the afternoon I went to Old Upsala by train. Here are not very many sights, if we except the old church and the hills of Odin, Thor and Frey. From any one of these heights there is a charming view in all directions. To the northwest we see the plain of Fyris. It was on this plain that Erik Segersäll and his nephew Styrbjörn Starke fought a two days' battle. On the third day Styrbjörn Starke and the greater part of his army fell. The old vikings could not have chosen a better battlefield than this plain.

To the southeast lie the Mora Stones, where the heathen forefathers of the Swedes gathered for court. Here they established laws and executed them, and important matters, pertaining to the welfare of the country, were determined upon. The reader will remember that the heathen forefathers had established laws in the various sections of the country. The East Goths, the west Goths and the various sections of Sweden had their laws, which have been to a great extent preserved, and these laws are remarkable not only because of the language, but also on account of their contents.

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To the southwest is a hill, on which a monument to the honor of Sten Sture has been erected. A more suitable place for a monument could hardly have been chosen. It pays to climb these hills and see this excellent view. When were these three hills made? They are not natural; they were made in the heathen times and it would be interesting, indeed, to know the history of these heathen monuments. So far we only know the names of them and realize that they were built in honor of Odin, Thor and Frey, three gods of Scandinavian mythology.

Going down the hill we saw the old church, which dates back from the heathen times.

Having seen the Old Upsala, I returned by train to Upsala and prepared for the journey northward in the evening. I found time to visit the Fjellstedt College, and here I met the President of the institution, Rev. Johannes Kjerfstedt, a splendid man, who has served in the capacity of Rector for the last forty years.

With the fast train I then went to Lapland. This is one of the most interesting journeys that can be made. The beautiful climate, the bright summer night, the romantic valleys and the picturesque mountains — all this made it appear as though I had come into a new world. The part of Sweden, which we are passing through during the night, reminds us very much of the State of Washington, or perhaps we might say, that the State of Washington reminds us of the northern part of Sweden. But the soil in this part seems to be very poor, and it was a question in my mind, how the people could secure their living in these sections of the land.

In the morning we came to Kiruna. Not far from here, to the north, is the noted tourist station Abisko. The scenery here is certainly very grand, and some Germans, who stood by the car windows, said: "Wunderschön, Wunderschön!"

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As we come to Abisco, we see quite a plain, covered with trees, and near by is the mountain lake Torneaträsk. And such a spectacle. Yonder in the distance are snow capped mountains, mirrored in the crystal clear lake of Torneaträsk. It would, indeed, be worth while to stop at this station and view the wonderful sights, but we must go on northward

We are now in the mountain region of northern Sweden and snow covered mountain peaks are seen all around us. As we are winding our way up toward Riksgränsen, the boundary lines between Sweden and Norway, there are herds of reindeer moving along the railroad track. In the summer they go up to the mountains, but in the winter they go southward to milder climates. The soil here is very meager and the food for the reindeer is necessarily scant.

As we journey northward, the trees are becoming shorter and shorter and very soon they vanish entirely. The only tree that we see is the dwarf birch, but at Riksgränsen even this disappears and the ground is naked or covered with snow. The cold is intense in these high regions and as we come to the station, Riksgränsen, the wind is howling through the station and it feels as though it were real winter. The mountains are covered with snow, which reaches far down the valleys and plains at the foot of the mountains.

From here we go down on the western side of Kjölen, and as we descend, the climate becomes milder and milder. Our train is winding down to Romviken, a bay of the Atlantic. As we descend we see many lapps in their huts, but they are shy and evade our cameras very cleverly. At noon our train arrives at the station at Narvik, the northernmost railroad station in the world. The city of Narvik, which has a very picturesque location here by the bay, is surrounded by snow-covered mountain

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peaks, but the climate here is very much milder than it is on the Swedish side of the mountain.

In the afternoon I climbed one of the peaks near the city, and it was a real pleasure to see the vicinity of this unique town in these northern regions. At the docks the steamers are receiving ore from the Kiruna mines and this splendid ore is sent to various parts of the Old world, and some of it is shipped to the New.

In the evening I returned to Kiruna and went up to see the midnight sun on the top of Loussavara. It took us about half an hour to get to the top of this iron mountain, but it certainly pays to get the grand view from the top of it. At first there was a cloud before the sun and we could not see it clearly. In about half an hour the cloud passed away and there is the sight, which I have longed to see — the midnight sun, — and what a sight! It was the most peculiar spectacle I have ever seen. It was neither night nor day; it was something betwixt and between as the Bishop Esaias Tegner so beautifully has expressed it in Frithiof's Saga.

We remained on the top of Loussavara until early in the morning, and as it was somewhat cold up there, we made a fire and enjoyed ourselves the best we knew how in those scenic regions. We could, of course, not think of any sleep or rest that night.

The following day was Sunday. Returning to the city of Kiruna, I could not think of any sleep, so I determined to walk around in the city and see the town.

I was somewhat surprised, when at church, to find so few men attend the Lord's supper. The guests at the Lord's table were mostly women and children, who were just then confirmed. Where were the men? Some men pride themselves in not attending the antiquated institution — the Christian church. The

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lodge is all the church they want, and these men are perfectly willing to leave matters pertaining to church worship and the education of their children to the women. These are men who often say, "The services at the churches are only attended by women and children." I wish to retort to this. There is another institution where the men are more numerous than the women and that institution is the penitentiary. Is this the case, because the women stay by the church, and receive its uplifting and moulding influence?

It would do the fathers good to attend such a splendid service as was held at Kiruma, that Sunday morning. But where were the men? Perhaps at home, and fast asleep or reading the newspaper? Or perhaps at the saloon? Glorious will be the day, when these hell-holes on earth will be forever swept from the face of this benighted globe. But there is reason to believe, that when the saloon has gone, the ingenious satan will invent something else to degrade and enslave the poor souls of men.

I left Kiruna in the evening and stopped at Ljusdahl, where I found a quiet resting place at the home of the Reverend B. G. Johnzon. Here I felt at home in his godfearing family, and enjoyed myself very much in this idyllic place. A better place for recreation could not be found.

As Rev. Johnzon and I were walking along the Ljusnan river we were discussing the conditions in Sweden and especially in the state church. This church has many opponents in Sweden and they are doing everything they can to hasten its fall. In the higher institutions of learning, especially the universities, there is a strong tendency towards the higher criticism. In the parliament there are many who are doing all they can to defend the universities and the higher schools, but they have no use for the church and its needs. Rev. Johnzon is a man of great erudition and conversant with the true condition of the church of Sweden.

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He has a large parish. There are over 10,000 souls in his congregation and he complained that he could not tend to it the way he would like. He has a great help in his faithful wife and they are striving to upbuild the walls of Zion in their section of the land.

Having received necessary rest at Ljusdahl, I continued my journey in the company of Rev. Johnzon, who went down to Bollnäs. From this place I continued to Sandviken, where I wished to meet Rev. Johan Fryklund, the pastor, who confirmed me. He lived with his family at Högbo, a very beautiful location between two lakes. Here I rested and truly could not find a better place for recreation. From Sandviken I went to Rätvik and Mora in Dalecarlia. In Falund the celebrated Doctor Selma Lagerlöf takes up her abode in the wintertime, but in summer she lives in her childhood home, Marbacka in Wärmland. At Rätvik and Mora nature has lavished its great treasures. Siljan is a very beautiful lake, and it is not easy to find anything like it.

July 8th I came to Mora and I must, of course, see the historic places here. I went to Utmeland, where the Vasa Cellar is located. The reader will recollect that troublesome times had come to Sweden, when one of its noblest sons, Gustaf Vasa, sought refuge in this part of the land and hid himself here and there in Dalecarlia. At one time he sought refuge in this Cellar. Danish spies were searching all over for him and a price was fixed on his head. The Danes came over the bay of Siljan, the woman of the house put him in the cellar, and placed a tub over the opening and so Gustaf escaped this time. By the help of the faithful sons of Dalecarlia he drove the Danes out of the country and became the ruler of the land. He was the king of Sweden from 1523-1560, when he died.

The church of Mora is quite old. The tower was built by king Charles XI to the glory of God, in the year 1663.

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From Mora I wended my way to my birthplace and passed through southern Dalecarlia and its great forests. The country reminded me of the "wild and woolly" west, there being very few dwelling places along the railroad. We passed through large forests and came at last to the boundary lines of Wärmaland. Here nature is quite different and you will notice a marked change in the character of the people. Soon we arrive at Kil, passing by Philipstad, in the vicinity of which, the last resting place of Mr. John Ericsson is found. In these parts of the world he saw the light of the day for the first time, and at a more mature age went to England, and from thence to America. The reader will call to mind the services he rendered his land of adoption during his sojourn there. One of the greatest is the invention of the Monitor type of battleships, and all know what his Monitor did that memorable day at Hampton Roads in 1862. It was a great day, when the remains of Captain Ericsson were sent home to his mother country.

In the afternoon we arrived at Kil and here I was compelled to remain till the next day, because there was no train in the afternoon. Early in the morning there was a train for Fryksta, which is located at the southern end of the lake Fryken. At the wharf is the steamer "Gösta Berling," ready to start its journey over the lakes, Upper and Lower Fryken. The reader will remember that the celebrated authoress, Dr. Selma Lagerlöf, published a book under the title "Gösta Berling," and that is why the boat has been given that name. We are in the home province of this noted lady. This valley, the valley of Fryken lakes, is one of the most noted and picturesque sections of Sweden, and one that the tourists like to visit. This part of Wärmaland has become noted also by the celebrated work of Selma Lagerlöf, "Gösta Berling's Saga," in which she among other things describes the country and the folk-life in the middle

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of the past century. She has given other names to the various places that she describes.

To the east of the Lower Fryken lies the parish Eastern Emtervik, and on the opposite side is the Western Emtervik, where are the beautiful plains which she has so graphically described. The authoress lives in Eastern Emtervik at a place called Marbacka. We shall visit this place on our way back. At Sunne, which is between the two lakes, the renowned Swedish historian Anders Fryksell used to live. His statue stands on a pedestal on the eastern bank of the canal between the lakes. Prof. Frykell was not only an historian, but also a poet. He wrote among other poems the song to Wärmeland, which is sung all over the world, where Swedish people are living.

July 13th I continued my journey to Hvitsand, my home parish. The road winds along the shores of lakes, banks of rivers and fruitful fields. At noon we arrived at the parsonage in Hvitsand, where I met the Rev. Anders Norstedt, the pastor of this parish. In his hospitable home I found needed rest, and two Sundays in succession preached in the church of Hvitsand to great gatherings, reminding myself of the past days, when I as a boy used to attend this church. Here I was confirmed in the month of November 1880, and then I promised to be faithful to my Lord and Savior. The good Lord knows all my short-comings in life since then. Having been absent twenty-seven years from my early home, I was there again and could now look back upon the past years.

Many and varied had been my experiences in the past since that time and I had every reason to be thankful to my God for his loving kindness to me in every way. A good many things had changed. The majority of the old folks had gone to the Great Beyond, and the young people had grown up to manhood and womanhood. The only thing that looked quite the same was

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the country. The old pathways were there, those that I trod while I was a young boy. How could I forget the murmuring brook, the flower covered meadow, where I used to run around as a shepherd boy, the primeval forest, the delightful bower, where the birds used to sing their melodious songs in the early morning, the cuckoo and the swallow singing in sweet harmony. Here in Wärrmland you see along the road the quaint old dwelling places, where the old folks used to live, and where you could see them in the early Sunday morning with the hymn-book and the white handkerchief in hand, in great throngs, go to the church. Many things are so very much like the old time customs, but in a quarter of a century quite a few things have changed, to be sure.

Sweden has not been left behind in the great strides that have been made by the various nations and it was a pleasure to me to observe how things have been moving onward. Quite a few things have changed for the better in matters pertaining to the church, and I noted this with great pleasure. There are some who have affiliated themselves with the Free Church movement, but the majority of the people still hold fast to the State church.

But I observed another thing in temporal matters, which did not please me in the least. In the former days the farmer sought to clear his farm and thus prepare it for crops, but now they let the trees grow and right in my former home vicinity I observed many farms overgrown with trees. The consequence has been that the people have been compelled to seek homes for themselves elsewhere and have done so. The people who used to live here in these parts of Sweden are now located, by the thousands, in the various states of the great country beyond the Atlantic.

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In the state of Minnesota and adjoining states you will find them; and any one familiar with their condition will readily acknowledge that they have prospered. Very often the poor man is criticised because he leaves his native country, emigrates to foreign lands, there to contend with so many things that confront him. But before such a complaint is lodged against the poor emigrant, it would be well to investigate with a view of finding out his real condition and the causes that lead to his departure from his native country.

We know that conditions are quite different in other parts of Sweden, and have only tried to depict the actual situation in that part of Wärmeland, where I was brought up. As long as land companies are permitted to sow pine and spruce seed on the farms and raise timber, in this way making it almost impossible to earn a living, we should not be surprised that the poor man is seeking refuge in other countries, where he will find better opportunities for himself and his children.

Having spent about two weeks in these sections, wandering in the woods, over the hills and in the valleys and by the lake Mangen, where I spent many a day as a boy, it became necessary for me to depart. I determined to see Norway and as time is very limited, I must hasten on. Farewell, ye meadows and brooks, bowers and lanes, the scenes of my early days! Perhaps I shall never see these scenes any more. Then farewell!

I returned southward to call on the celebrated authoress, Dr. Selma Lagerlöf. My steamer landed at Eastern Emtervik and from there it is a few miles to her home Marbacka. It was a beautiful afternoon and I determined to walk these few miles and it certainly proved to be a very enjoyable stroll. As I came to her residence, I found her sitting on the porch, conversing with another lady, Sophia Elkan. Although she is very busy, she spent some time with me on the porch, talking about the condi-

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tions in the New World. When she found out that I was a Swedish American, she became very interested and spoke of the Swedes in America and wondered, if a goodly number would not return to Sweden again. I told her that I did not think so, explaining the reasons why. We spoke of the educational institutions that Swedes have built and the other work in general that they have done in the United States. They feel at home in America and are there to stay. It is their country.

When she found out that I was on my way to the Orient, she told me of her trip to Jerusalem a few years ago and of her visit to the Swedish Americans of that city. She advised me to stay with them, if an opportunity would be given, saying that she stopped at the Grand Hotel, but it was very expensive to stop there. When I bade her farewell, she told me to greet the countrymen in America. I promised to do so and took occasion to invite her to visit the New World. I assured her that I would be very pleased, if I could assure our people in America that she would visit them, but then she answered: "No, do not do it. I am so very busy and not quite well."

The place where she lives, Marbacka, is her old home, and to be sure, it is a very beautiful country. No wonder that her Pegasus takes to flight in these regions. Dr. Selma Lagerlöf is a very interesting personality. I was told by a professor on the Göta canal that she is rather quiet and less disposed to converse, but this was not the impression she left with me. She seemed quite talkative and social. She leaves the impression that you are speaking with a powerful personality, with no one less than the authoress of "Gösta Berlings Saga" and "Jerusalem." She is a woman of medium height and somewhat obese. Her face is full, the forehead quite high, the hair somewhat gray and the eyes bear witness of an active and

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powerful soul. No wonder that this woman has received the Nobel prize. She has certainly merited it.

But we must leave these idyllic scenes along the Fryken lakes and proceed to Carlstad. I arrived there in the evening and had time to view the town. Carlstad is certainly a very beautiful city on the shore of lake Wäner, and on the Tingwalla island. It was founded by Charles IX, 1584, while he was prince and in 1865 it was destroyed by fire.

The following day I arose early in the morning and boarded a train that would bring me to Christiania. When we came to the Norwegian boundary, an officer came through the train and inquired where we came from. He wished to know particularly, if we came from Russia, and, no doubt, for the reason that cholera was raging quite severely in Russia at that time. At Kongsvinger we stopped for some time for breakfast. I then recollected that on an early April morning, at this very station, in 1882, two young boys, accompanied by their father, came hither over the Swedish and Norwegian mountains to continue their journey to America. One of these boys was the author of these lines and the other passed into Eternity many years ago. Having put his boys on the train, the father returned home again, but to take the same road only two years afterwards. As I sat at the station, I wondered, why I should be left to see these places once more, while my brother was taken away in his youthful days. As I was pondering this question, my train started off for Christiania. We followed the beautiful river valley of Glommen. Surely the Norwegians have reason to feel proud of it. At half past ten in the morning we were at the station in the capital city of Norway.

After dinner I went out to see the city and first I went to the University. Near by the main building, I found in a little house, the old viking ship, called the Gokstad ship, from the

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place where it was found in 1881. It is made of oak planks and fastened together with iron bolts. On examining the ship, you can easily see that the old vikings used plane, saw and chisel in building it. It is at least nine hundred years old, and looks old in every way. Beside this ship were found the bones of twelve horses, six dogs, and one peacock, as well as parts of five beds. Within the ship was found the skeleton of a man, without doubt the skeleton of the viking chief, who was buried with his ship.

In the evening I boarded the train for Trondhjem. This trip proved to be one of the most delightful that I had made so far and I enjoyed it immensely. The railroad winds its way along the very picturesque Lake Mjösen. July thirtieth we came to Trondhjem.

The city is rather quaint and old looking. The houses are low, and the red tiles on the roofs give the city a unique appearance. Here is the old Nidaros, whose history goes far back to the heathen age. The greatest sight in the Trondhjem is the Dôme church. This temple is, without doubt, the most beautiful sanctuary in the Scandinavian North. It is also the largest. It is 325 feet long, 180 feet wide and has a very high tower, which rises from the middle of the church. The edifice is very old and was founded between 1066 and 1093 by King Olaf. It has burnt down five times, and three times the lighting has set fire to it. In 1531, the whole city of Trondhjem with the church was burnt. One end of the church or the church proper has stood since that time without a roof. The style is Gothic and is rather odd.

In the afternoon I visited the museums and the fort, which is located a little distance to the north of the city. It is situated on a high hill. From this hill you have an excellent view of the whole city.

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In the evening I returned to Christiania, as I felt that I had had a chance to see all there was to be seen in this city. On the morning of the next day I continued my journey to Sweden. Late in the evening the same day I passed Fredrickshall and saw to the right of the railroad the fortress, or rather the old gloomy walls of the ancient fortress, from the time of Charles the XII of Sweden. To the left there is a somewhat low or level place. On this plain stood the Swedish army with its brave leader, Charles, the 12th of November, 1718. For nine long years Charles had seen success in this campaign, but then came nine years of reverses, distress and losses. Down on this plain, in the trenches, came a bullet that ended the life of Charles and laid him in the grave. Sweden stood at that time on the brink of destruction and ruin, but the mighty hand of God saved it for better and happier days.

The following day was Sunday, and quite early in the morning I came to Lidköping. Having attended the church in the forenoon, I went in the afternoon to Winninga to meet a certain pastor who used to be my school mate in the seminary. In his quiet home I recuperated. I had journeyed for some time and felt it necessary to have a few days' rest.

Having secured needed rest, I continued my journey to Falköping, Jönköping, Näsjö and Hästveda. Here I was compelled to stay over night, because there was no train to bring me onward. The next day, a beautiful day, I proceeded to Skane and stopped at Degeberga for a few days. Skane is the granary of Sweden, and this province is not only rich in many ways, but it is also a very beautiful country.

On my journey to Malmö I stopped, of course, at Lund, the University town of Southern Sweden. There are many places of interest in this city for the tourists. Here I saw Lundagard, Tegners Place, the Cathedral and the University. In the old

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Tegner's Place I lingered for a long time. Here I found a number of manuscripts and articles used by the professor and poet, Esaias Tegner. There are also other things that used to belong to Tegner, while he was Bishop, such as books, rings, watches, spectacles, looking glasses and the like. There is only one room left of the old Tegner House. The Tegner Association has paid the sum of three thousand crowns for this, so as to be able to keep the old relics of the noted man.

Onward, ever onward, was my watchword and my next place was Malmö. Here I found my fellow tourists and here we spent some time to compare notes of our various experiences in Sweden. We spent some days in rest and recreation, before we left the old Svea to proceed to other countries in Europe.

In comparing notes we found that all were pleased with the beautiful climate, the delightful summer nights and the visits in the homes of the fathers. But in regard to the church they were not all equally pleased. There were differences of opinion along this line and all seemed to agree that the best land under the sun, is the country of our adoption, the United States of America. They had had a chance to see things from a different angle and make comparisons and the general verdict was this: "No country like our own beloved America."

In Malmö everything was at a standstill because of the great strike. Some of the people complained very much of the conditions brought about by the railroad strike. Others, on the other hand, rejoiced and were sure of victory for the strikers. As for us, it made no difference, since the strike did not hinder us in the least. There are a good many things that we might relate, now that we are on the point of leaving Sweden, but it is, perhaps, better to leave these things unsaid. This I must say, though, that there was a great lack of patriotism among many of the people of Sweden. It is certainly

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not as it ought to be, when the people do not stand up solidly for their country. To my surprise I had not found that whole-hearted patriotism that I had expected. How often do we hear voices like these: "Down with the throne, down with the altar!" It is certainly not well, when such voices are heard. But let it be sufficient to mention just this point! And it is a sad one, indeed.

We are now on the way to Copenhagen, Denmark. As we passed over the Öresund between Sweden and Denmark and saw Sweden sink beneath the wave, we thought of the history of that country and of what it has done in the world. Quite a few great men and women have gone forth from this comparatively little country and accomplished something in the world. I am thinking of the great kings and statesmen, of the poets and authors, of the men of science, that have first seen the light in Sweden. No Swede needs to feel ashamed of the history of Sweden. Let us remind ourselves of what that little country has done to secure liberty of conscience to the world. The great king Gustavus Adolphus' accomplishments in the thirty years' war is too well known to need any further mention in this connection.

But at this time we are thinking of the relation of old Sweden to our country, America. We are pleased to state that this relation has been most cordial. Let us remind ourselves that Sweden was the first country in the world to acknowledge the independence of the United States, the Thirteen Colonies, and show them friendship and help in their struggle for liberty long before they were recognized by Great Britain. Benjamin Franklin wrote once upon a time that "it was a pleasure to him to think, and he *hoped that it would be remembered*, that Sweden was the first power in Europe which

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had voluntarily offered its friendship to the United States without being solicited."

John Hanson, of Swedish lineage, was the first President of the Continental Congress and in this capacity he was really the "first President of the United States." "Of all nationalities and peoples who have immigrated to the United States, no nation or people has furnished in a single person a man who has done so great and important service for the people and Government of the United States as John Ericsson, the native backwoodsman of Sweden."

In this connection we might remind ourselves of the verdict of history, "To no nation or people on earth has it been given to render such great service to humanity as that rendered by the Swedish nation and people by fighting through the Thirty Years' War to success and thereby acquiring and establishing civil and religious liberty for mankind." When the Peace of Westphalia was signed 1648, there is an article that has made this document very famous. It is really the corner stone of modern civilization and it is only found in the Swedish treaty. The fourth article of this treaty stipulates, that the peace treaty of Augsburg of 1655, which established liberty of worship for the Lutherans, shall be left inviolate and confirmed, and its provisions and benefits shall be extended to the Reformed Church (The Calvinists). It is worth while to take notice of these things. We must not in this connection forget that the Swedes established a colony on the banks of the Delaware in 1638, and the historian of our beloved America has told us that "their coming has been for the good of the country."

These and many other historical facts came to our mind as we saw Sweden sink beneath the waves. May the cordial relation that has existed between these countries during the past

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centuries, ever continue and may they be cemented together in friendship and bonds of peace!

It did not take us long before we came to Copenhagen and were walking on Danish soil. This time I stopped very briefly in the Capital of Denmark and went out to Borup to see some friends. Here I had occasion to see the country life in Denmark, and I was very much pleased with it. It reminded me very much of England. Every square mile was so well taken care of and everything kept so well. The country reminds us also of Southern Sweden. It is level and the soil is rich. In this country I observed quite a few things that seemed rather strange to me. We went out in the parks on Sunday and I found to my great surprise, that the women were knitting and crocheting, sewing or doing some fancy work. They seem to think this is no work, and so they go at it very lively even on the Lord's day. The Danes must put a very strange construction on the Lord's commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If we think of the word *Sabbath*, which by the way is of Chaldean origin, we find that *Sa* means heart, and *bath* means rest or rest for the heart. If we entertain this idea of Sabbath, we will find it difficult to do what the Danes and other people in Europe are doing on the Lord's day. But let this suffice.

Not far from Copenhagen is the quaint old city of Roskilde. The sanctuary there was intensely interesting to me, and I went through it very carefully, observing what there was to be seen. This church holds the same place in Denmark as the church of Riddarholmen holds in Sweden. In the Dôme Church of Roskilde most of the Danish Kings are buried. Here is a choir to the memory of Saint Bridget. In this city a treaty of peace was signed between Sweden and Denmark in 1658. By the treaty of Roskilde Sweden received Skane, Halland, Blekinge,

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Buhuslän with the province of Trondhjem and the island of Bormholm. What changes have been made regarding the provinces in these countries, and how these peoples have fought each other!

Returning to the Capital, I again met my fellow tourists. We went out to see sights in this interesting city. This city is built on a larger scale than any other in the Scandinavian countries. We saw the Zoölogical gardens, the Tivoli and many other places of interest. The next morning we went to see the Frue Church. But why go there? Well, my dear reader, we wanted to see Thorwaldsen's statue of Christ and his apostles. And we saw them. In this church is also a baptismal fount which is held by an angel — everything, of course cut out with a master's hand.

I feel that I am not able to describe in a proper way the statue of Christ by Thorwaldsen. You must see it to get an idea of its beauty. Above the statue these words are written, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him!" Below these words are written, "Come unto me, ye all!" Only a master's hand has been able to bring such an image out of the cold marble. Everything in this statue seems to say, "Come unto me!" The more you look at it, the better you like it.

We are here reminded of the answer that a certain girl gave to the sculptor Dannecker. When the statue was about ready, the sculptor asked the girl, who happened to come to see him at work, whom the statue represented. The girl answered that it represented a great man. The sculptor was not satisfied with this answer and determined to continue his work. After another six years' steady work on the statue, the same girl came to the sculptor to pay a visit, and he asked her the same question. Then the girl looked at the statue, and looked again and as she stood there looking, the tears came

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into her eyes and she said, "It is He who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' " The sculptor was satisfied with this answer, for he then knew that he had brought forth the proper statue.

From Copenhagen we went to Gjedser. Here we took the ferry for Warnamünde, Germany. The distance is about twenty-five miles and it takes about two hours. It was comparatively easy to pass through the custom house. On the ferry I met a Danish professor who was on a vacation, and as we were bound for the same places, we went together.

### CHAPTER III

#### IN GERMANY—THE LUTHERPLACES

AS we left the ferry at Warnamünde, the train was ready to take us to Berlin.

In the city of Berlin you need not go very far, before you will see that the Germans are soldiers. Everywhere you meet with soldiers and barracks. A monument like the one on the Siegesalle is enough to convince the tourist that Germany believes in an army and in militarism. As we were parading the streets of Berlin we saw, of course, some of the dark sides of this metropolis. I sincerely pity the young boy and girl who come to such a place, where snares of all kinds are placed before their feet. In no other city of Europe did I see what I saw on the streets of Berlin. Poor youths, who enter here, where satan has caught so many in his deceptive traps! It makes one's heart bleed, to see how the young people, ignorant of the well-laid snares, are caught and led in as sheep for slaughter into the dens of vice and destruction.

But there are not only many things that remind you of sin and vice, of the fallen nature of man; here you will also find many things that remind you of the bright side of human life. Powerful agencies are also at work for the uplifting and the ennobling of the race. No matter where you go in Germany, you are in one way or another reminded of its greatest son, that great personality, who in the sixteenth century so powerfully aroused the people of Germany and other countries from their spiritual sleep. We refer to Doctor Martin Luther, that miner's son of

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Eisleben. Late one evening I visited the Luther monument, or as the Germans call it, the Luther Denkmal. When I got there at that late hour I found one of our tourist company, the Rev. P. Peterson, studying the great monument, located on New Market street. When you approach it from this street, you notice first of all Ulrich von Hutten and Frans von Sickingen, who are sitting with swords in their hands. The reader is, perhaps, familiar with the fact that these men were ready to draw the sword in the defense of the evangelical truth. At the center of the monument, seated somewhat higher than the rest, you see the reformer, and at his feet Philip Melanchthon, Georg Spalatin, Johan Reuchlin, Justus Jonas, Kaspar Krucieger and Johann Bugenhagen. All these men helped, in their way, to carry on the work of reformation in Germany. There we two stood in the dusk of the evening, looking at this great monument of the men who fought so valiantly for the religious liberty of mankind.

But we cannot stay so very long even at this interesting place. The other places call us onward and we must go. August 14th we are on the way to Wittenberg. About 28 miles before we come to Wittenberg we pass Jütterbock. Our limited time did not permit us to stop and visit the place, but as we passed by, we thought of the Dominican monk, John Tezel, who came even to this place to sell indulgences. The reader knows, perhaps, why the monks were sent out on this nefarious business. The pomp-loving pope, Leo X, sat at that time on the pontifical chair. He wished to secure money, partly to be able to carry on war against the Turks, who at that time threatened to press onward into Europe, and partly that he might be able to complete the St. Peter's church at Rome, and so he ordered the sale of indulgences. The pope rented this sale of indulgences to the Elector of Mainz, Albrecht. This man then engaged, as gen-

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eral agents, certain commissaries, who should carry on this work. One of these venders of indulgences was John Tezel. He came to Jütterbock in the year 1517 and offered his goods for sale as a regular merchant, and there was a great sale for it.

The selling of indulgences was very common at that time, and it was no wonder that a man like Luther, who had found the new light, should come in conflict with a man like Tezel. His box of indulgences, that he used as he was traveling through Germany, is found in a church at Jütterbock. It would have been very interesting to stop and see this historic relic, but time did not permit, so we hastened on to Wittenburg, at which place we arrived in the forenoon.

We are then in the historic city of Wittenburg, where the work of reformation began. We need not go into detail and describe this significant work. The world knows it, or ought to know it, by heart. Going into the city from the station, we find in the neighborhood of the place where the old Elster gate used to be, to the right of the road, an oak, and around this oak there is a fence of iron. On this oak there is a tablet and on this the following words are written: "Here Martin Luther burnt the papal bull, December 10th, 1520." In the presence of professors and students of the university Luther burnt the bull, which contained forty-one points in the teachings of Luther. Then the pope sent another bull, which placed Luther and his adherents under the ban of the church.

Entering the city, we find to the left of the street the Augustinian Convent. This is located in the eastern part of the city. We went in, of course, to see the cloister, and came first into an open place, or court; and as you enter, straight ahead, on the other side of the court, is the "Luther Stube." On the wall is a picture of the reformer and underneath it the following words are written: "Here lived Dr. Martin Luther

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from 1508 to 1546." We rang the bell and, accompanied by the guide, went up into the second story, where we found the rooms in which Luther and his dear Kathe used to live.

In one of the rooms was the pulpit in which Luther used to preach, and in another, many of his books, manuscripts, rings, looking-glasses and other interesting objects. In a large room, used as a lecture hall, is the railing of the platform in the university, where the professors used to lecture. Passing through the historic rooms, we thought of the man who lived here and labored to be such a blessing for mankind. Think of the battles that this man fought in these rooms! Think of the joy that he had as he discovered the truth of the living God!

It is very strange that anything that is good and of real service to mankind cannot be brought about without struggles from without and from within. It looked very foolish before the world that a poor and insignificant monk should dare to go to war with such an organized army as the Catholic Church was then, but it was the Lord of Hosts who supported His servant and gave him strength to win one victory after another. Here we are reminded of what Luther wrote at one time,—words which are found at the gate to the Augustinian Convent: "Niemand lasse den Glauben daran faren, dasz Gott durch ihn eine grosze That will." (No one should let his faith go, because God wishes to do a great thing through him). At the same place we read: "Ich habe einmal das Papstes Decret allhier zu Wittenberg verbrannt und Ich wolles wohl noch einmal verbrennen." (I have once here at Wittenberg burnt the decree of the Pope and I can burn it once more).

From the Luther house it is only a short distance to the house of Melancthon. It is located on the same street, and the interior is something like Luther's. Here lived the great man who by right is called the teacher of Germany, and who,

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because of his gifts and Christian principles, gave such a powerful support to Luther in the work of reformation. On the other side of the street the church is located, where Bugenhagen used to preach. The church looks quite old, and there are many memories connected with it from the time of the reformation. Not far from the church is the house of pastor Bugenhagen. I rapped at the door and was admitted. It was a treat to see the place where this good and faithful man lived and labored. On an open place near the old city church is a little chapel, only 32x18. In this chapel the reformers used to hold their meetings.

We went back to the street again and continued our wanderings and soon came to the Castle Church in the western end of the city. This church is joined to the old castle and hence it is called Castle Church. The history of this church is intensely interesting. It was on the door of this church that the reformer nailed the ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, the 31st of October, 1517, at noon, the day before All Saints day.

The contents of these theses spread with a wonderful rapidity. They kindled a flame and many were warmed by this fire. In this church the gospel was preached in its purity. Here the communion was celebrated and both wine and bread were given to communicants. From this church the altars and images were thrown out on the street, while Luther was at Wartburg. Here he preached a whole week after his return from Wartburg. By these sermons he was able to quell the uproar of the anabaptists, and in them he showed wherein true liberty consists. The true teachers of the gospel gathered themselves around Luther, and the anabaptists had to flee.

The church was built in honor of the Virgin Mary in the thirteenth century. It looks very antiquated. On the walls we observe the pictures of the apostles, Andrew and James. This inscription dates from the olden times, when the saints were

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worshiped in this church. This is evident from inscriptions like this: "Holy Andrew, pray for us; holy James, pray for us." On the door the theses of Luther are cast in metal. They are written in Latin in six columns, three on each door. Around the theses there are inscriptions of nine boys, who are singing. It is well known that Luther very early made use of singing, and the Lutheran church has been styled the *singing church* because of it. The evangelical song has proved itself very powerful in the spread of the gospel. But someone may ask: "How does this building look?" It is not a magnificent structure, by any means. It dwindles into insignificance in comparison with St. Paul's Cathedral at London and St. Peter's Church at Rome. It is much smaller and very plain. In this respect the words of the apostle should be fulfilled: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." (1 Cor. 1:27).

On the north side, there are six windows with carved arches above. The church is, to some extent, built into the castle, which is near by. It was Frederick the Wise who built this sanctuary. Let us enter this wonderful sanctuary and take a good look at the interior. We enter on the north side, through the very door upon which the theses were nailed. Right before us is an aisle which crosses the main aisle. Having read so much about this edifice it is no wonder that we enter this church building with a peculiar feeling. We thought of that man, who in the providence of God was destined to awaken the people of Germany and let a new and bright light shine, that they might find the way. On the cross aisle, near the pulpit, is the grave of Martin Luther, and on the other side is the last resting place of Philip Melancthon. On Luther's grave these words are written: "Here lies the body of Martin Luther, Doctor of Theology, who

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died at Eisleben, Feb. 18th, 1546, in an age of 63 years, 2 months and 10 days." On the grave of Melanchthon these words are written: "Here lies the body of the renowned Philip Melanchthon, who died in this town, April 19th, 1560, in an age of 63 years, 2 months and 2 days."

From there we proceeded to Halle. We went there to see the "Frankestiftungen," and for no other reason, and certainly this was reason enough, since these institutions are known all over the world. As we came to the great orphan home, we saw over the door, by the eagle, these words: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, . . ." (Is. 40:31.) We went into the book store. It is quite large and spreads Christian literature over the land. Following a guide, we looked through the building, which is a very large one, indeed. From the roof we had a splendid view over the Saale river, which passes through the city and out over a good portion of Germany.

Perhaps the reader is familiar with the work of August Herman Franke. He was a wonderful man in many ways. The work which he did here at Halle had a very small beginning, but thus it has always been in the kingdom of God. With two empty hands he went to work in the name of God and gathered some poor and needy children, who were in need of protection and care. In 1698 he succeeded so well that he could lay the foundation of his orphan home, and from this small beginning the wonderful institution sprang up and became a source of blessing to the church of Christ. When he was in need of help, in money or building material, he went to his closet of prayer, and God did not let this faithful servant call in vain for help. Often his prayers were answered in a most remarkable manner.

From the University of Halle many young men went forth to spread the gospel of Christ, and thus Halle became the center

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of a spiritual work, that meant so much for the kingdom of God. From this city missionaries went forth to India and America, and, of course, to many countries in Europe.

Halle became the center of pietism, and the orphan home here is a glorious monument to the pietistic movement in Germany. Franke was a pietist in the very best sense of the word. Dedicated to God in faithful prayer and child-like faith, he sought above all the salvation of immortal souls. It is very instructive to see that the Christian love and faith has so many worthy monuments here and there, erected to the honor and glory of the Master. We think of a Miller in England, a Hudson Taylor in China, who by their faith and work have demonstrated what God can do through weak and frail men.

These men followed the same method as August Herman Franke. When the treasury was empty they did not think of arranging all sorts of questionable socials and attractions, which a fallen and faithless church has arranged to secure money for the treasury. No, these men went into their closet and placed their need before the mercy-seat of Christ in prayer, and they did not trust in vain in the promises. Thus Franke, Miller, Hudson and many others carried on their work, and how often do we not find that the Lord keeps his promises to answer the prayer of an earnest man.

Our present age would have a great deal to learn from these men along the lines of trust in God, and the sooner we follow their methods, the better for our church and its many needs. Did not the apostle James say: "Ye have nothing, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." (James 4: 2-3).

At present there are 3,500 children at the elementary school of the institution and about 500 of these live in the old buildings. There are 118 teachers at the school. As we passed

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through some of the rooms, we saw a number of children sitting by tables, eating dry pieces of bread, and they looked so lonely.

As we returned to the station, we saw at the end of the alley between the buildings, a statue of the founder of the institution. It is very refreshing to see such institutions. They prove to the world that there is something in Christian love; it is a living reality in this cold and dreary world.

Our time is limited and we remind ourselves that at the station the train is waiting for us and we must speed on to Eisleben and try to see this town also, ere darkness sets in. The country between Halle and Eisleben is very idyllic. At seven P. M. our train pulls in at the Eisleben station. It was somewhat late, but what could we do? We must see the town where Martin Luther was born and where he also died. The city is located partly in a valley and partly on adjoining hills. As we arrived we saw some mines to the right of the railroad, and some of them are still in operation. At this time we must remind ourselves why the parents of Luther came to this place. They were poor and sought work in these mines, and thus Luther became a miner's son.

But we must see the house where the reformer was born, or the "Geburthaus." It is located on the Luther street, about the middle of the town. When we came there it was late and the shadows began to fall. The old lady who showed us the rooms in the inn had to kindle a light, so that we could see the rooms clearly. We reminded ourselves that the house where he was born was at that time a hotel, and it seems that they lived in this place to begin with. There were two rooms that were at the disposal of the family and one was fairly large, but the other was quite small. In this dwelling was born to the miner's family a son, on the 10th of November, 1583, one hour before midnight. The pious parents brought him to St. Peter's

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Church, which is located near by, to be baptized. When we had seen that Geburthaus and the swan, which is kept there, and some other objects of interest, we went, of course, to see the church. It is still preserved and it looks very quaint and old.

From this place we went to see the house where Martin Luther died. It is located on Market Street, near the St. Andrew's Church. When we came there it was quite dark and the door to the house was locked, so that we could not get in. In the upper story of this building he drew his last breath, and when he was asked if he would die in the faith he had been preaching, he answered: "Yes"—his very last word. He died February 18th, 1546, at two o'clock in the morning. The reader will remember his last hours as portrayed in the church history, how with hope and Christian faith he held out to the end.

From Eisleben we went to Leipzig, the largest book-market in the world, and from there we proceeded to Lützen. It is not necessary to relate what took place at Lützen the 6th of November, 1632. The whole world knows it, and every Swede knows it by heart from childhood. Here is a battlefield where the greatest son of Northland fought and bled, conquered and died, but he died victoriously. With 80,000 valiant soldiers he gave his life on the soil of Germany that the world might have the liberty of conscience. Even a Swedish American walks along this battlefield with the greatest emotion.

Here it was that the Swedish king fought so bravely with his noble troops. The army of Wallenstein, which had taken up their position at Lützen, heard in the early morning how the Swedes sang their war song, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God, . . ." and this shows where they sought their strength. It became necessary for the Swedish army to pass over the

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brook Flossgraben, which they then had on their right side, and further to the east they had Mühlgraben, a brook of the same size. The armies came together at the road that leads to the west from Lützen. King Gustaf Adolphus fell a little to the north of the road, where it curved at that time. The army of the enemy fled away from the battlefield, and the Swedish army remained on the field with their fallen king over night. Wallenstein's flight proves who won the day.

Who can measure the amount of blood that flowed here, and the value of this victory for the race! A thankful posterity has erected buildings on this plain in honor of the fallen heroes. Here is the "Gustaf Adolph" monument and a chapel built by the Hon. Consul Ekman of Sweden. On the monument these words are written: "Faith is the victory that conquers the world." Here fell Gustavus Adolphus Nov. 6th, 1632. He carried on the wars of the Lord. "For God has not given us the spirit of fear." (2 Tim. 1:7.) On a slab near the monument these words are inscribed: "Gustavus Adolphus fell here in the struggle for liberty of conscience, November 6th, 1632."

The journey to Lützen was very pleasant, and how could it be otherwise? We are on historical grounds and remind ourselves of the mighty deeds of our fathers. And yet there was something that made us feel somewhat downhearted. It was Sunday, but nevertheless we found a large number of people harvesting in those very fields which had been moistened by the blood of the Swedish soldiers. In this town there were quite a few women sitting along the streets knitting, and we thought that this way of keeping the Lord's day was rather strange to us, who came from the New World.

We left Lützen on the afternoon train and went back to Leipzig, saw the Augustus place and the university, made a little tour in the "learned city" and went back to our hotel,

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Du Nord. The following morning saw us on the way to Erfrut. There are many Luther places to be seen. We saw them, of course. Here we saw the university in which Martin Luther registered as a student in 1501. There he spent quite a few years, manifesting his ability as a student. "The whole university admired him," said Melanchthon.

Luther was 18 years of age when he entered the university. When he had been there two years he found to his great surprise in the university library a Latin Bible. Never before had he seen a whole Bible. Opening it, his eyes first fell on the story of Hannah, the mother of Samuel. Very much delighted with this story in this wonderful book, he went back to his dear book again and again. We all remember the consequences of this wonderful discovery. A new world lay before his eyes in this volume, and he was eager to secure more knowledge. Having found this remarkable book, he was determined to give this treasure to the people, and he did so. Reformation was hidden in this book.

In 1505 he became Master of Arts, but his eyes had not as yet been spiritually opened. Ere long, however, this happened in the convent cell at Erfrut and later, on the Pilate's stair at Rome. We went to see the old university building. It is old and looks it, too. The walls are built of rough hewn stones of different sizes. On the wall by the door we read these words: "The University building was erected in 1372, restored 1512 and 1692, University building till 1816." We wished to see the building inside, rang the bell and asked permission to do so. We went into the chapel and saw the very room where the reformer had been sitting many a day, drinking from the fountain of knowledge. This building is now used as a high school, and they were having recitations in some of the rooms.

While pursuing his studies here, he came to the conclusion

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that he should enter the cloister and he did so. The immediate cause for entering was that he was visiting his parents at Mansfeld, and during this journey he was nearly killed by lightning. Inviting his friends to a plain supper, he makes known his intentions to them, and although they try to dissuade him, he fulfills his vow, and enters the Augustinian convent, which is quite near the university. As yet he had no Bible, but he took two books with him to his cloister cell—Plato and Virgil. Late one dark evening, the 17th of August, 1505, he raps at the convent door and is admitted. He was then 21 years old.

We wished to see the convent, of course, and the Luther cell particularly. This is located near the church where he used to attend services, and where he preached later on in life. The cloister is located on the Augustinian Street, a very crooked and narrow one. We rang the bell and were admitted. A young girl took us up to the second story in the southwest corner of the building. Here is the historical room. It is small, only 12x9, has only one window towards the south and is quite dark and gloomy within.

The floor is of square stone tablets. Many a day the stern monk has walked on these stones, sighing for a brighter day. In the chamber we found his flute and its cover, a Bible, a chair, and a table. There was a fire in this building in 1872, and it became somewhat damaged. In the corner to the right as we enter is kept the door on which he rapped, that evening he was admitted. In the window was another Bible, but it was of a later date. We sat down in turn in the chair and sought to place ourselves in the position of the monk as he strove for light and liberty.

If the walls of this cell could speak and tell the story, what would they not relate? Think of the battle of a soul, trying to come to the glorious liberty of the Son of Man! Here the reformation took place in the heart of Martin Luther and, had

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there been no reformation in his heart, there would have been no reformation in the church. It was necessary that Luther should become a new man before he could bring forth a new creation in the church of Christ.

Returning to the station, we lingered for some time at a Luther statue. We observed that on the pedestal these words were written: "I shall not die but live." (Ps. 118:17.) On one side is an inscription of a young man playing on a flute; on the other, of a man resting on his knees by an old man, and on his knee lies an open Bible. Beside this there is an inscription of a young man stepping out of a carriage. All this represents events in the life of the reformer.

Leaving Erfurt we went to Eisenach. The train passed through very scenic country. The land became more and more rolling, and wooded as we proceeded southward. Here and there on the hills we noticed castles or ruins of castles from the Middle Ages. At ten o'clock we were at Eisenach, a city of many Luther reminiscences. This town has 22,000 inhabitants and we determined to stop here for some time and see the town. At the Hotel Thüringer Hof we found a very good lodging-place.

First of all we went to the castle of Wartburg. It took us about twenty minutes to get to the top, six hundred feet above the city. The journey to the top is a very agreeable one.

A great many tourists went through the castle while we were there, and we saw the chapel where Martin Luther used to preach when at Wartburg. As we returned we saw in the Anti-Fortress the Luther room. It was this room in particular that was the object of my journey to Wartburg.

The room is not very large and has two windows on the west side. When one enters, there is, to the right, a bedstead, and near the bed in the other corner is an iron oven, and above the door is the armor which Luther wore when he was here.

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To the left of the door is a chair, and a very quaint-looking cupboard, and by the wall right opposite the door is a table over which a bookshelf is fastened to the wall. The walls are covered with rough planed boards. In this chamber you also find the picture of Luther, to the right the picture of his father, and to the left the picture of his mother.

In this room he translated the New Testament and wrote some of his sermons. All this is, of course, well known to the reader. But we should have said something about the ink spot on the wall behind the oven. The story of this ink spot does not seem to have historic grounds. But there is another throwing of ink, which is true, and that is the printer's ink used in the publication of his books for the enlightenment of mankind. Luther made good use of the printer's ink to propagate the teachings of the Scripture.

To this place Luther came and found a safe refuge under the protecting hand of Frederick the Wise. What memories from past church history do we find here at this fortress! We enjoyed ourselves very much here until the evening came and we had to depart. As we left we looked into the chamber of arms. Here we saw all kinds of weapons of warfare from the Middle Ages. When one beholds this terrible armor which was used by the warriors at that time, it seems as though we hear the bloody combat of antiquity.

Thus we had seen Wartburg, or the "Patmos of Luther," and never shall we forget the interesting places which we saw that afternoon. We took in the whole vicinity of the neighboring regions, and scanned with our field glass this historic ground round about Wartburg. It is certainly worth while to visit this place. On our way to the hotel, we went to the house which once belonged to the kind-hearted woman, Ursula Cotta. We do not need to remind the reader that it was outside this house,

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that little Luther as a young student sang for bread. This house is located on Market Street, and looks very rickety. To our surprise, the Germans use this house as a beer house or saloon. We entered, not to drink beer, but to see the door before which Luther, with other boys, sang for bread. There in the corner stands the door, and it looks very old and quaint. We certainly do not think it proper to use such a landmark in the history of this man for a "beer-stube." When Luther was admitted into this house, his financial condition was secured, and he could now go on with his studies uninterrupted, and so he did. When this little poor boy had become the light of his age he received a son of this family into his house and admitted him to his table. In this way he wished to return the favor which Ursula Cotta had bestowed upon him. When he thought of this godfearing woman, who gave him bread in his hour of need, he said: "On earth is nothing more lovely than a woman's heart in which piety dwells."

As we returned from the house of Ursula Cotta, we met a little boy, who asked in a very shy manner for a gift, that he might get a lodging-place for the night. We thought of Luther, who, centuries ago, just a few blocks from here, was begging for bread, and we gave him some money for a bed. Who knows what God can do with such little boys?

The following morning found us early on the train, bound for Coburg. Why did we go to Coburg? And why ascend to the fortress on the hill, the "region of the birds?" The answer is this: It was a diet in Augsburg, 1530. The evangelical Christians in Germany were called upon by the Emperor of Germany, Charles V, to give an account of themselves as to their teachings in Christianity. They did so the 25th of June that year. Luther did not dare to go further, because the ban of the Catholic church was upon him and he was not safe, if he went out of the dominion

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of Frederick the Wise. Here at Coburg he was protected, but not further south. He remained here about six months. The diet was called for an earlier date, but did not meet till June. During this delay the evangelical Christians had a chance to prepare their confession and get it in the matchless form in which it is given to the church. It might be said that the contents of this Augsburg Confession are from Luther, but the form is that of Melancthon.

While Luther was here at Coburg, he translated some of the Prophets and the Psalms of David. From this place he wrote letters to Melancthon, letters full of hope and consolation. He also wrote to others that attended the diet. Some have thought that he now wrote the hymn, "A mighty Fortress Is Our God," but this cannot be proven. According to others, he wrote this psalm before he came to Coburg. Later writers seem to have this idea. I leave this matter for scholars to settle. It was, however, a great pleasure for me to pay a visit to this historic place. It is also interesting to see the old relics kept here, such as weapons of warfare, chariots and old garments, etc.

We did not stop here very long. We passed through the rooms very hurriedly and then went down to the station. A very heavy rain shower fell, but we hastened onward to our goal.

As we came to the station the train was ready to depart. Here I left my fellow-tourists. They went to München and I to Nürnberg. On a fast train I soon came to the boundaries of Bavaria. This country looks very much like Thüringia. Late at night I arrived at Nürnberg and registered at Bamberger Hof. I am now in Nürnberg, so rich in historical memories. The city lies on a plain and has 300,000 inhabitants. In this city the religious peace was concluded July 23, 1532. The reader will recollect that the resolution of the Diet of Augsburg was a declaration of war against the evangelical Christians. They concluded

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a union of defense in Schmalcalden, 1531, the object of which was to assist each other against any attack on the Protestants with the object of surprising them. The Emperor was not ready for such an energetic decision from the side of the Protestants, and concluded the peace referred to above. This peace gave liberty of conscience to the evangelical party until a council could be held to settle this question or the contention between the Protestants and the Catholics.

But the Pope and the Emperor were not willing to have such a council, because it might infringe upon their idea of supremacy. The Emperor was compelled to conclude peace, however, because the Turks pressed him very hard, threatening to enter into his extensive empire, so that he had no other alternative, as he needed all his subjects to fight them.

I did not stay long in Nürnberg, and went on to Augsburg. On the way I passed Noerdlingen. This palace has its sad memories, especially for the Protestants in the Thirty Years' War. We recollect that it was on these plains that the Protestants suffered a severe defeat in 1634. Gustaf Hoorn and Duke Bernhard came to their assistance, but the enemy was too strong for them and the Protestants had to flee. Bernhard sought his safety by flight, and Hoorn was taken captive and held in prison for eight years. Not a single Swedish regiment partook in this battle. The outcome could have been different if the Swedish army had had a chance to try its strength at the enemy in this conflict.

We are now on the way to Augsburg. This part of Germany reminds us a great deal of certain parts of central Sweden. Here are valleys and hills and in some places mountains, covered with fir trees, with sandy heaths in between. It is harvest time and I see all along the railroad how busy men and women are harvesting the crops on the fields. I saw no self-binders,

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but the men were cutting the grain and the women were binding it. Further south in Bavaria I saw them haul in the grain; and they used cows instead of horses. It looked a little peculiar to an American. I had seen nothing of the kind before.

While I observed these things from the car window, and especially how the women were doing all kinds of work in the field, I thought of the condition of the woman in America. Surely a golden era has arisen in the New World in regard to the women. The condition of the women in America is so marked in comparison with other countries that America may truly be called the "Promised" land for women, because in no other country in the world is the woman enjoying such privileges as there.

Those who complain of the condition of the women in our own beloved country, ought to go abroad and study the condition of the women in other countries. As I was meditating on these things, our train rolled in at the Augsburg station. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

This is, then, the ancient Augsburg. To this place came Martin Luther, Friday, October 7th, 1518, in the evening, at the suggestion of the Pope. A meeting was held here between Martin Luther and the delegate of the Pope, Cardinal Thomas de Vio from Cajeta, and because of this he is commonly called Cajetanus. Luther stopped at the Augustinian convent here. On his way to Augsburg Luther took sick, but he recovered and spoke with great fortitude to the nuntio of the Pope. Friday, October 11th, Luther appeared before the delegate, and being instructed to fall upon his knees, he did so, and being told to arise, he did so and spoke to the nuntio in this wise: "Highly esteemed Father! As requested by the Pope and my gracious Lord, the Elector of Saxony, I appear as the obedient and submissive son of the Christian Church and acknowledge

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myself the author of the theses in question. I am prepared to listen in all humility to the things whereof I am accused and to be elucidated according to the truth, if I have erred." After this address there followed a most interesting discussion between the delegate and Luther. The former found, to his surprise, that he had before him a man who was not willing to retreat without being convinced. He must be shown, by the Scripture, wherein he had deviated. Not less than three times did Luther appear before the nuntio, but without the desired result. At last Cajetan exclaimed: "*Revoca aut non revertere.*" (Recant or do not return.) Luther left and went to the convent. He expected to hear from the legate again, but did not hear a word, and at the suggestion of the friends who knew the tactics of Rome, he resolved to leave Augsburg. Having written a letter to the legate, he prepared for his journey. Early in the morning before daybreak, he started on his journey homeward. General Superintendent Staupitz, who was at Augsburg at that time, placed a horse at his disposal. He rode on this horse, which had no bridle, and he himself had no boots or weapon of any kind. Through a little gate, which a friend had arranged to have open for him, he went homeward.

But we are still at Augsburg, and we wish to remind ourselves of the great day in the history of the Lutheran church here. It was in the summer of 1530. A diet was announced by the Emperor Charles V. The great day of this diet was June 25th, when the representatives of the Evangelical Church were gathered before the Emperor and the representatives of the empire. The *Confessio Augustana* was read before the Emperor of the land, and that day became the confirmation day of the Lutheran Church. On that day she wrote one of the most beautiful chapters in her history, and not only that, but one of the most marked chapters in the history of mankind.

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When the noted representatives of the empire were gathered, the Chancellor of Saxony came forward to read the confession. The Emperor had requested that the Latin copy be read, but the Elector of Saxony asked that the German copy be used, inasmuch as they were on German soil. Then Byer came forth with the German copy and read slowly and distinctly the confession of the Evangelicals. All felt that a great confession had been given before the world. Then it was that the Bishop of Augsburg said: "All that the Lutherans have said is the pure truth; we cannot deny it."

That the people of that time could understand the true condition of the struggle in the church is also clear from a certain play. While Charles V sat at the dinner table, a play was enacted to entertain the company, according to the custom of the time. There appeared in the hall a heavy-set old man, dressed in a doctor's garb, carrying a bundle of twigs and wood. This he threw in the furnace, and then went out. On his back they had written "Reuchlin." After him came another man with a very intelligent appearance. He went to the furnace, arranged the wood and the bundle of twigs that were there; but when he could accomplish nothing to kindle the fire, he shook his head and went out. On his back they had written "Erasmus from Rotterdam." Then entered a monk with a lively appearance. He carried a tray of glowing coal in his hands. He turned the wood, kindled the wood by his coal so that the fire flamed high up in the air and then he went out. On his back was written "Martin Luther." After him came a man of noble appearance, dressed in an imperial garb and a sword by his side. By mighty strokes with his sword he sought to quench the fire, but it was all in vain. The more he cut with his sword, the more the fire flamed up in the air. Nothing was written on the back of the man, but all knew for whom it was

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meant. In a little while came another man, dressed in a red coat and wearing a priestly garb. He went to the fire, and being terrified, he threw his hands together and looked for something with which to quench the fire, and then he observed two jars in the hall. The one was filled with oil and the other with water. He grabbed the jar of oil and poured it on the fire with the consequence that the flames went still higher, whereupon he fled from the room in terror. On his back they had written "Leo V." It was a very plain but significant play, setting forth very briefly the history of reformation.

In this city my fellow-tourists and I separated, they to go to Paris, and I to Munich. We bade one another farewell, and for some time I felt quite lonely on my journey. We had been together over the Atlantic, over a greater part of Europe, and it was not surprising that I felt lonesome at first, but I was not alone; God was with me, and what a blessed thought that God will follow us on the way. With Him we can safely intrust ourselves to unknown days.

## CHAPTER IV

### TO CONSTANTINOPLE AND WHAT I SAW THERE

**I**T IS the 18th of August and I am going to travel with strangers after this. In a few minutes I boarded the train at Augsburg for Munich. The journey took the rest of the day, and I arrived at the railroad station at Munich at 5:40 P. M. Munich is a large city with an historic past, and is the capital of Bavaria. This part of Germany is mostly Catholic. The city of Munich is mostly noted for its numerous and beautiful paintings.

Before we leave this city, let us remind ourselves that Gustavus Adolphus marched down through Bavaria during the Thirty Years' War. He had conquered Tilly, who up to this time had proved to be invincible, and in a decisive battle, September 7th, 1631, completely crushed him. The Emperor was in a desperate condition. His treasury was empty, his armies beaten, and at the boundary line stood a mighty warrior. Then the Emperor turned to Wallenstein in his distress, and after due consideration, this general gathered an army and took command of it himself. The Saxons were driven out of Bohemia. The King of Sweden pressed forward with his army into Bavaria, where Tilly had gathered his troops and intrenched himself. Now Gustavus Adolphus attacked him the second time. Tilly was wounded and died shortly after.

Now Munich must open its gates, and many had the idea that this city would endure the same fate as Magdeburg; but the Swedish King was too kind-hearted to do anything of the

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kind. It was in this city, then, that Gustavus Adolphus entered victoriously, and with his victorious army conquered the enemy.

But we must leave Munich and go on further. About 9 A. M. my train pulled out from the station and we are on the way to Vienna in Austria. To begin with, our train went in an easterly direction, along a very fruitful valley, where industrious people had prepared for themselves beautiful homes.

We changed trains for Vienna at Salzburg, the beautiful city situated in the Alpine Valley. The country through which we passed was very well cultivated and more rolling than that which we had seen before. Every foot of the soil seemed to be under cultivation. The houses reminded us of the buildings in Sweden, especially those of the southern part.

Very often we saw women working in the field, plowing and cutting hay. Here I saw how the farmer drove the wagon with one horse hitched to the pole—a somewhat strange sight for a representative from the New World. The architecture of the churches reminded one very much of the church building in Skane, Sweden. Here I saw men and women walk about in wooden shoes, as they do in some parts of Sweden.

When I arrived at Vienna, I registered at the Hotel Riva and remained there a few days, until I had a chance to see something of the great city. The following day I went to the River Danube. I wished to see the river, of which I had read so much in my childhood days, and now I stood on its banks. Here at Vienna it is wide and flows quite slowly. It is on the northeast side of the city, where a long bridge stretches across it. The water was very dirty and somewhat yellow, resembling the water of the Missouri River. The city extends along the river and up the hillsides to the southwest.

Here I remained for some time and then returned to the middle of the city, and bought books of information on Greece

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and Asia Minor. I also bought a book of travels on Egypt. At Erfurt I had bought a guide-book on Palestine. In the afternoon I went to the Imperial Castle, which is located in the southwestern part of the city. Its surroundings are very idyllic. I went to the great gate. Soldiers were there on guard, and I wondered whether I could be admitted into the park inside the gate. I marched on and no one prevented. On the southeast is a very beautiful park. I went in there with many others and sat down. I thought of the Emperor who lives in this magnificent palace, and of the great and many cares that press on his mind. There are those who envy the rulers of this world, and seem to think that they have only an easy time and happy days. That is a mistake. "High office, severe reckoning," is an old adage and it surely holds good in this case. I am satisfied with my lot, and for me that is the best. An old wise man used to say: "The question is not how much you would like to have, but how much you can get along without." To him this was the greatest wealth—to be satisfied. In this connection I must relate an old story, which will illustrate my point.

A king offered his wise men and physicians half of his kingdom, if they could restore him his health. They tried the best they could, but it was all in vain. Then one of the wise men said: "I know a remedy, O King. If you can find a man who is really happy and contented and put on his shirt, then you will be well." The king sent out his messengers all over the country, but though they tried very hard to find one, they could not, and it seemed that they would have to give up the undertaking in despair. One was rich but sickly; another was well, but complained because of his great losses; and a third one complained because of his children and his neighbors; and so on ad infinitum. One evening, as the messengers were ready to go home and give up their task, they heard a poor man, sitting

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in a dingy little hovel, saying grace. He added that he had labored all day, had had his meal and was ready to go to bed, satisfied. The messenger became elated at the expression. He heard the man say that he was satisfied, and he offered to buy his shirt. The man answered that he was so poor he had no shirt.

While I sat in the shadow of the palace of the mighty Emperor of Austria, I thought of these things and I felt that a man in his condition is in need of the commiseration of man. I left this splendid park of the Emperor of Austria and returned to the center of the city, and as I went to the gate of the palace, I thought of the people of God, who shall pass through the pearly gate of the Heavenly City. May I have the privilege to join the throng of the victorious host of the Lord!

As I returned to the city I went to see some of the noted churches in the metropolis. At the Stephen Place we find the Stephen Church, the most remarkable cathedral in Austria. I went in and remained there for some time. It is a magnificent building, but very dark and gloomy within. Crowds of people are walking in and out. By the statues of Mary and Christ many candles are burning. Around the statues there is a network, so that they could not be touched. A great many knelt by these statues, kissed the network around them, and said their prayers in a very devoted manner, while they made the sign of the cross on their breast. Here and there in the pews women sat and numbered their beads. There are many altars and confessional boxes, as is generally the case in so large a place of worship. From this place I went to another church, and there they were celebrating mass. As I did not wish to disturb them, I did not stay there very long, and went to a third church, namely, the Caroline. Here I saw how a woman knelt by the statue of the Saviour. Many struck themselves on the chest as though they would say, "Here is the sore spot." Think of the reverence

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there is in the Catholic Church! It would be well, indeed, if there would be more of this among Protestants. Having seen the greater part of Vienna, I felt very tired, and went to bed early in the evening at the Riva.

The next day, August 22, was Sunday. I determined to attend services at the Church Caroline in the morning. On my way to the church I became very much surprised to find that a greater part of the people were busy at their various callings, and it seemed to me that it was not Sunday, at all. The stores were wide open, and a lively trade was carried on, and no one seemed to think of going to church and keeping the Lord's day.

When I came to the church, I asked a policeman if there was any English church in the city, and he said: "There is a Russian and a Greek church here, but I do not know if there is any English church." I inquired no further and went into the church. The real mass was held earlier in the morning, and now there was mainly a sermon by the pastor. He spoke in German and preached on the text about the man who fell in the hands of robbers. His theme was, "How we should love one another." It was a very good sermon, and it was encouraging to me to have the privilege to listen to the preaching of the word of God in this distant land.

When I returned from the church, I did not see so many at work as I had seen when I went to the church. They had finished their Sunday morning business. I returned to my room and spent some time in studying the word of God and in meditation. We surely ought to value the blessed word of God more than we do.

The following morning I arose early to take the morning train for Constantinople. The days that I had spent in the Austrian capital had been very interesting to me, but I was too much of a Protestant to be really satisfied in such a strong

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Catholic center. Vienna has a great deal of interest for the tourist. The beautiful parks are worth while seeing and the large museums have their peculiar interest for the stranger. Yet I felt quite lonesome, when I was strolling around in the Maria-Sophia Park by the railroad station. Here a great throng was going back and forth to idle away the time, as it seemed. But now we must leave Vienna and hasten to the station. Here a great throng was gathered, waiting for the departure of the train. And what a motley crowd! I had a second-class ticket, and the cars were quite beautiful. Here in this car I must stay for two days and two nights. On the train I became acquainted with an Armenian, who, because of persecutions in his native land, had chosen England as his home country. He was full of praise for England and the Englishmen, their customs, their habits and their Christian standpoint on important questions. He spoke English fairly well, and had been living for some time in Constantinople. He spoke very strongly against the Christian nations, because they have done comparatively nothing to hold back the sword of Mohammed; and this is too sadly true. This man was engaged by a certain firm in England at Manchester, and he was now on the way to Constantinople in the interest of this firm. I received some useful information regarding Turkey from this man. At Budapest our train stopped an hour and a half. We made the very best use of the time, and went out and saw quite a bit of the town. Buda is on one side of the Danube and Pest is on the other. Hence the name Budapest. The two cities are united by a bridge, which was built in 1849.

It was very interesting to see the customs and the habits of the people, and particularly the styles of the clothes. Having bought some fruit for the journey, we went to the station. Here we took dinner, and it was a very good one. While sitting at

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the table we had a chance to see the folklife, as it manifested itself at the station among the great throng that passed to and fro.

Soon we are on the train again, leaving this motley throng. We cross the Danube and hasten off in a southeasterly direction, with Belgrade in Serbia as our goal. The train speeds along over a great plain in Hungary. In the far distance a gigantic mass of mountains heaves in sight; but where the train rushes along the plain is mostly without trees, and very little of the land is under cultivation. We are told that here on this plain or plateau the most peculiar notchings are seen; they come very suddenly and pass away just as quickly. Here in this wild place the elements have a chance to play as they please, and they play their dramas in a most wonderful way.

But soon we come to the end of this vast plain and are, as it seems, at the outposts of civilization. We draw near to the boundary line of Serbia. Before we come to the city of Belgrade, an officer comes in on the train and demands our passports. When he got my pass, he asked me what my occupation was, and when I informed him he was satisfied and went on further. Anyone who has not a passport is not permitted to come to Belgrade, which is located a little beyond the boundary line. After this officer had gone there came another publican, who looked through our valises. It did not take him very long. These men are very careful to ascertain whether the passengers have any tobacco. I do not use this weed and so they let me pass on. At 10:30 P. M. we were at the railroad station in Belgrade. It was dark when we passed through this city and we could not see very much of it. It was night when we passed through most of Serbia and I could not get any idea of the land. Early in the morning we got an idea as to how the country looked. It was very mountainous and in places the soil looked

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poor and sandy. Here and there we saw deep valleys, and the houses looked dingy. The land and the people bear the stamp of poverty.

At half past four in the morning I saw from the car window how the poor people were at work throughout the valley, and it seemed to me that these poor toilers had to dig early and late to secure their sustenance. They looked like slaves, and we all realized that they had a very cruel master when the Turkish Sultan ruled over them with an iron rod. Certain parts of Serbia have rich soil which, well tilled, will yield a rich return. We all remember what a conflict the people of Serbia had with the Turkish taskmasters before they could get rid of them.

Our train runs along the River Morava to the city of Nich, whither we come at 6:30 in the morning. The country round about this place looks wild, strange and peculiar in many ways. Yonder on the mountain sides flocks of sheep were feeding, while the peasant was gathering his harvest in the valley below. From Nich we follow a tributary of Morava, and along this our train winds its way to Pirot and Zaribrod. These small towns are located towards the boundary lines of Bulgaria. We are now passing through a very dark and narrow valley called Dervanter Cliff. High mountains rise almost perpendicularly on both sides of the railroad, and at times the valley where our train passes through is so dark that it looks very much like a tunnel. Not a ray of the sun reaches down to the bottom of this narrow pass.

At last we have passed through the cliff, and we find ourselves in a more attractive region, but here we find no trees or bushes, only a naked and barren tract. Nature becomes more wild, not a field is found, no human dwelling-place, not a house of any kind. Our train rushes along the mountain sides, ever onward and soon we enter a plateau in the southwestern corner

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of the same. This plateau is very desolate. The sun in this month of August has burnt up everything on this plain.

Before we come into Bulgaria we must show our passports, and our baggage is scrutinized by the publicans of the country. As for my part, I had nothing to fear. As these men passed through the train, looking through the baggage, it seemed to me that they did this in a very perfunctory manner, and simply because they had to.

Now as we came to the above-named plateau, we saw in the northeastern end of this vast plain a lot of houses looming up towards the mountains of Balkan. It is the capital city of Bulgaria, the city of Sofia. It was the 24th of August, when we arrived at this place at 3 P. M. This city has a very romantic location here on this plateau within sight of the picturesque mountains. The soil looks very poor. The people of Bulgaria have not as yet learned to till the soil as they ought, but they will, no doubt, take hold of this work in the future. Poverty stares you in the face all over. I shall never forget the painful feeling that possessed me when at the station of Zaribrod I saw some policemen. They were ragged; and if this is indicative of the condition of the country, the people are in very straitened circumstances.

But we must say of Bulgaria as we said of Serbia. A country under the scepter of the Turkish Sultan cannot develop. These people have so recently become free from the bondage of the Sultan, that it is no wonder that they have not as yet been able to develop. They were liberated in 1878. Our train worked its way down the Balkan mountains and late in the afternoon we came to the city of Philipoppel. Even here the country and its people looked very poor. The people are in rags.

At 9 P. M. we came to the Turkish boundary. The name of the station is Mustapha Pascha. There were many things

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here that reminded us of Turkey. Our train exchanged personnel and Turkish officials with the red fez on the head took charge of the train. We must show our passports again and allow the Turkish publicans to take charge of our baggage and look them over. This they did in a very careful manner. One of these men got hold of my camera, and wished to know if I brought it along for my own use, and I told him that I did. Then he got hold of my guide-books and looked them over carefully. He understood neither German nor English, but spoke good French. Here at the above-named station our train stopped a long time, and the trainmen had time to look over the train carefully before they took charge of it. The conductor looked to be a real gentleman, and greeted the passengers when he entered the car, and thanked each passenger, *a la Française*, when he returned the ticket. I must confess that I had entertained an entirely different opinion of these men, to begin with, but I found them to be more polite and congenial to the passengers than I had found conductors in my previous travels.

When we had become somewhat accustomed to the Turkish officials, we went to sleep and slept well during the night, while the train was speeding along to the Turkish capital. The following morning I awoke about five o'clock, and as I looked out, I saw a barren and desolate country before me. I saw no human dwelling-place, but on a naked hill I observed a shepherd with his flock.

Early in the morning our train followed the Maritza River to Adrianople. This city is located a little distance from the railroad. At the station Haken Keu I saw Turkish soldiers for the first time. At this time the country was under martial law, and for this reason the soldiers were on guard to enforce discipline. Our train was speeding along in a southeasterly direction until we came to the Sea of Marmora, and then we followed the

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shore in a northeasterly course, the Sea of Marmora being on the right. We are now in old Thrace.

At first we passed an inland lake and then we came to San Stephano. This city is located on the shore of Marmora. It was in this town that peace was established between Turkey and Russia. The reader will remember that Russia, pretending to protect the Christians in Bulgaria had declared war on Bulgaria. This took place in May, 1877. In San Stephano Russia dictated very hard conditions of peace for Turkey. Several countries that had belonged to Turkey now became independent. This was a very good stroke on the part of Russia, and has borne good fruit.

We now passed along the shore of this sea, where a number of suburbs are located. Here we observed the most miserable dwelling-places and also the stateliest mansions. Here you find the rich and the poor living side by side.

Here and there we see parts of the ancient highway, Via Egnantia, which passed along this sea and into Macedonia and onward. This was the main line of the ancient Romans. Here and there we see fallen walls of old buildings and castles. Soon we observe among the trees the white minarets of the city of Constantine, and at 7:35 A. M. our train rolled into the station at Constantinople. The station is located on the eastern side of the Seralj-point in Stambul. We are at Constantinople.

My first duty is to show my passport, of course. Two men stood there and received it, recording my name and profession as well as the hotel where I was to stop. My baggage was examined and then I was at liberty to go wheresoever I wished. While on the train in Sweden I met a man who had been in Turkey, and he advised me to go to Paulich Hotel, located in that part of Constantinople called Pera. When I heard a representative of that hotel call out Paulich, I let him take charge

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of my baggage, and a "hammal" or carrier took charge of my satchel and took it out to a hack. Of course he must have bakschisch for his trouble, and I gave him a piaster. I went in a hack through a part of Stambul, over the Galata bridge and up to the Paulieh Hotel in Pera. Here I was well taken care of, received a good room in the lower story, and had a good rest. This hotel is a center for the Europeans and so I determined to stay there. Having had some rest in the forenoon, I went out to see the omnipresent Thomas Cook & Son to secure some Turkish money. Then I went around here and there in Pera for some time to become acquainted with my new and peculiar surroundings.

Perhaps I ought to remind the reader a little of the history of this ancient city. Here at this place, where Constantinople is located, Greeks from Megara began to build a city as early as 667 B. C., and called it Byzantium. This city, like Rome, is also build on seven hills, and a more beautiful location than this one you cannot find anywhere. Here on these hills the ancient Greeks have fought many a bloody battle, and the history of this city is full of telling events. To be sure, the earliest part of the history of this city is hidden in the misty past. When the Greeks in the fifth century became masters over this territory, the city became a bone of contention between the Spartans and the Athenians.

It is claimed that Saint Andrew preached the Gospel here for the first time. About 196 A. D. Septimus Severus, the Roman Emperor, conquered this city with his brave legions, having beleaguered it for three years. In 330 A. D. Constantine the Great moved his capital from Rome to this place, and called it after himself, Constantinople.

During the Middle Ages the armies of the Crusaders marched through this place on their way to the East. At one time there

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were 1,000,000 people outside of the city, trying to get over the Bosphorus, and onward to the Holy Land. What a wonderful movement the Crusades were. They began about 1096 and ended in 1291.

About a century and a half after these events, other important things happened here. The mighty hosts of the Mohammedan world sought to break through at this place and enter Europe. With all their power they attacked two salient points so as to get into Europe. The one was Gibraltar, the other was Constantinople. Thousands of valiant soldiers came hither in 1543, and it is said that 200,000 were gathered here to press onward into Europe to make it tributary to Islam.

They fought valiantly and captured the city. The very night when the city was captured, there was a star in the half-moon, or the crescent, and the superstitious Mohammedans looked upon this as an omen of success, and henceforth the world has seen in the Mohammedan banner a star in the crescent. This is now seen all over the Mohammedan world on the flag and on the minarets of their mosques. Now since that time the crescent has waved over these hills where the city of Constantinople is located. Surely there is a most wonderful and varied history behind this quaint old city, and one feels like a dreamer as one sees this ancient city with its crooked and dingy-looking streets.

There is a most peculiar city life here in this metropolis. Never had I seen such peculiar styles in the dresses as I saw here. Here the business man is standing in the street, doing his business; others are sitting around, taking life very easily. The Turk is by nature very lazy and does not do anything without compulsion. He is at his best when he can sit down and smoke his water-pipe (narghila). This pipe is so arranged that the smoke passes through a jar of water, and thus it becomes cooled off.

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In Constantinople you will see a phase of street life that you can find in no other city in the world. Here you will find—so it is said—about 1,100,000 inhabitants. I say “about” because there is no census taken in that country. It is said that there are about 3,000,000 dogs in this city; hence there are about three dogs to every person. These poor animals are owned by no one, and no one is responsible for them. No one is permitted to kill them. They are common property and act as a scavenger corps in the city. In the daytime they are on the streets, lying down in hollow places, or crawling together in some hidden corner, looking very sleepy and emaciated. Generally they are still in the daytime, but in the night they are very busy on their job. In the capacity of city scavengers they are permitted to serve from year to year, and all they get is the offal from the houses, which is thrown on the streets. They disturb no one and are disturbed by no one, but woe be unto him who steps on them or molests them in any way or shape. Then they show that they have life and courage. In the night they are very busy and then you hear their howlings all the time. These dogs have their marked territory and pity the dog that comes into the territory of another group of dogs. I heard their barkings all night, and by this I could understand that some one got hurt.

But we are on the way to Galata in this motley city, and will try to forget the dogs, for a while at least. When I came, I drove over this bridge very hastily, and had no time to observe the throng that passes this strange bridge of sighs. This bridge unites the two parts of the city, Stambul and Galata, and is stretched over the Golden Horn, which is a bay of the Bosphorus. It has the form of a horn and is called “Golden” because in times past much gold was brought into this bay.

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My first object must be to study the people that pass along this great highway. It is a pontoon bridge. I took my stand at the northern end of the bridge, so that I might be able to observe all that could be seen. Here you will see people from all parts of the world and people of all colors—black, white, yellow, brown and copper colored. Some are dressed in rags and others are robed in satin and silk. And think of the various kinds of garments they wear! Here is a point where three worlds meet.

It will cost one meteik to pass over the bridge, or one cent in American money. There are two offices, one at each end of the bridge, where you can secure your tickets.

The first thing that aroused my curiosity as I stood on the bridge was the numerous red caps, or fez, which in almost every case was worn by the men. The garments of the Turks are not in the least attractive to a representative of the New World. But we shall not discuss the question of taste and form, because what to them might be so very tasty and proper, might be entirely out of place and proportion for us.

As I stood there a long time on the bridge and occasionally looked over the bay, I saw busy men on the Bosphorus loading ships for distant shores. At the side of the bridge I saw a Mohammedan offer prayer to Allah. He placed his coat on the seat in the boat, or kajik, then stood a little while praying; then he bent down a little, and having prayed in that position for some time, he fell on his knees. Then he bent down to his coat three times in succession and then he arose again to continue as he had done before. This was the first time I had seen a Mohammedan go through his devotional exercises, but not the last time.

I determined to go further and followed the stream. To begin with, I felt a little strange among those half-civilized

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people, but soon I became used to the new condition, and felt more easy among them. When I came to the other end of the bridge, I found the scaffolds where some of the offenders against the régime of the Young Turks had been executed. In order that it might have a salutary effect on the would-be transgressors, the scaffolds were not taken down, but were left there as a warning to others.

On the other side of the bridge is Stambul. I went to see the Sophia Mosque. It is situated quite high on a hill in the southwestern part of the city of Stambul, and from here there is a splendid view over certain parts of the city. My companion, a certain Mr. Gorgon, was well acquainted with the gate-keeper, and because I was in his company I did not need to pay an admission fee. But there was one thing that neither he nor I could escape, and that was to take off our shoes and put on the sandals which we found at the doors. Both of us took the shoes in our hands while we were walking in the mosque on the carpets that covered the floor. It was a strange sight to me to be permitted to walk about in this ancient temple. The reader is familiar with the fact that this mosque was a Christian church in the earlier part of the Christian era; now it is a Mohammedan mosque. We went around in this building for a long time, looking at the walls and pillars and listening to the monotonous songs of the Mohammedans, who read their Al-Koran on the floors here and there. There are no pews or galleries in this house of worship. The worshipers sit down on the floor, and as they read the Koran they wag their bodies back and forth, as though they would like to shake down into their system the Mohammedan doctrine. My guide, Mr. Gorgon, could not stay very long, and so he returned to his labors. I went with him to the door and proposed to leave my shoes by the door, but then he said: "No, don't do that, for when you return you are minus

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a pair of shoes." He knew what he was talking about, because in the Mohammedan world there is no conception of mine and thine. When Mr. Gorgon had left, I returned to look over the building more carefully. The mosque is built in the form of a square, 225 feet long and 210 feet wide. The great dome, which rests on the center of the building, is 180 feet about the floor and its diameter is 107 feet. When you look at the church inside you will find that it has the form of a cross with a number of pillars that cut off the side naves. The altar is in the eastern end. Here and there on the walls and on the pillars are inscriptions in Arabic, taken from the Al-Koran.

When the building was ready, it cost \$5,000,000—truly a large sum! The walls are of brick and covered inside with the very best kind of marble. The pillars were brought from Ephesus, Delos, Baalbek, Heliopolis and Athens. The doors were made of cedar trees, ivory and precious stones, and within the church there were ten golden chandeliers and 6,000 golden candlesticks.

Having observed very carefully the inside of this building, I went to take a good look at the outside. There are many additions made to the structure, and cupolas are built over each nave and in every corner where a minaret is raised, and above these are the crescent and star. I went all around this mosque, and it was a sad thought to me, that the symbol of the cross had been taken away and been replaced by the crescent. I asked myself, as I was walking around on this ground, why this humiliation was necessary. If we are familiar with the history of the church, we know the spiritual condition of the church at the time when Mohammed and his fanatical hordes marched over the earth, suppressing Christian faith and establishing the Mohammedan doctrine.

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Christianity at that time was an empty form, and hence it was an easy matter to place the crescent on the place where the cross had stood. The Mohammedans drew the black veil of their doctrine over so many of the countries where the Christians had been working for the cross. Where the pure light of Christianity had been burning so bright in the early times, only dead forms of this light and life were to be found at the time when the Mohammedans came and conquered. What a warning to us in these times! If we do not keep the light on the candlesticks burning the Master will come and take the candlestick out of its place and we are in the darkness. Think of the changes that this sanctuary has passed through! If the stones of these walls could speak they would relate a very strange story. Let us remember that when the Crusaders came to Constantinople in 1204, they plundered this church, and when the Turks in 1453 captured the city they also plundered it the second time. While 4,000 men defended the city from the walls, a great throng of weak Byzantines took refuge in this church. They became victims of the Turkish soldiers, who plundered and killed for ten days. Those who were not killed were sold into slavery. On the third day the Sultan entered the church and dedicated it as a house of worship. Since that time it has been a Mohammedan mosque.

But shall it continue so to be? We believe that the kingdom of Christ shall conquer, and if the world will stand, this building shall again be used as a Christian house of worship. So may it be!

From this place I went to the Hippodrome, which is located a little distance from Hagia Sophia. Not far from the church is the Parliament building, and this looks quite stately. As I was walking along I saw to the right a "monumental well," which the German Emperor, William II, had built as a memory of his visit here in 1898. Just think, if Luther could have surmised

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that the Emperor of Germany should be such a friend of the Sultan of Turkey! What would he have said?

Not far from here we find the mosque of Sultan Ahmed. It is of a later date and is very beautiful. Not far from this mosque stands the obelisk of Theodosius II. It was made in Egypt at Heliopolis about 1600 B. C., and it was brought to this place by the early rulers, and has stood here ever since.

It began to be quite late and the sun was setting. I determined to go to my hotel. As I looked around, I saw a little boy of 12 years, who addressed me in pretty good American. He was the son of the Jew who brought me from the station to the hotel when I came to the city. This boy of 12 years spoke seven languages, and he spoke them quite well, too.

The following day, August 26th, I determined to go over to the Asiatic side. Crowds of people pass back and forth every day. Return tickets cost two and a half piasters or ten cents each. This is very reasonable. The trip over takes 15 minutes. The weather was very beautiful and clear as crystal. To the right we have the Sea of Marmora with the Prince Islands in the distance. To the left of us on the height are the Galata and Pera parts of the city. Further on is the Bosphorus and the Asiatic shore. At 9:30 I set my foot on Asiatic soil for the first time. It was at Scutari.

But what was my object in going to Scutari? Well, I wanted to see Asia and stand on Asiatic soil, and another reason was that I might see the howling dervishes. For some time I could not find the place. At last I gave up the hope of finding any, and was on my way to the wharf. I then met the hotel-keeper, Mr. Paulich, who, together with some other Germans, was on his way to the afternoon exhibition of the dervishes; and I returned and went with them.

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I now found that I had passed by the place several times, but I did not imagine that they lived in such a hovel. We paid the admission fee of five piaster, or 20 cents, and went in. About 150 were there, most of them Germans, with a sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans. At the east end of the room was a kind of choir, and in this we saw a great many swords, knives, javelins and revolvers. Besides these there were several crescents. On the three sides there were seats and a railing around the places where we sat. The floor in the middle of the room was open, and in this place the dervishes were giving their exercises.

There were 20 dervishes in all. They sat down on skins and began their prayers to Allah. "La Alla illah Allah Mohammed rasul la Allah." (There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet; arise to worship Allah.) With this and other prayers they kept on and were waving their bodies from one side to another; and thus they kept on until the sweat was pouring down their cheeks. To get some rest they sat down on the floor, and then the Turkish priest made a speech to them. This we could not understand, of course. While he made this speech he sat down on the floor, and after this address the exercises began again.

When they had kept on for some time, the priest went to the place where the weapons were kept and took two spears, the length of which was somewhat over a foot and a half. A great iron ball was at one end of each sharp spear. Then he went to a young and heavily-set man, pulled away his shirt under the breast and ran one of the spears through the fat under the abdomen. The man did not wink in the least and kept on afterwards with his exercises, holding the globe in his right hand.

Then the priest went to an old man. This man remonstrated, but he pulled him forward to the post right by my side,

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put the spear through one of his cheeks and then stuck it in the post right by my side, and hit the globe with his right hand, thus pinning the poor fellow to the post and letting him stand there for about twenty minutes. Several of the dervishes swooned away and they carried them out of the room. Then he liberated these two men from their spears, and you should have seen how they danced on the floor hilariously. This was a very sad spectacle, and some of the women who laughed at the performance to begin with, fled away from the room in terror when they saw how the thing ended. I determined that I would see the program to the end, and I did. Here we had occasion to see how the doctrines and principles of Mohammedanism are promulgated and extended with the sword. I was told that these Mohammedan dervishes sometimes become so fanatical that they cut themselves with knives until the blood flows in streams down their cheeks. A terrible spectacle!

These fearful exercises had such an influence on my mind that I could not sleep well during the night, and it was difficult for me even afterwards to get rid of these impressions at the convent. The end of the ceremonies was, perhaps, the saddest part. Mothers carried their children to the Turkish priest, who put them on the floor; and when he had placed them side by side, he stepped on them successively. When they arose from the floor they were held by the mothers and then they kissed the priest. The dervishes had done the same during the exercises. The idea of these performances was to teach respect and obedience for authority and submission to Allah.

The 27th of August I arose early in the morning. The wretched dogs helped to keep me awake, and the sleep was not at all satisfactory. It was a very warm day and I must go out to see the Sultan at selamlie, or prayer. The Sultan goes every Friday to some mosque to pray. This worship the Turks call

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selamlie. Together with a Jew, by name Eidenstein, I went out on a street car to see this performance. We went out on the roof of the car, so as to be able to see more of the city. We were going along to the castle Talmabagtsche.

We came to the mosque and got a good place right opposite the entrance. The selamlie was to take place at 10:30 A. M., but we had to wait a long while until he came. A great throng had gathered at the mosque and there we stood on a platform. There was quite a space between the platform and the mosque, and this space they covered over with white and clean sand. Here we sat, waiting patiently for the Sultan of Turkey in the basking sunshine. About 12:30 a group of soldiers were marched into the open space where we were sitting. They arranged themselves in a circle in this open space in front of the mosque. After the soldiers came a number of well-dressed officials in uniform and last of all, surrounded with a strong guard, came Mohammed V, sitting in an open carriage. I was very near to him and could see him distinctly. He looked quite old and gray, and was dressed in a blue uniform with a red fez on his head. His eyes were sharp and protruding, but on the whole his appearance was not unpleasant.

Just as he came within the line of soldiers the band ceased to play and everything became very quiet. One of the men in out line—I think it was an American—began to hurrah, but quick as a flash came a soldier and stopped him, and advised him to put on his hat. At occasions of this kind the Christians must take off their hats, but the Mohammedans may remain covered all the time, and so they did here. There we stood with uncovered heads in the hot sun, and his carriage stopped in front of us. He looked very kindly towards us, stepped out of the carriage and went into the mosque. He was walking somewhat stooped, and with a sword at his side. Then the muezzin in the

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minaret above began to call out the time for prayer, singing his monotonous song in his usual way. Thereupon the Sultan entered the mosque to offer his prayer to Allah. The idea of this custom is not only that the Sultan should set an example to his people to worship Allah, but that he might give the common people an occasion to see the ruler of Turkey.

In the afternoon I went down to Galata Bridge, crossed the same and went to the right on the other side. I wanted to see the bazaars and study the folk-life in them. Having gone a few blocks along a certain street, I could not go further, because my organ of smell rebelled and compelled me to return. Since I could not go to the bazaars, I determined to visit Hagia Sophia once more, to remind myself of days gone by in the history of the Christian church. As I was walking along the open space at the mosque, I felt that we as Christians should do our very best to keep burning the light that God in His infinite love has given us. He who knows the history of the Christian church, and can remain unmoved in the shadow of the Hagia Sophia, has not the right conception of the Christian church. Having seen for the last time the mosque at near range, I returned to my hotel, and thus my promenades in the city of Constantine were mostly finished.

And now a word as to my general impression of Constantinople. Remember that Turkey is half civilized, and, perhaps, not even that. It is to a great extent bound in the fetters of barbarism. What, then, can you expect? Only a few days' visit will convince anyone that there is a great difference between a Christian and a heathen city. And then the dirt that we find in this city! Filth and poverty are staring you in the face, wheresoever you go. Now I do not mean to say that there are no sins in our cities, but we are, so to speak, able to conceal them more than the Turks. I observed one thing that made me

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feel glad, and it was this. I saw none of the Mohammedans drinking either wine or beer, but the so-called Christians were drinking whiskey, wine and beer very freely. You can never induce a Mohammedan to drink strong drinks. That is against his religion, and he is true to his principles. This is a bright side in the social life of the Turks. But if there is a bright spot here and there in the social life of the Turks, there are on the other side so many sins and so many dark shadows in their life that they hide the good. There is little or no honesty among the Turks, as for instance, when they exchange money. If you do not know the value of Turkish money when you go into Turkey, you are in a very bad predicament and the likelihood is that you will have to pay for learning the value of their money. You fall in among robbers every time you attempt to exchange money.

Conditions in Turkey during the régime of the Sultan Abdul Hamid became unbearable. Revolution was bound to come and it did come. We have a very faint idea generally of the nature of the government that the deposed Sultan gave his people here at the Yildiz kiosk on the Bosphorus. He manifested an unsurpassed cruelty and the world will never know the details of that cruelty.

Just think of the beautiful scenery round about here, and of the filth and sin within this city! Here the old adage is true: "Only man is vile." As you look at the city from a distance you have a most excellent view. See all those minarets, the cypress hedges, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus and all the vessels in the harbors, and on the waters beyond! And yonder in Bithynia you see the snow-clad Olympus. Here by the Yildiz kiosk there are thousands of acres that are laid out in parks, and a whole multitude of buildings are erected here. This area is surrounded by a wall of stone 35 feet high, and there is no

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window in it. The harem buildings, where Abdul Hamid and his six hundred women used to live, are separated from the parks by a still higher wall. Here are artificial lakes, their surfaces picturesquely dotted by snow-white swans. Here are conservatories, containing plants, flowers and trees of many kinds, native as well as exotic. Thousands of white doves spread their graceful wings against the clear blue of the background. The inclosure contains also a porcelain factory, a menagerie and a museum. The impression one gathers here is that he is visiting some foreign university.

Within these walls no foreigner could enter; but this is now the property of the people, and anyone may enter here without danger to his life. If anyone had been found walking around here during the reign of Abdul Hamid, it would not have taken long ere he would be thrown in the Bosphorus and become food for the fishes. Here lived this "man of sin" for a long time, but his days as a ruler were numbered. Here you see the room in which Abdul Hamid was informed that his reign of terror had come to an end, and that he had to reap what he had sown, just like every other mortal. Here he used to sit and condemn to death such unfortunates as his spies had brought to him.

Two of his spies, who had no scruples as to what they did, were Fehmi, the most prominent of his spies, and Mehmed, the executioner. These two men received the reward of their work. The first one was torn to pieces by a raging mob, some years ago, and the last one was hanged in the Month of July, 1909. When Abdul Hamid was deposed one of the most blood-thirsty tyrants that the world had ever seen was deprived of his fiendish power.

But there is only one thing that will save Turkey. It is the Gospel of the living Savior, and nothing else. A great many of the messengers of the Master are already in the Turkish Empire; many more are coming, and it is the story of the man from

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Galilee that will change the customs and the manners of the Turks and bring in a new life and new customs among the down-trodden followers of Mohammed. May the gospel of peace soon come to this people in their darkness, and may they soon see the glorious light. Then Turkey will be regenerated.

## CHAPTER V

### FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO ATHENS

**E**ARLY in the morning, the 26th of August, I gathered my things together and prepared for my departure from Constantinople. The boat was to depart at 9:15 A. M., but it did not go before 10. I sat down on the deck, where I had a splendid view of the whole vicinity, and especially of the wharf. There was a great throng of people there to witness the departure of the boat. And such a mixture of a crowd I had never seen before anywhere.

It is a peculiar sight to see those thousands of fezes moving around in this great throng. There are a lot of hammals who bring baggage down to the boat for the passengers; there you also find venders of various kinds, who offer their goods to the passengers. Some were sitting around, doing nothing; others were busy loading the boat, and their clothes were literally wet because of profuse perspiration.

But at last the boat is ready to depart. Polacky pulls in the anchors, makes a turn in the bay and steams out into the Sea of Marmora. Yonder on the shore thousands of people are waving their handkerchiefs, hats and red fezes. I sat on the deck and observed this remarkable panorama. What a sight it is to look back on this ancient city of Constantine! Yonder is Stambul with the Hagia Sophia and the railroad station; on the other side are Pera, Galata and Scutari, with its numbers of minarets pointing skyward. Surely this with its historic background is a most overwhelming panorama, which, if you

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have once seen it, will never be eradicated from your mind. But while this view is so majestic, it loses some of its charm when you consider the inner life of the city, its dirty, crooked streets and its no less dirty immorality. As long as I could I looked back upon the city and especially the Hagia Sophia. How can a Christian desist from thinking of this mosque and its history? As our boat was speeding along on the waters of Marmora in the beautiful sunshine, I sat and wondered why the Lord permitted this magnificent temple to be taken from the Christian church, and to be thus desecrated by the Mohammedans. While I was thus pondering, these words resounded in my soul: "Whosoever hath not from him shall be taken away even that which he hath" (Matt. 13:12). The reader will remember that the Christian world, at the time when the Mohammedans spread their dark veil over the world, was ensnared in the fetters of superstition and dead orthodoxy. The Christian world had lost its life-power and no doubt a good many thought that there was no harm in changing faith with the Mohammedans. Even this thought is now, to a certain extent, going through the world and is finding some adherents. The Lord has sent a solemn word of warning to His church in all times. The Master said to the angel in the church of Ephesus: "I shall remove the candlestick from its place, unless you repent" (Rev. 2:5).

The people in these countries are now in the darkness of the night from a spiritual point of view, and grope in darkness morally and religiously. Here are object lessons for us in these times, and here we have a solemn warning that unless we make proper use of our God-given privileges, we shall lose them, and they shall be given to others who know how to make proper use of them. This is a fundamental law in the kingdom of God: Use the grace that God has given you in a proper way, and if you do not do so, He will take it away from you. If you wish

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to have an example of the application of this law, go to the Orient, and you can see it clearly everywhere.

As I was meditating on these questions, the city of Constantinople vanished below the waves of the Marmora, and our boat was making good speed to the other end of the sea. Many of the passengers were sitting on the deck in the hot sunshine. Now and then the Asiatic shores on the left side of the boat vanished from our sight. Here and there rocky cliffs stuck their tops over the surface of the sea. They are the Prince Islands. To the right of us we see land all the time. The coast is that of ancient Thrace. It seemed to be a barren and desolate country. Under the Turkish scepter you cannot expect that the poverty-stricken people should be able to develop and assume an aspect of prosperity. Poor people that must live under such a government!

But as we go along let us remind ourselves that we are sailing on the Propontis of the ancient world. It was a very pleasant journey, and no storms were now tossing our vessel. To the right of us we see the place where the ancient Athyra was located. Here we observe some trees on the hills around about, and yet the vicinity further off looks so naked and desolate. In the background you find parts of an old bridge, over which the ancient Egnantia passed into Thrace and Macedonia. This old road extended along the coast to Silinvri. Here was the old Selymbria, where some parts of old Byzantine fortresses stuck up their heads from the lonely hills. A little further on we pass a promontory, in the neighborhood of which lies the island of Marmora, the greatest island in this sea. We are going a little closer to the shore, and we come to the western end of Marmora. The Via Egnantia stretches further inland and we can see nothing of it.

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This ancient highway had a great significance for the Roman Empire. Along these roads the soldiers of the emperor would carry the Roman eagles to the various parts of the empire, where they would maintain order and discipline. The reader is familiar with the significance of these roads in the spread of the Christian religion. These roads served as a kind of artery for the great empire. Along these roads the merchants were carrying their merchandise to distant lands, and along these same roads the Apostles would speed along with the great message of peace and joy for a lost and condemned world. It is very strange that the ungodly and the wicked must in their way help, even against their will, to bring the message onward in the world.

On the boat I made the acquaintance of a Greek, whose name was Georgis Theodorides, a merchant from Constantinople. He spoke French very well and we became quite friendly.

This man gave me some information about Constantinople and its government, and how the Turks are unfair in their treatment of other people who live in the city. He said that there are 400,000 Turks in the city, 300,000 Greeks, 150,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews, 50,000 Europeans and 50,000 of other nationalities, but in the city council there are 6 Turks, 2 Greeks, 2 Armenians and 1 Jew. Mr. Theodorides was not pleased with this "stepmotherly" treatment of the Greeks.

Conversing about these things, we went into the Dardanelles; and, as we steamed into this sound, we had on the right Gallipoli. The sea is about two miles wide at this place. The city, whose old name was Kallipolis—which name signifies "beautiful city"—is located on a very beautiful place on the shore of the sea. It contains about 16,000 inhabitants. In 1357 A. D. it fell into the hands of the Turks.

Formerly this city carried on a very lively trade, but under the scepter of the Sultan it does practically nothing to keep up

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this trade with other countries. The city looks very dingy within and has the mark of poverty and misery. On the opposite side, or the Asiatic shore, is located the little town of Lapsaki. According to the ancient sages here was the seat of an unchaste cult, and it was here that Priapus was born of Aphrodite.

We are now going through the Dardanelles, the Hellespont of the ancient world, a sound less than a mile wide in certain places. This strait separates Chersonesos from Asia Minor. The shores are quite high and beautiful. Small brooks run down the banks here and there. According to the old sages this sound received its name in the following way. The King of Boeotia, Athamus, wished to do away with his two sons, Phrixus and Helle, whom he had begotten through his rejected queen, Nephele. The two sons fled and the last-named drowned while he fled over the sea on a ram with a golden skin. Because of this the sound is called Hellespont. The other son came to Mingrelia and stayed there with the king, Chalehis, and this king took very good care of the skin. Now the heroes of Greece, wishing to recover the skin, undertook an expedition; and because of the name of the ship in which they sailed, it is called the Argonautic expedition.

The sound is now called the Dardanelles, because of the city located on the Asiatic side. The sages tell us that Dardanos came from the island of Samothrace to Troad, and that he founded a kingdom that existed before Troy.

At 10 P. M. we passed Ak-Baschi-Liman, a bay that turns into Chersonesos. From the Asiatic side we saw a promontory jutting out into the Dardanelles, by the name Nagara. This is the place where Xerxes made a bridge over the Dardanelles in 480 B. C., when he came on his unfortunate expedition to conquer the Greeks. It was between Sestos and Abydos that this great pontoon bridge was built. According to the measurements,

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the sound is at this place about 4,050 feet across. It is the Heptastadion of the ancient world. We have read how the mighty King of Persia had decided to crush the mighty King of Greece, and how he gathered an army of 2,317,000 soldiers. This number is, perhaps, too large, and if we say that his army consisted of 900,000, we are nearer the correct number.

When the bridge was ready for the second time—the reader will recall that his first bridge was torn to pieces by a storm, and that he then caused the soldiers to whip the billows as a punishment for their madness—he gave the command that his army should pass over, having first offered prayers to his gods. When the rays of the rising sun touched the bridge, the march began, and for seven days and seven nights this march continued to the European shore. The world never saw such an army before.

There is a great deal of romance connected with the Dardanelles. Every night Leander swam across from Abydos to Sestos to call on his beloved Hero, the priestess of Aphrodite in that city. He was run over by a boat and was drowned. It is perhaps known how Lord Byron swam across between these two places—a daring feat.

While we passed along this historic ground, the moon was shining. The moonlight in the Orient is very bright, much brighter than in the Occident. I shall never forget this interesting evening. My friend Theodorides sat with me on deck, until it was very late, and we conversed about the happenings on this sound. Just as we passed the fortress Kalei-Sultanije, two cannon shots were fired, and this was a sign that all was clear for our passage. This fort is called by the Europeans, the Dardanelles. A little after 10 P. M. our steamer passed into the Aegean Sea, making a turn to the left in a southwesterly direction. On the point of Chersonesos is a little town by the name

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of Sed-Ul--Bahr-Kalessi. A lighthouse shone on the shore as we passed by.

Do you wonder that I am awake and on the deck watching at this late hour? You must remember that we are about to pass into the territory of which the Bible speaks, and it is for this reason that I am standing on the deck with the Bible in my hand. I stood there until the midnight hour, watching the various islands round about us as we sailed along.

When I looked out over the Aegean Sea as we emerged from the Dardanelles, we had to the left a promontory where the River Skamander enters into the sound. Along this river is the Asiatic plain. Homer calls this plain Asia. It extends southward to the mountain, Bas Dagħ, or Mt. Ida, of ancient times. Along the river, about three miles from the land, lies Hissarlik (Castle Place). Here are a lot of ruins, and according to latest investigations, the old Troja was located here. Not only the city, but the whole province was called Troad. On this plain ancient Troy was located, with its renowned fortress, Illion. On this plain the Greeks were lying when they beleaguered the city and captured it.

While our steamer was going out of the Dardanelles into the sea, we noticed to the left of the shore two hills, where it is said that the ashes of Achilles and Patrocles are buried. As we came out of the sound, our boat kept close to the European side, because of the strong current at this place. It is more dangerous to go near the Asiatic shore. Our boat passed by a point called Jenischehr, the Sigeion of the ancients. It is claimed that Hercules and his heroes landed on this point, and here on the plain the hordes of Xerxes sallied forth to subdue the Greeks.

In the year 334 B. C. Alexander of Macedonia landed on this coast, as he went out on his great expedition to conquer Asia. When Alexander drew near the grave of Achilles his martial

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enthusiasm was kindled and, thinking of his heroic ancestors, he determined to lay the whole world at his feet; and with this thought he marched into Asia. As we now steam away in a southwesterly direction and leave the coast, we see some wind-mills in the distance. Looking to the right we see the island of Imbros and behind this the island of Samoathrace is barely visible in the distance.

We are now in territory spoken of in the Bible. Saint Paul sailed by here in these waters from Troas to Macedonia in the year 52 A. D. Setting out on his second missionary journey from Antioch and passing through Asia Minor, he came to Troas. It is the wonderful missionary to the Gentiles who is passing by at this place, carrying his great message into another continent. Concerning his journey in these sections he writes: "Now when they had gone through Phrygia and the region of Galatia and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia, they essayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not and they passed by Mysia and came down to Troas and a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and praying him, saying, come over into Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately he endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them. Therefore loosing from Troas we came with a straight course to Samothrace and the next day to Neapolis; and from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony; and we were in the city abiding certain days" (Acts 16:8-12).

It was at Troas, then, that he received his vision and in view of this he went to the new world to proclaim the excellent doctrine of his Redeemer among the benighted heathens as well as among the Jews.

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Paul was not alone on this his first journey into Europe. Luke, Silas and Timothy were with him. They were on their way to Macedonia and hence he passed along these waters. When Paul returned from his third missionary journey, about 58 A. D., he passed through through Macedonia, and landed here at Troas, remaining here for several days. Some of his fellow-laborers, who had been with him in Greece, went directly over the Aegean Sea and waited for him here at Troas (Acts 20:4-6).

While on the way to Macedonia, after having been in Ephesus for the space of three years, he says: "Furthermore, when I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel and a door was opened unto me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother; but taking my leave of them, I went from thence into Macedonia" (II Cor. 2:12-13).

You can still see traces of the harbor, whence Paul sailed away into Macedonia. Its modern or Turkish name is Eski-Stambul, and there are a lot of ruins not far from the shore. It was about 11 P. M. when our steamer passed these historical places. Deeply interested in the surroundings, which I could see quite clearly in the bright moonlight which threw its weird radiance over the entire vicinity, and with the Bible in my hand, I sat on the deck until about 12 o'clock. Here I read the interesting story in the Acts by Saint Luke about the journey of these men in these waters. I then went to my cabin and tried to sleep this memorable night, a night which I shall never forget. Before long the boat passed the island of Tenedos, to the left and a little later we sighted the island of Limnos. We are now in the Aegean Sea, and we have islands all around us. Think of all the expeditions that have passed over this sea in the past centuries!

The boat was the very best and was swaying but little during the night. Early in the morning I was on the deck to find out

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where we were located, and then we saw in the far west the island of Skyros, sticking its treeless head out of the water, and further ahead was the island of Negropont. It was Sunday, the 29th of August. The day was very beautiful and warm. There was a certain haze over the face of the deep, and we could not see far. A little later this haze passed away. Today we are going to land in Greece, a classic country. We pass through the Oro Canal, with the island of Andros to the left and Negropont to the right. This is the largest of the Grecian islands, and has a population of about 100,000.

These islands looked naked and rocky, and it was a question to me how the people could make a living in such a territory. Here and there we see orchards and villages along the shores. Now we come to a group of islands called the Cyclades. The steamer passes between the mainland and the island of Keos to the left. Along the coast is a long island called Helena or Marconesia, or the large island. This island is said to have received its name from the circumstance that Helena, the queen, who was carried away to Troy, landed here either on her way to Troy or on her return from that city.

When we came to the southern end of this island, we saw on the height of the mainland on the point Sunion or Kolonnäs, the ruins of a Poseidon temple. According to a description, recently discovered, this temple was built 413 B. C., consequently during the Peloponnesian War. Along the route, which we now traversed, the Persian fleet sailed when it came to the Bay of Salamis in 480 B. C. Then the Battle of Salamis was fought in the bay under the leadership of Themistocles, and a glorious victory was won.

While our boat ran into the bay we saw Salamis clearly, quite near by to the left. On the mainland is still shown the elevated place where Xerxes stood on his throne and saw how

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the valiant Greeks cut to pieces the great fleet of the Persians. It was intensely interesting to see this bay and the surroundings as we entered the harbor of Piraeus. While we were several miles out in the Aegina Bay we saw the Acropolis on the Attic plain towards the north. Our boat stopped in the bay and anchored there. About fifty boats gathered around us, and their occupants wished to row us ashore to the hotels, either at Piraeus or at Athens. In every boat there is a flag, with the name of the hotel which the boat represents. We were taken ashore at Piraeus, where we walk on classical ground for the first time. In a few minutes we are at the electric station, and a fast train brings us over the plain to Athens. We register at the Grand Hotel, near the park where the Royal Castle is located. My friend Theodorides and I take a room together in this hotel. We are at the capital of the Greeks, or the Hellenes.

## CHAPTER VI

### IN ATHENS AND CORINTH

ON classic ground! What a thought for the student! Having had dinner and rested a little, I resolved to go to Areopagus. I went through the old town and came to Areopagus at 5.05 P. M. This hill is about 345 feet above the level of the sea and is located a little to the northwest from the Acropolis and slopes a little to the west. At the southeast side there is a stair with sixteen steps, hewn in the solid rock. No doubt the Greeks used to go up on this stair, and in all probability this stair was used when the Greeks brought Paul up on the Areopagus or Mars Hill. I felt a chill pass through my body, as I came up on this hill and considered that I was on such historic ground. I sat down and read the speech of Saint Paul, which he delivered before the heathen Greeks in the year of our Lord 52. It was at Athens that he met the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers and some of them said, "What will this babblers say?" Others said, "He seemed to be a setter forth of strange gods, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection" (Acts 17:18). They took him and brought him to Areopagus and there he delivered his excellent speech. Paul did not preach in vain. It is true that some mocked when they heard him preach of the resurrection of the dead; but when he departed from them, certain men clave to him, among which were Dionysus, who later is called the Areopagite, a woman named Damaris, and others with them. Thus it was not in vain to sow the good seed.

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This hill has its historical interest for us as Christians, but it has its significance and interest also from a purely classical point of view. It is called Mars' hill (Areopagus), because the war-god Mars, according to the ancient mythology, was tried on this hill for having committed murder. A court, called Areopagus, held its sessions here during the night. Court proceedings were held during the night, and under the open sky, so that the breath of the criminals would not contaminate others.

Questions regarding morality and religion were considered by this court. It was this court that condemned Socrates to death, and we see that this court had the same function in the time of Paul. Here and there on this hill you see the solid rock cut even into squares, rectangles and parallelograms. Perhaps it was on this very spot that the court held its sessions?

From Mars' hill you have an excellent view over the Attic plain. As you look to the north over the city, it appears as if it had been built yesterday. The houses are, nearly all, white and clean. East of Areopagus is the Acropolis; only a little distance, and to the northeast is Lycabettos, quite a high hill. Yonder in the distance to the northeast you see Pentelicon, and to the west the mountain range Aegaleos.

Here on Mars' hill I sat a long time meditating and one drama after another passed in review before my mind. As I returned to the hotel, I determined to go via Acropolis, although it was somewhat late. I had been alone on Areopagus with my Bible and now I went alone to the top of Acropolis. At the upper end of the stair on the west side there were some houses and a kind of portal, which they were repairing at this time. On the Acropolis I found an American, who went about with the Bædecker in his hand. I asked him if he had been on the Areopagus, and he answered, "There is nothing to see." I

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answered, "It all depends upon what you are interested in. As for my part I saw a great deal there."

There are many who are interested in the historical only, but as soon as it pertains to the religious and spiritual questions, they lose interest and think they know all they need to know. Interested in the Acropolis, but not in the Areopagus, where one of the greatest sons of the race has proclaimed the gospel of salvation! Strange, indeed!

At last we are on the Acropolis and walk about among its ruins. Think of the beautiful buildings that once stood here and were the beauty of ancient Hellas! On the south side of the Acropolis, at the middle of the top lies Parthenon, the most renowned building in Athens.

It is well known that in ancient times fortresses were built on high hills. The cities grew in the course of time down the hillsides and on the plain near by. This was done in order that the people in time of danger might have access to the fortress, where they could defend themselves. Temples were built on the high hills where the fortress had been, to the honor of the gods and the goddesses. The Acropolis was called in view of this, "The city of the gods." There were many temples on this hill, built to the honor of the gods, but there was no temple in Greece that could be compared with the Parthenon. It was the masterpiece of Grecian architecture. It was the work of Phidias that gave this sanctuary such a glory, and inside of it there were many works of the sculptor.

During the course of time this building has served as a heathen temple, as a Christian church, and as a Mohammedan mosque. In 1687 it was used as a storehouse for powder, during the war of the Turks with the Venetians. It was during this war that this building was struck by a cannon ball with the consequence that this masterpiece of architecture was

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ruined. Many of the pillars on the south side were knocked to pieces. At present they are trying to reconstruct it.

Here you see the past glory of Greece in ruins. At the southeast corner we find the Dionysian theatre. There you see it wide open with its seats and standing room for the thousands who used to come here.

Now, my dear reader, do you know anything of the theatre in those days? If you do, you know what influence it exerted on the social life at that time. Listen to a statement of Seneca, a man who lived in the time of the Apostles, "One will hardly leave the theatre without having become more vain and voluptuous. Nothing is so injurious to good morals as to see a play." Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, said, when Herod introduced theatrical shows in Jerusalem, that it "tended to corrupt the morals of the Jewish nation, to bring the people into love with pagan idolatry, and to throw contempt on the law of Moses."

And what shall we say of the theatre in our own time? Is it any better? Is the influence for good or for bad? All you need to do is to study the theatre of the present day, and you can form your own idea. There is the moving picture show. Do you know, that about 70 percent of the pictures shown at these theatres today, are obscene and immoral? And yet you think that they exert no influence for the bad? Listen to the editor of the Outlook, "The stage has been given over to a dreary monotony of seduction and adultery. Even the toughened taste of the many who want to be amused and are indifferent to the morality of the means of entertainment, has revolted against the entire surrender of the stage to these revolting plots. Vulgarities and impurities have reigned supreme." Lit. Digest, May 4th, 1895.

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An actor in Texas is quoted as saying, "It was hard for me to bury my six daughters, but rather than let my two sons go upon the stage, I would bury them also." These are solemn words, and words from lips that knew by experience what the theatre stands for. And yet people flock by the thousands to the theatre and see no wrong in it. O, tempora, o, mores! What can you testify as to the morals of the present day theatre and the influence it gives? Truly we find that it is not an institution for the good of the nation. How can it be?

To the southwest of the Acropolis is a lower hill called Museon. This hill is literally covered with ruins. On its northern slope, a little to the southwest of the Acropolis, is what is called Nymph Hill. Here is Pnyx. Here is a circular excavation in the hill, and it reminds us of a theatre. Here the people of Athens used to gather and listen to their great orators. Here is a pulpit; and it is claimed that Pericles and Demosthenes used to stand by this pulpit and speak to the people. A little to the southeast from this theatre-like excavation is the prison of Socrates, cut out in the hill. It is not certain that this is the place, even if tradition points to this hollow in the hill. It must have been somewhere in this vicinity that he was constrained to drink the death-bringing hemlock, that fatal morning. The reader is, perhaps, familiar with the life of Socrates and the closing words of that philosopher before he courageously drank the fatal cup. If you know nothing of this man, you had better look him up. It is worth while. Good was the man, indeed, who could pray, "Give me the interior beauty of the soul." No wonder Erasmus exclaimed, "When I read something of this sort concerning such men, I can hardly refrain from saying, 'Sancte Socrate, ora pro nobis.' " How grand were his closing words, "It is now time that we depart, I to die, and you to live, but which has the bet-

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ter destiny is unknown to all but God." Let me rather die as a Socrates than as an Immanuel Kant, a man in our own times, almost, and who in the hour of death did not know whither he was going.

To the northwest of Areopagus lies the temple of Theseion, which was built later than the Parthenon and dedicated to the honor of Hephaistos and Athena. This temple has served as a heathen temple, as a Christian church, and as a Mohammedan Mosque. Later it has also served as a museum. During the Greek war of rebellion it served as a hospital. It is very well preserved. I went round about this structure several times, but could not get into it as I knew not where to secure a key.

To the north of the Acropolis is the old city. Archeological societies have carried on great excavations here, and as a consequence of these excavations, you can now walk on the same streets that Saint Paul used to walk on. Here are the open streets, buildings, pillars, fountains, statues and relics of all kinds, too numerous to mention. In the old town the streets are very crooked and the houses are very ugly and low. Here is the agora, where the Apostle Paul was walking along, when the Grecian philosophers took hold of him and wished to hear something new. But let us now leave the old city and go to the new. The two are joined together and you cannot see any dividing line.

One of the most prominent buildings in Athens is the University. Before this building stand two statues. The one to the left represents the poet Rhigas, who was murdered by the Turks in 1897, and the other, on the opposite side, represents the Greek patriarch in Constantinople, Georgios, who was murdered at Easter, 1821, by a Turkish mob, and later hanged on the church door. The university building is very beautiful. It was built by the Danish architect Hansen. In

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1837, this institution threw open its doors to the students of Hellas and other countries. It follows the same plan as the universities of Europe. There are now about 2,300 students attending this institution of learning, and the attendance is on the increase. Near by this university building is the Academy of Sciences, the most substantial building in the city of Athens. From here we go to the National Museum. Greece has done wonders during the short time she has been free from the tyrannical yoke of Turkey. The Museum proves what Greece has done.

It was a terrific struggle, when the Greeks fought themselves free from the Turkish scepter. We rejoice to know that this country is developing more and more. It has, no doubt, a great future.

September 1st I got up early in the morning to prepare for a journey to Corinth. I went to the Peloponnesian railroad station, which is located in the northwestern part of the city, on the Attic plain. I bought a second class ticket, and got into the car, which was well filled. The railroad passes along the coast, quite near Aegina bay. Before we came to Kalamaki, we had a very beautiful sight over the bay. Yonder on the other side was Cenchrea, located on the Saronic gulf. We could see the place quite well. There are only ruins now. In this town the deaconess Phebe lived. When Paul, during his stay at Corinth on his third missionary journey, wrote his letter to the Romans, this lady took the letter to the church at Rome. He says, "I commend unto you Phebe, our sister, who is a servant of the church, which is at Cenchrea, that ye receive her in the Lord" (Rom. 16:1).

Paul says of her that she has been "a succorer of many and of myself also" (Rom. 16:2). Paul entrusted this dea-

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coness with a great responsibility, when he sent her to Rome with this, the greatest epistle of the Bible.

Ere long our train passes over the canal, which has been dug between the Corinthian bay and the bay of Aegina. At a great distance, before we come to New Corinth, we see the Acropolis of Corinth or Acrocorinth, a high hill, something like the Acropolis at Athens. Here we find again, how the ancient people, to protect themselves, built their fortresses on high hills and later on extended the city on the plain beneath.

At 10:30 A. M. I arrived at New Corinth and ate my breakfast in a restaurant. I then secured a Greek to take me to Old Corinth. He had a cart with large wheels and he drove like Jehu. Within forty-five minutes we were at Old Corinth. Excavations have been carried on here by Americans to such an extent, that you can now walk here as in Athens on the old streets, on the very stones that Paul used to travel on. You can actually see how the town looked in the time of our Saviour. In the excavated section there are parts of buildings, waterworks, and broken pillars. Here were the water reservoirs of the old city and the fountain Glyke. The water, which was running into it from a spring further up, was very warm and did not quench my thirst. It was a hot day. Having seen what there is to be seen, I sat down on an old ruin and thought of the vanity of all things. There is one thing that will remain and that is the word of the living God.

Paul, the great missionary of the Gentiles, came to this city for the first time in the year 52 A. D. Here he founded a church; and strange it was that he could do so here in this licentious and immoral city, while this was an impossibility in the polished and educated Athens. But this was in accord with the dictum of the Master, when he said, "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you" (Matt.

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21:31). It is very difficult to make the wise in this world followers of the lowly Nazarene, because His teaching is foolishness to the wise.

Here in Corinth he met the Jew Aquilla and his wife Priscilla. They were tentmakers by trade and as Paul had the same occupation, he joined them for some time. In the synagogue he spoke to the Jews and on the streets to the Gentiles. But the Jews took offence at his teachings, and could not hear the story of the cross. And the heathens did not take to it much more kindly. Even Seneca said that it was not proper to speak of the cross in educated society. But when the Jews did not wish to receive him, he went to the Gentiles and many of them did receive his message. Paul preached here for the space of one year and six months, strengthening the church of Christ. The church of Paul at Corinth had many trials. It was not an easy matter for the people to separate themselves from the heathen practices. The church was endangered by inner strife and sins and was also in danger of misusing the Lord's supper. It was a wonder that the church did survive.

While Paul was at Ephesus, on his third missionary journey, he wrote his second letter to the church at Corinth. It is the first letter, to be sure, of those that are extant, but one is lost, according to 1 Cor. 5:9. When he arrived in Macedonia, he wrote his third letter to this church. In this letter he gives them instructions as to how they should behave as members of the church of Christ.

Here on the ruin of the old city lies a dingy little village and this is all that is left above ground of Old Corinth. There are about 200 inhabitants in this village and they live in small huts where poverty stares you in the face on all sides. My driver told me that there were six churches in this village.

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I saw these church-buildings and they were small and miserable looking, to be sure. Two of them had no window and looked as though they might tumble over any time. My driver gave me the names of these churches or congregations. They are: St. Paul, St. Johns, St. Paraskevos, St. Annas, St. Argýrios and St. Donasios. There will be only a few members for each of these churches in such a little town. A cross on the roof signified that they were churches. To me it was a beautiful thought that there are still Christian churches in this place, where the gospel of Christ was preached in the early centuries.

Being very tired because of my wanderings in these ruins, we started on our way back to the New Corinth. Then we passed by an amphitheatre, which is to the right of the road, and a building, called the Bathhouse of Aphrodite, and many other buildings and ruins. The view from Acrocorinth is very grand. To the north is the gulf of Corinth, and on the other side is the Parnassos Mountain and others, which look very blue in the distance.

It would, indeed, be a very interesting study to find out the moral condition of this city at the time when the man from Tarsus came in through its gates. It was a saying in the ancient world that the Corinthians lived a very licentious life and *corintizein* came to signify a life in sin and degradation. Here was the seat of Venus' worship, which was attended with a licentiousness and debauchery that could not very well be surpassed.

As I was returning from New Corinth I saw a number of vineyards containing beautiful grapes. I bought some for 10 lepta and got a great quantity, and such grapes I had never seen before. I assure you they did taste well. Very soon I came back to the New Corinth. Here I paid my driver, giving him also some bakschisch, for which he was well pleased. I

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determined to return to Athens that very evening; and so I did. New Corinth is a town of about 5,500 inhabitants and has a very desirable location at the end of the bay of Corinth. While the train was speeding back to Athens, I looked back and found that the Acrocorinth was visible, when the island of Salamis came in sight in yonder bay.

On my return I bought a ticket for Smyrna and then I went to see the Turkish consul. By landing at Athens I had gone outside the Turkish boundaries, and as I was about to return to Turkish territory, I had to have my passport signed by him. If I did not do that, I might get into trouble in Smyrna. It cost me five drachmas or a dollar.

In the afternoon I had plenty of time to wander about and see the town and so I did. Piraeus is located partly on a peninsula and partly on the mainland. It has had remarkable growth. It looks as though it has a promising future. At 4:30 P. M. I secured a small row boat, and had a man take me out to the steamer in the bay. The name of the steamer was "Bayern." With this boat I went to Smyrna in Asia Minor. The boat did not depart before late in the evening, but I went on board and on the deck I had a splendid view of the vicinity.

The Greeks had given me a very good impression, and I do not blame Lord Byron of England for helping them to secure their liberty from the Turkish servitude, even if he had to pay for it very dearly. During my travels in Greece I did not see a single drunken man. But they seemed to have the same trait that their forefathers had in the time of Paul:—they wished to hear something new, and every evening they came together in great crowds in the parks, to drink coffee, read papers and discuss the questions of the day. Thus they kept on till very late in the night. The Greeks are very industrious and courageous, and if they are permitted to develop along

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various lines, they will, no doubt, have a bright future. And they are worthy of it, to be sure.

While I was sitting there on the deck, two passenger steamers came into the bay and at once there was life and activity. The small boats swarm around like flies and wish to secure passengers for their various hotels. The sun is sinking on the other side of the island of Salamis, a balmy breeze is blowing over the waters and the land. Very attractive, newly built houses are grouped on the shore, and the climate reminds me that I am in a southern country. Late in the evening our "Bayern" moves out of the bay and steams out on the Aegean Sea. I see the last glimmerings of the lights at Athens and Piraeus. I am on the way to the Orient and every hour brings me closer to the goal of my journey — the Land of Promise.

It was very warm and I slept well on the deck under the clear sky. The third of September as I awoke at half past five in the morning I saw how the sun rolled its red ball out of the sea. To the left we had then the little island Psara, and to the right the island of Kios. Further on I see a blue strip of land. It is the mainland of Asia Minor. Our boat turns and proceeds in a more easterly direction. To the left we saw Lesbos and Mitylene. This island is rocky and reminds us very much of Greece. There are no trees, only mountains and deep valleys. Here among these islands the apostle Paul sailed on, as he was busy trying to bring the great message to the people in these regions.

As we sail along these waters the ocean is very still and a light east wind greets us from the city of Smyrna in yonder bay. The day is very clear and nothing more can be desired in that way. Our boat is heading straight into the bay of Smyrna. The greater part of the city lies very low, by the bay, and we can see very little of it. At half past ten o'clock our "Bayern"

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is anchoring in the bay outside the city. Before the boat has stopped, representatives from various hotels come aboard and try all they can to secure passengers for their respective hotels, and you should have heard the noise and the turmoil they made. These runners fought valiantly to get hold of our baggage. We came through the gate and were on the wharf at Smyrna. I am again under the scepter of the Sultan.

## CHAPTER VII

### IN SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

**S**MYRNA is one of the largest cities of Asia Minor. My first duty was to find a hotel. Even here a Jew came and offered his services, so that I might get a good hotel. He took me to a nearby hotel and I registered with a view of staying there while I was in that city, but the place did not suit me.

In the afternoon I found my way to the American Consul. He lived in the neighborhood of the railroad station. When I saw the American Eagle over the residence of the Consul, I felt as though I had received a greeting from my home. The name of the Consul is Ernest L. Harris, and he is a gentleman every inch. He offered to help me in every way he could and whenever I called upon him to do so. I told him of my plans to see Ephesus, and he gave me some helpful points. When I inquired whether there would be any danger to go to Ephesus and see the ruins, he said that under the present circumstances there would be no danger whatever. But he advised me to secure from the authorities a *tesquere*, i. e., an inland pass which travelers must secure, when they travel in the country. The pass which I secured from the Secretary of the State at Washington, would only help me to land at the port towns in the Turkish dominion.

Now, as to the city of Smyrna. It is located on the bay of Smyrna. There are 200,000 inhabitants in this metropolis of Asia Minor, and most of them are Greeks and speak the Greek language, but many other languages are spoken here in Smyrna.

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The city is divided as follows: The Turkish, Jewish, Greek and the Frankish, in the latter of which the following nationalities are found: French, German, English, and American.

For several reasons my hotel did not satisfy me. My room was located right next to the street and because of the noise I could not sleep. The Turks are more noisy than any other people that I know of. I awoke early in the morning and moved to hotel Leonidas and then I went to Ephesus. The railroad coaches were small and dirty beyond description, and it was no pleasure to sit among the Turks on such a hot day and in the dirty car. The railroad passes along the western part of Asia Minor and then goes out east through Syria. The road was built by Englishmen. Along the road we see beautiful orchards and plantations. Then we pass over an old caravan bridge and through a valley called Meles. After that we go by a little town, Pudja, and from here the grade is a little steep and the train goes very slowly. Then we come to a plateau, and to the east and west of us there are quite high mountains. This plain was, without doubt, a sea bottom once upon a time. The soil is very rich and yields good crops. A European sat with me in the car — he was in the service of the government — and as he looked out over the plain he said, "It is too bad that such excellent soil should belong to such a good-for-nothing people." Think of the crops that could be gathered in here, if the soil were properly tilled!

At the stations we see half-naked children running about and selling water to the passengers for a metelik. But if they get more, so much the better. Having passed over the plateau, we come into a narrow valley where high mountains are lined up on both sides. As we came through this narrow pass, we entered into a more open space with a better view to the right. The locomotive blew the whistle and as we got off the train,

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we read Ajasuluk on the station's wall. Here is the old Ephesus. The Turks have made up this word from Hagios and Theologos or Holy Theologue. They call Ephesus Theologos from the Apostle John, who lived a number of years here towards the end of his life. There are about 300 inhabitants in the village and it is located to the east of the plain on which ancient Ephesus was built. This plain extends to the west, where the Aegean sea is seen. I went to the hotel. The proprietor was a Greek, but he spoke German, English, French and his own language with ease. He was a very pleasant man.

Having rested at the hotel, I walked out to the ruins on the caravan road. Along this road the camels were feeding and shepherds were tending their flocks. At the station you see old pillars which belong to an old aqueduct, which is not in use now. This duct brought water from the mountains in the east. To the northwest of Ajasuluk is a bridge. You see many ruins on it and also along the caravan road. The ruins on the hill to the northwest of the station are supposed to belong to the church of the "angel at Ephesus" to whom the risen Lord wrote this remarkable letter, which we find in the book of Revelation. It is a question, though, whether these church ruins date from that time. One thing is sure and that is that the church was located somewhere in this vicinity. In the neighborhood of the ruin stands a church and on two poles they have put up a church bell. On the roof of the little church is a cross. It was certainly very pleasant to see the cross here in ancient Ephesus and a church, even if it is not so very large.

As you go out to the ruins, you have to the right of the road the ruins of the Diana temple. They are about 2260 feet from the old city gate. There is an old legend that the wooden statue of Diana fell from heaven into a thicket. Here some men found it and worshipped it. On this spot a temple was

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built, which in the course of time was superseded by others until the Diana temple was built. It was finished about 370 before Christ. There was a man by the name Hierostratus, who wished to do something to make his name immortal, and for this reason he decided to burn the temple, which he did, July 31, 356 B. C., the very night when Alexander the Great was born. It was rebuilt again about 300 B. C. and must have been very beautiful, because it is recorded as one of the seven wonders of the world. In the course of time it fell, and the ruins were slowly buried under the debris of the ages. Mr. J. T. Wood, representing the British Museum, began excavations here in 1863, and in 1869, December 29th, he found 20 feet below the surface of the swamp, the place where the temple had stood. There are now extant some of the broken pieces of the once beautiful sanctuary. Some of the old pillars were used in the old St. Sophia church at Constantinople and the old temple has been plundered in many ways, until there are now only a few broken pieces of some size in the open place that has been excavated.

But we must hasten onward to the ruins, of which some are excavated and some have been left under the ground. Having walked quite a distance along the elevated road, leading out to the ruins, I turned to the left and was soon among the open ruins. They are altogether too great to describe. Here is first of all the old theatre. Here it was that the Apostle fought with the wild beast. It is a very large theatre, hewn out of Mount Pion. I went into it and saw the seats and the platform and the marble walls in the front. The rooms in the front, where the performers went in between the acts, are very well preserved. Here on these seats, (which originally were of marble, but the marble slabs in most of the seats have been taken away) thousands and thousands have sat, listening and

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observing the wild games, which have been played here. Not far from the theatre to the west is the agora or market place. It is quite large and once upon a time it must have been very inviting and attractive. The streets which are still preserved quite well at this place, would indicate this.

The gymnasium is just a little distance from here. It must have been a very large building. In the northeastern part of the ruins is the stadium. It is surprisingly well preserved and it seemed to me that it could be put into shape with but very little expense. The walls are well preserved and you can see clearly the space where the competitors were running for the laurel that fadeth away. All this is too much to describe in this connection. I wished to see this panorama from a higher point and so I went up to the top of the hill Pion. I had seen the ruins quite well, and noticed a lot of lizards and snakes in these ruins and observed how they crept in their holes in the walls, when I came near them. I saw a lot of frogs, too, jumping around on the streets, that were otherwise void and desolate. Here and there I saw some Turks tending their cattle and flocks around the ruins a little further away, and I wondered whether it was safe to be so near them. I then climbed up on the hill so as to get a better view of the whole and to be sure I got a very good view on Pion to the southeast of the ruins. Yonder in the west I see the Aegean sea, glimmering over the woods and hills. In the northern part of the plain I see the river Kaystros winding its way down to the sea. And right before me to the northeast and north and northwest is the plain, where the great city of Ephesus was located. What shall I say of this valley, so fruitful in itself, but so neglected that it serves now as pasture for the lazy Turks and Arabs in the vicinity?

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While I sat alone on this lonely hill, looking over this historic vicinity, so rich in memories from bygone days, I thought of that valiant man, St. Paul, who in the year 57 A. D. came to this place on his return from his second missionary journey and proclaimed the gospel of Christ to Jew and Gentile. In the Acts 18:19 we read, that when they (Paul, Aquila and Priscilla) had come to Ephesus, he left them there, but he went in the synagogue and spoke to the Jews. Here he made a beginning of his missionary work, which he carried on so powerfully in the latter part of his life.

Paul was a very bold man, who dared to attack the heathen stronghold, the seat of Diana worship. On his third missionary journey, having passed through the greater part of Asia Minor, he stopped here for the space of three years, building on the foundation which he had recently laid.

Here he found some disciples, who were baptized with the baptism of John and these he baptized in the name of Jesus Christ; and when he laid his hands on them they received the Holy Ghost, spoke with tongues and prophesied (Acts 19:1-17). In the synagogue he testified for the space of three years with great boldness and afterwards in the school of Tyrannus. Great things were done by the hands of St. Paul, but it was a hard fight against the powers of heathenism.

The Greek philosophy had struck deep roots in this place also, and after some time this philosophy turned into superstition. Now the gospel came and was the power that could overcome even this heathen superstition; and many of those who had used curious arts, brought their books together and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver (Acts 19:19).

Now as I pondered on these events here in this city and the power of the gospel on the hearts of these heathen people, I

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thought it would be a very blessed thing, if the deluge of books that now destroy so many young hearts, those dime novels of the low type, would be burnt and truly a cremation day would be worth while to get rid of this pest among us. I wonder if our parents understand the danger of these novels to the hearts of the young in these days.

But we are still at the ruins of Ephesus and I tried to live in the past of this city; and as I let one act after another of the past go before my mind, I wondered what the future of this city would have been, had the inhabitants abided by the word of God? How would the city have looked now, if the citizens had abided by the preserving doctrine of the word of God? It did not help the Ephesians at all that they cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The heathen goddess could not help them. She fell; and great was the fall of her religion.

Thinking over these things I began to feel very lonesome on this hill with nothing but ruins and desolation before me on the plain. I opened my Bible and read a chapter therein and I was strengthened and encouraged, and went down from the hills, passing by ruins of all kinds, aqueducts, dikes and walls. The words of the poet came very powerfully to my mind,

"Christ's glory never ceaseth,  
Its glory still increaseth.  
O, blessed is He that came,  
In God the Father's name."

With these thoughts in my mind I passed by the ruins of Diana, its fallen pillars and rubbish and with a certain cheer I saw the little church on the distant hill to the northeast. Here in this place we are reminded of the words of the risen Saviour

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to the pastor of the church at Ephesus. There are a good many things in the life of this man that he approves of; his labors, his patience, his forbearance with the evil and his ability to try them which say they are apostles and are not and has found them liars (Rev. 2:2-3). But he had left his first love and fallen away from Christ in his heart. He should remember from whence he had fallen and do the first works or else he would come quickly and remove the candlestick from its place, unless he would repent. If you wish to have an exposition or explanation of these words, dear reader, go to Ephesus, walk around its ruins, its walls, and rubbish, and you will find that the words of the Lord have been literally fulfilled.

But we must go to the hotel. There I had a splendid dinner at about 3 o'clock. I took my dinner out on the veranda, because it was so hot inside, and from here I had a very good view over the hill to the northwest from the station. And having had my dinner, I hastened to the station, for my train was arriving. The cars were all filled, and the hotel-keeper, who went with me to the station to bid me farewell, asked the conductor to put on another car, which he did. The conductor, who expected to get some bakschisch from me, said that I could be alone in the car and thus have all the comfort possible. I thanked him for his kindness and gave him bakschisch, of course, and he seemed quite satisfied.

At 5:30 I was back again in Smyrna, having spent a most memorable day. In Smyrna I took my supper in the Sailors' Home, which is located quite near the wharf. At this home the sailors may enjoy themselves in many ways and here they receive letters and newspapers from their home. In the reading room you find papers in the English language and they are quite fresh too.

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September 5th was Sunday. I went out Sunday morning to see how the people of Smyrna were spending their Sundays, and at the regular church time I went to the English Episcopal church in the French quarter, not far from the American Consulate. The pastor was preaching on the text for the day, which treats of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell into the hands of the robbers. The sermon was good and I enjoyed it very much. He said among other things that this road is just as dangerous to travel at present as it was in the time of our Saviour, and I found within the next month that the man spoke the truth.

In the afternoon I went out with the hotel-keeper's brother-in-law. His name was Crevo. We went up to the grave of Polycarp, which is located on a high hill in the southeastern section of the town or city. The Turks call Polycarp Jusuf Hadda, and now we are on the way to the grave of this great man of God.

We went through the Turkish quarters of the city and up the hill. The streets were miserable and crooked. It was a long distance to the top of the hill, but at last we were there. There is a little building over the grave of Polycarp and a cypress tree stands close by the building. Here we had a most excellent view of the city and the bay with its surroundings.

Now we are at the grave of one of the great men in the early church and we shall note a little chapter in church history from that time. On the imperial throne at Rome at that time sat a philosopher by the name of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Philosophus (160-180). In many ways he was a good ruler, but in regard to the Christian religion we must say that he instituted one of the bloodiest persecutions against the Nazarene and his followers. He commanded that the Christians should

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be hunted up in a most careful and inquisitorial way and employed various kinds of tortures to make them deny Christ.

And so the persecutions were raging with relentless ferocity. The heathens had murdered many Christians and at last they called for the head of Polycarp. For some time he had withdrawn to a certain place in the country, being advised by some of his friends, but they hunted him up and brought him to the city. "The will of the Lord be done," he said, when he went out to meet his enemies. He gave them food and something to drink, and asked that they might grant him an hour for quiet meditation and prayer. He prayed for two hours, and those sent out to take him were very much touched by his piety and devotion to God.

When the proconsul demanded that he should abjure Christ and he would become a free man, Polycarp said, "I have served him for six and eighty years and he has done me good and no evil. How should I be able to curse him, my Lord and my Saviour?" He was condemned to be burnt. The Jews and Gentiles vied in bringing wood to the funeral pyre, and here the old bishop finished his eventful life. He thanked the Lord that he had considered him worthy to suffer for his name's sake. This execution is said to have taken place just a little below this grave of the martyr. Having observed carefully the surroundings, we went a little further on to the Acropolis. Nearby are a number of old ruins and crumbled walls. Here we did not stay very long and returned through the French quarters to the hotel.

We saw the difference in the various quarters of the city that we passed through. Narrow streets, poverty and dirt, and besides this an unbearable smell — this is what you see in the Turkish quarter. It is an oriental city and that is enough for us to know. In the evening I went to the Sailors'

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Home again to attend the evening service and the prayer meeting. Having begun with a song, I read the 15th chapter in St. Luke and led in prayer, whereupon the pastor preached on the text about the prodigal son and then we had a prayer meeting. It was a good and edifying meeting. The Christian church is doing a great mission in this city, and a home of this nature, where the sailors from the various countries of the world are finding a refuge, is indeed a great comfort and guide to them.

And now, before we leave this historic place, let us remind ourselves that in this city one of the seven churches was founded, to whose leader the Master sent his consoling letter, found in the book of Revelation. In the tribulation, which this angel and his church passed through, he was comforted by the words of the Master, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

It is very remarkable that the churches that He rebukes, with the exception of Pergamus, have been altogether swept from the map of Christendom, while the three that He gives the promise have kept on during the course of time, and there are Christian churches there yet. Ephesus, Sardis and Laodicea are now in ruins, while Smyrna has a great many churches of various confessions. Thyatira has now more than 300 houses that Christians occupy, and in Philadelphia services are held every Sunday in five churches. Surely, God's word remaineth forever.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FROM SMYRNA TO BEIRUT

AT 2 o'clock P. M. I secured a man to row me out to the Russian steamer, Zariza, which was anchored in the bay. It was scheduled to depart at 3 P. M., but did not go before 4:15. It was an old and very poor steamer, and it is a surprise to me that the Russian government would allow such a steamer to sail along this coast. It carries freight between the cities on the coast and takes passengers at the same time. A great throng was on this boat and many more boarded at Smyrna. The steamer came from Odessa in the Black sea and there were many Jews on the boat, destined to go to Palestine and particularly to Jerusalem. The passengers were not very pleased to travel on such a vessel, but there was nothing else to do. I could not make a change at this time, inasmuch as I had bought a ticket and gone aboard. When the boat had gotten on all the freight, it lifted anchor and steamed out into the bay. On the upper deck I secured a good place, where I had an excellent view of the whole city.

Now in regard to the passengers let me say, that I have never seen such a mixed crowd on a steamer before, but here I could see them at near range:—Jews, Turks, Arabs, Armenians and French, and I might say “men of every nation under the sun.” During the five days that I sailed on the Mediterranean and Aegean seas I had a chance to study this mixed crowd on the lower deck, while I was sitting on the upper. The poor

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people are ragged, almost half naked and it was a pitiable sight to see them.

Here on the boat I became acquainted with an Armenian missionary His name was Garabed H. Keshishian from Hadjin in Asia Minor. I also met another missionary, who was on his way to Messina. Here on the boat I met a man by the name of Paul Fisher, from Budapest, Hungary. This young man spoke French and German and we got along very well together. He was on his way to Jerusalem. Mr. Fisher was by profession a civil engineer and as to his religion a Catholic.

When the boat had gotten out of the bay, it turned in a northwesterly direction and then due west, between the island of Kios and the mainland. At 11 o'clock in the evening our boat anchored at Kios to take in freight and passengers. We did not stay here long.

During the night our boat rolled on the waves quite a good deal and some of the passengers became seasick. At sunrise, September 7th, we passed between the islands of Samos and Furni. These islands are so very much like the Grecian islands, that I could not see any difference between them. It was quite difficult to find out just where we were in the Aegean sea. I waited for some time, conversing with my Armenian friends as to where the island of Patmos was located, but they were evidently less acquainted with the topography of the Aegean sea than I was. I was confused, because I did not know that our boat went to the east of the Sporades. I began to fear that we had passed by the island of Patmos, and went to the captain and asked him where Patmos was to be found. He pointed to the northwest and said that we had just passed it; and lo, there it was indeed. We had just passed it by and it was to the right of the boat. It is a small island, comparatively, only 20 miles around and looks very naked and desolate. It is about

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20 miles from Samos due south, and about 70 miles southwest from Ephesus. It was to this island that the apostle John was banished in the time of the Emperor Domitian, or according to other authorities during the time of the Emperor Nero.

A narrow neck of land divided the island into two parts. On a hill in the southern end of island is a cloister, named after the apostle John, and near by is a grotto, in which the seer of this island is supposed to have had his visions and received his revelations, which we have recorded in the Book of Revelation.

It was in accordance with the customs of the time to banish to desolate places such persons as the rulers seemed dangerous to the safety of the public and therefore John was sent to this lonely place. But even here the Lord was with him, and showed him the New Jerusalem, from which no one who enters there will be banished, and where no eye shall shed a tear. The present name of the island is *Palmosa* for the reason that there were many palms on the island in times past.

During the day we passed by the islands of *Leros*, *Kalynos*, and *Kos*, which were to the right of our vessel. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock we anchored outside *Rhodes* at its north-eastern end. Before long we received visitors on the boat from the land. They came to sell fruits of various kinds. I did not wish to buy of their fruit, because I was afraid that it might be of the same kind that I had bought in *Smyrna*. On the top the figs were clean and good looking, but further down they were small and dirty beyond description, and I could not use them at all. We hear some speak of the American "humbug;" why not speak of the Turkish "humbug," because there is greater reason to speak of the latter than of the former.

The city of *Rhodes* has a beautiful location, but I do not know whether there is any beauty within the city, inasmuch

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as I did not land. But there are many Turks there, and that is sufficient for us to know. Wherever the Turks are, there is dirt and rags.

On this island the Colossus was erected. It stood here for 56 years and fell in an earthquake 224 B. C. There the fragments of this monster were lying till 656 A. D., when the island of Rhodes was captured by the Mohammedans. They sold parts of the statue to merchants and it took 900 camels to carry them away. This statue was considered one of the seven wonders of the world and was made by Chares. He labored for 12 long years and in 280 B. C. his task was completed. The height is generally given as 105 feet.

At 5:30 in the afternoon we lifted anchor and steamed away in a northeasterly direction. We saw the land to our left. It was the mainland of Asia minor. During the evening and the night we saw land continually to the left. It was a mountainous country and mostly barren and desolate. The land which we saw was the province of ancient Lycia. On the shore of this province lies the city of Myra. Many times Saint Paul had sailed along this coast. The last time was in the year 61 A. D., when he as a prisoner was sent to Rome. In Acts 27:5 we read, that "they came to Myra in Lycia." Here the centurion found a ship from Alexandria that was going to Italy, and Paul and the other prisoners were brought aboard.

As we pass the island of Cos to the right, we have to the left of us in the bay a little island and on the mainland of ancient Caria the town of Budrum. This is the old Halicarnassos. Here, we are told in history, stood one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, the tomb of Mausolus, the king of Caria. This king was married to one of his sisters, Artemisia, and when he died in 353 B. C., she built a tomb in his honor. This tomb was buried long ago under the debris. Excavators have picked

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up pieces here and tried to construct a tomb so as to give us an idea how it looked.

In the morning at 7:30, we did not see any land. Way in the bay to the left is the city of Perge in Pamphylia. At this landing place the apostles Paul, Barnabas and Mark landed in the year 45 A. D. on their first missionary journey. The young inexperienced John or Mark feared to undertake the journey up the lonely mountains, where robbers were lurking in the mountain passes. He knew that there was danger ahead of him, and returned to Jerusalem, but nothing could deter Paul from going on this journey. Faith in the Master and in his cause made him bold and he together with Barnabas continued.

At 11 A. M. we again see land to the left of the steamer. It is the high mountaintops of Cilicia. It is the home country of Paul that we see in the distance and the high ridges yonder to the left are the Taurus mountains. It is a very warm day. The heat is almost unbearable. The boats in these waters carry with them a very large canvas and this is stretched over our head in warm days. If they had not had this protection, I do not know how we could have stood it. In the afternoon the steamer is moving along the coast and the country looks very much the same as that which we have seen during the day. At 3 o'clock we see the island of Cyprus to the right.

If the weather had been clear, we could have seen the mountain tops very well. Yonder on that island Paul and Barnabas together with Mark had landed as they came from Seleucia on the Syrian coast and they labored at Salamis and Paphos, telling the remarkable story. The Acts tell us what was done on that island by these messengers of the Nazarene.

Our steamer turns in northeasterly direction and at 10:30 A. M. we cast anchor outside of Mersina. Here our boat

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stayed till the following evening. The next morning, September 9th, I went ashore intending to go to Tarsus. Two Armenians went with me—Keshishian and Kruozian. At the landing-place we had to show our passports, of course. They kept my passport until I returned from Tarsus and went on the boat. Here one of the missionaries lost one of his umbrellas and other things. The miserable Turkish boys stole them. To be sure, they steal whatever they can get hold of. They were searching for the lost articles and a policeman was called. He drove away the boys as though they had been a pack of wolves, but they returned just as fast and wished to have an opportunity to steal more. I left my baggage on the boat, so that I had nothing to lose. It became very lively here and I had not seen such a tumult before. The policeman struck the boys with the whip mercilessly, but to no avail. They came back the next minute and looked like hungry wolves.

Now Mersina is not an old seaport. It was founded in the middle of the 19th century by Ibrahim Pascha. There is nothing of interest particularly for the Tourist to see here. It is located on the Cilician plain on the Mediterranean sea, has 19,000 inhabitants and a harbor of some importance. The streets are narrow and dirty, just as in any other oriental city. You cannot expect cleanliness among the Turks.

But we are going to Tarsus, a distance of about 15 miles. The road leads in a northeasterly direction over the Cilician plain, and to your left you have, then, the Taurus mountains. We began our journey at 8 o'clock A. M. and came to Tarsus at 11 A. M. The road is quite good and level. Here and there we saw caravans. They bring wheat and other necessities down through Syria and Arabia. But look here! It is a traction engine! How peculiar to see it on the field here in old and sleepy Cilicia!

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Ahead of us we see some trees and houses in the distance. It is Tarsus or as it is now called Tersos. Our coachman is a good driver and soon we are there. The sun is very warm and it is very hard for the poor horses. Outside of the town there was a little brook. Oxen and cows are there in great number, wallowing in the mire and trying to find relief from the heat. Here is an old gateway and it is claimed that it dates from the 8th century. We drive along the street a little distance and I can hardly comprehend that this is the hometown of Saint Paul. We stop in front of the mission school of the Congregational church. When I came in, I met the old, gray-haired and venerable veteran, Dr. Christie, a man of 65 years, who in his earlier days had been in the civil war in the United States. He looked as hearty and spry as though he could live another 65 years. He was a missionary every inch of him. His heart was beating for the salvation of souls. He was the President of Saint Paul's College here at Tarsus, and invited us for dinner, but he had to withdraw his invitation, because of the fact that he was called to the court as witness in regard to the massacre at Tarsus the previous spring.

We sat a long while and spoke of the massacre and it was touching to hear the old veteran describe his experience in this massacre, a few months ago. He said, "I saw a lot of blood flow in the civil war, for I was in many battles, but never did I see anything so terrible as the last massacre here." Permit me to quote a few words, written by Dr. Christie regarding this massacre: "Leaving the ruins of Tarsus behind us, and hundreds of weeping widows and orphans there, we came by train to Adana. Near the city the road runs for miles through vineyards and gardens, in former days a beautiful sight. But now it is a waste of desolation. All the houses of the Christians are heaps of ruins. In and around those houses more than 500

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were slain during three terrible days of April. The houses of Moslems have not been injured. We noted a like contrast as respects the numerous farms on the plain between Tarsus and Adana. And yet the charge is made, and believed, that the Armenians were the aggressors! In the once prosperous Adana, nothing but ruins. It is like the pictures I have seen of Pompeii. The wretched survivors wander by twos and threes around the places, where once stood their happy homes. They look more like ghosts than human beings, these pale, dejected, barefooted widows and orphans, picking their way with difficulty over the heaps of broken stones that fill the streets. As I saw them, and talked with some of them; as I thought of the happiness and prosperity that were theirs so lately, but now vanished forever; and then as I remembered the thousands of other happy homes destroyed in this our beautiful Cilicia; the churches and schools leveled with the ground; worst of all the mangled and unburied bodies of such multitudes of innocent men, women and children — as I thought of all this, I felt that a new Jeremiah must arise among us to pour forth another Lamentation. The great city, that invited so many strangers to find their homes here, has not now one home to offer even to her own children. The roads that used to bring caravans from every direction to this land, flowing with milk and honey, are now deserted of men and beast. The sacred waters of the Sarus, that once made this plain a great garden, have been polluted by thousands of bloody corpses that the river has had to bear to the Mediterranean Sea.”

So great and hospitable a plain, and yet it could not spare the ground to furnish these martyrs with a grave! Ah yes, many a man, woman, and child were burned to ashes and had their home for a grave! O, ye Heavens, how could you look upon such devilish acts with your holy eyes?

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On our way from Adana to Missis (the ancient Mopsuestia), we passed by a spot where two Christian villages had been, Abdoghloo and Injirli. In the former there were sixty Armenian houses and two Turkish. The Turks tried to protect their Christian neighbors, but the cruel mob threatened them, so that last they had to let the bloodthirsty crowd work their will. Every person perished, except four or five little children. Injirli was treated in like manner, most of the people being killed with axes. Only a few children and women escaped to Adana, and nearly all of these perished in the second Adana massacre. Scores had taken refuge in a large house at Injirli. It was burned with all its inmates. In the one street and the open space lie other bodies, half eaten by dogs, jackals and vultures. A traveler, who came through the great pass, north of Tarsus, the Cilician Gates, quite recently, says, there is not a vulture now to be seen in the mountains; the carcasses of animals lie there untouched; the great birds prefer what they now find in abundance on the plain.

We reached Missis just before dark. Here there are extensive ancient ruins on both banks of the Pyramus; the blood-stained broken walls of forty modern houses have been added to them. Not a soul was left alive except the two blacksmiths, whose work is necessary to the Moslem villagers, and who were compelled to turn Mohammedans. When some women who had been spared were about to be divided among the murderers, they escaped, and running to the bridge over the Pyramus, cast themselves into the river, preferring death to dishonor. The waves sang their funeral dirge, and the sea now keeps their bodies to the resurrection day. Brave sisters! Glorious martyrs! Your story shall be told in Cilicia through all coming ages. Mopsuestia shall no longer be famous through its great Bishop Theodore, the friend of Chrysostom; its Christian martyrs have

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now given it a new renown. Only two years ago, the people here and their children gave to a lady missionary a bag of coppers, the collections during the winter in behalf of the child widows of India. He who commended the widow's mite has now received the givers into his unspeakable glory and joy. They were faithful in that which was least, and when the time came, in that which was greatest.

Late that evening we came to Hamidieh, about twenty-five miles east of Adana. No friend was there to meet us, all of those with whom we had talked, when coming west a few months ago were gone. In a cotton factory belonging to a Frenchman we found the very few Armenians who are still alive. Then we saw the widow of the minister and one or two hopeless, helpless people, all that are left of our many friends. More than five hundred were killed in the town, and more than fifteen hundred in the fields around it. The horrid work continued for twenty-two days; for scores of Christians had hidden themselves in the growing grain; the Turks hunted these down with dogs, and slew them to the last man. The large Christian population of this region had been wiped out. The Turks can now enjoy their absolute possession of the whole of this great plain. Four decrepit old men are all that are left of the Hamidieh congregation. There were about four hundred houses belonging to the Armenians; they and their shops are all gone. The women and children were not killed; there are almost four hundred of these widows and orphans. What is their future to be?

On the next day we reached Osmanieh, at the east end of the Cilician plain, about fifty-five miles from Adana. Here also there was a fearful massacre on the fifteenth of April. The first to die was our old friend Giragos Mamalian. His house was plundered, but not burned, as it is near the mosque. We

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found few survivors, all with sad stories to tell. Thirty-five families took refuge in the Gregorian church, and were there destroyed by fire; the few who ran out of the building were slain in the street. The little children died with the rest. In Osmanieh three hundred and twenty of the inhabitants and three hundred and four laborers who had come from the mountain villages, were killed. Two hundred houses were burned. Eighteen men were protected in the telegraph office for three days. But notwithstanding all that the good operator, Sabri Effendi of Elbistan, could do, the mob at last got hold of the refugees, first put out their eyes and then hacked them to pieces. The ferocity displayed in this massacre is almost unbelievable. Four Armenians fled to the mountain, where they lived for some days on grass and roots. At length they ventured down, and came to the Government house as a place of safety. But the soldiers and sabtiehs there put them to death without mercy. Here and in Jebel about thirty men became Moslems and were circumcised. Only seventeen men are left in all in Osmanieh, five Protestants and twelve Gregorians. Our church here had become self supporting; now the pastors and nearly all the members are dead. The women told me a story that came like a gleam of light in all this darkness. The father and mother in a Greek family, under the threat of death, consented to become Moslems. They tried to persuade their son to do the same, telling him there was no sin involved, since they were under compulsion. But the boy nobly refused, saying, "I can not deny my Lord, I will not become a Moslem." The infuriated mob heard him and fired at him, wounding him in the face, but as by a miracle he escaped death. Who do you suppose it was? None other than our dear little Bayesios! The brave little man! When I told the women I was surprised at his courage, they said, "O, but you know he studied in the Tarsus

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College. I hope you will tell all the friends of the college." A confession like that shines out like a star in the dark and cloudy night. It confronts us in all this misery. May God bless the heroes and heroines like him! This makes me think of the nearly fifty present or former students at Tarsus, who have witnessed a good confession, in various places at this time and have sealed that confession with their blood. Ought not a memorial to them be put up in our college buildings? And with their names we should inscribe that of Rogers, the teacher of some of these martyrs.

The most sacred spot in Osmanieh is where our little church stood; we went to see it. No other sight broke our heart like this. For there are the ashes of fourteen of our best loved pastors and preachers, of four delegates of the churches, and of many other friends. The world was not worthy of them. Among them was professor Livonian of the Central College at Aintab; when shall we see his like again? It is hard to understand why they were delivered over at this spot to the angel of death. They had confronted many a dying Christian, and at his funeral had spoken words of sympathy and of divine cheer to the mourners. But at their own death-bed no praying wife or child had the privilege of kneeling, to receive their last words and treasure them. No rose-surrounded grave holds their precious remains; here they are under the ruins of the church that was burnt over their heads, while the mob of crazy fanatics raged around them. Innocent as was Abel, the first martyr; praying with their last breath that their murderers might be forgiven, with Christian love in their hearts for even their enemies, so they went into the presence of their Master. Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints. Fragrant will their memory ever be in this Central Turkey Mission. This place, and Sai Getchid, where the other pastors and dele-

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gates were slain, will yet be visited by thousands, as places consecrated by sacred memories. He who said, "Touch not my anointed!" will watch over their memory and over the work that they have left behind them. To him we commit their cause and ours.

On the next day we came to Baghche, a little town nestling in the romantic glen in the heart of the Amanus mountains. Here there were eight hundred Armenians. Of these about five hundred remain, all but fifteen being widows and orphans. Several of the fifteen men are wounded. One hundred and forty houses were burned. The women were kept in the mosque for three days, where bloody water was brought to them to drink. The Armenians had wells in their houses, but the Turks threw dead bodies into these. One Turk, Eukkesh, the son of Hakk Baba, killed forty-five Christians with an axe, his companions holding them for him. What a heart!

On the way to Fundajak the next day, we came to a place, where over a hundred men of Marash were killed, while on their way to find work in the Cilician plain. We thought this would be the last; but at "The Fountain of the Sun" we met some Armenians who were gathering up the remains of fifteen others who had there been killed. It seems that these fifteen had fled from Kharne, when the massacre broke out there. A Turkish chief named Ibish, and his sons, received them to their village, gave them food, then in the evening took them all out and murdered them. One's heart is sick of these unvarying tales of merciless slaughter of innocent Christians. We have to remember, however, that they are no new thing in Turkish history; again and again have like atrocities shocked the civilized world. These things will continue till the Ottomans accept the gospel of the meek and lowly and merciful Jesus, or until the power of the sword is taken away from them.

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When the Fundajak friends saw us they praised God for showing them again some living Armenians. On our part we were glad to see once more a town as yet unburned. Our pleasure was the same in Marash. But we learned with sorrow that some six hundred men were killed on the Adana plain, or when on the way hither. Only about thirty were slain in the city itself. Thus our arrival in Marash and meeting with friends ended this heart-breaking journey."

We spoke of these massacres until Dr. Christie was compelled to go and then we went out to see the school buildings. On a hill in the neighborhood of the school we had a splendid view of the city and that part burned in the last massacre. In the town of Tarsus six hundred were killed and in the whole vicinity and the neighboring towns eighteen thousand, and nearly all these in three days, the 14th, 15th and 16th of April. The son-in-law of Dr. Christie, Rogers, was shot right in front of him. As a consequence of these massacres the country was under martial law and so-called court martials were held in Tarsus and other towns in the vicinity at this time. It was to such a court that Dr. Christie was called as a witness.

It was a job to get through the streets in the Christian quarters. The buildings were burnt and torn down. It looked like the destruction of Messina of Sicily, of which we shall speak later.

I do not remember ever having seen anything that made such a sad impression on me, as this part of Tarsus. You could read desolation and ruin everywhere. Only the old walls stood there as specters of the bloody days of last April, testifying what had happened.

Most of those who had lived here in this quarter, were either killed, or driven away. In Adana it was still worse, as we have seen by the testimony of Dr. Christie. It is impossible

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to describe it. My fellow companion, the druggist Rejebian, told me that in a family the mother and the daughters were most shamefully treated, and the father was flayed, while still alive, which took about two hours. Then they killed him.

There are now about eighteen thousand citizens in Tarsus. A great deal of business is being done here. The plain around here is very fruitful, but unhealthy. In the earlier days the river Kydnos ran through the town, but now it is a quarter of an hour's journey to the east. The town is partly surrounded by a wall, and it is said that a certain Harundel-Raschid built it. Most of the houses in Tarsus have only one story and look very poor. Here on these streets the little boy Paul used to run around, and yet not on these streets. Dr. Christie told me that you would have to dig down forty feet, before you would be down on the streets on which Paul (or Saul) was walking.

The city of Tarsus became noted for its schools and the Stoics had their representatives here. Tarsus sent out its teachers to various parts of the world and even to Rome. But the most renowned son of Tarsus is Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles.

To this place they brought Julian, known in history as the Apostate when he had fallen in the war against the Scythians. Here he was buried. Here Cleopatra sailed up the river Kydnos, in her well decorated ship, at the command of her lover, Antonius. The people at this place were then very much given to pleasures and lived a licentious life. It is said, that the old proverb, which Paul quotes in 1 Cor. 15:32, was written on the statue of Sardanapulus, in the neighboring town of Aukiale. This seems to have been the watchword of the people in this section, and, sad to say, it is the watchword of these times for many a one, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

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We returned to Messina and thence sailed to Alexandretta. The town lies by the sea on a little plain, which extends to the foot of the mountains. We are now in the northeast corner of the Mediterranean sea, and to the northeast of us we see the battlefield of Issus, where Alexander the Great won a complete victory over the Persian king Darius in 333 B. C.

The town of Alexandretta marks the boundary line between Syria and Asia Minor and we might say between the Turkish and the Syrian languages. Here our boat stopped nearly all day and put on freight, which consisted of oxen, horses, sheep and goats. It was very interesting to see how they put these animals on the boat. They tied together half a dozen sheep by their feet, hoisted them up from the boat below, and then let them down in our boat. They put a certain saddle on the horses and then hoisted them up in the air, and then let them down on our steamer. Sometimes the ropes broke and the poor animals fell down from a great height. This looked rather rough, but we must remember, that we are in Turkish territory, and the Turks are not very tender hearted.

As we left Alexandretta, a strong storm blew up from the northwest and in a little while the sea was white with foam. Just before, the waves had rolled in on the coast from the southwest. A very heavy rain fell and I sat on the deck in spite of the heavy rain, because I wished to see Seleucia on the coast further south. It became dark very early, because of the heavy clouds that covered the heavens. But the land in the east was clearly visible now and then, owing to the bright lightning late in the evening.

Over on the other side of the mountains lies the city of Antioch. It is an old town and is located on the banks of the river Orontes. It was founded by Seleucus Nicator in the year 300 B. C., and was called after his father Antiochus. No

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city is so closely related to the Apostolic church as Antioch with the exception of Jerusalem. One of the seven deacons in the mother church at Jerusalem was from Antioch (Acts 6:5). When persecutions arose in Jerusalem against the Christians, they were scattered in all directions. The Jews and the Gentiles thought that they could prevent the spreading of the Christian doctrine, but they had miscalculated. The more they persecuted the Christians, the more the latter were scattered, and wherever they came, they worked for the development of the kingdom of Christ; and thus the Christians became living seed that bore fruit to the honor and glory of God. It was Christians from Jerusalem that preached the Gospel first in Antioch and thus a church was founded here. Here the followers of Christ were first called Christians (Acts 11:25). In this connection we might mention, that the people of Antioch were very quick and witty and were known to give their fellowmen nicknames. The people of Antioch thus did not have very much use for the name, which we adore and bless.

From Antioch Paul and Barnabas together with Mark went out to tell the story of the cross to their fellowmen and to place the world at the feet of the lowly Nazarene. Starting out on their first journey, they went down the river Orontes to Seleucia, the port-town of Antioch. While a very hard storm was raging and the wind was howling in the railing and sail, and while the lightning was flashing among the mountains over yonder, in the Syrian coast regions, we passed by Seleucia. The thought of these three men, whose hearts were burning with love and zeal, came to me very vividly. They sailed along just where we were steaming southward along the coast. It was dark out on the billows; the day was ended. Our old boat rolled quite heavily. It became quite lonely to sit on the deck this dark evening, so I went to bed, know-

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ing that the next day I would come to the outposts of the country which was the object of my journey, the Land of Promise.

In the morning of September 11th, I arose at five o'clock, just as the boat was about to anchor outside of Tripolis. The sun was not up yet and it looked a little dark and gloomy. To the east I noticed a mountain range, extending north and south very majestically. I did not need to hunt in my guide book to find the name of this range. It is the northern end of Lebanon, which I see before me, the Lebanon of the Scriptures, Lebanon of the songs and sagas. I was alone on the deck with the exception of some of the crew of the vessel. The other passengers slept soundly in their cabins or down on the lower deck. My heart was beating a little faster than usual, because I had now come so far that I could see Lebanon. I forgot the town and its surroundings. My eyes were resting on the majestic mountains. Proudly they rise like a wall here in this part of Syria and extend south along the Mediterranean coast.

This is our last day on the steamer Zariza, and hence a few words about this our home for five days and nights. I have already intimated, that the steamer is an old, rickety and dirty vessel, and even the Mohammedans, who are known to live very much in filth, said that the Russian government ought to be punished for permitting such a vessel to take passengers. Many of the passengers bought what is known as "deck-ticket," and on the deck they are living, and here they are preparing their meals, here they sleep, pray and play cards. It appeared to me that many of them were real barbarians, and some of them lived much as animals. Some seemed to be religious; others cared nothing for God and lived a godless life. Three times a day I saw the Mohammedans perform their re-

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ligious exercises, and they did so with a devotion that was very touching. The Jews, who lived on the deck among Arabs, Turks, chickens, geese, oxen, goats, and sheep, appeared to be a people very much suppressed by poverty and persecution. Every morning I saw them sit on the deck, gathering their children around them, and reading the Hebrew Bible; and it was a pleasure to me to see the little tots read the Bible.

An old Jew seemed to me to be very downhearted. I went and spoke to him. He was from Russia, but spoke quite good German. I asked him whither he was going and he said, "Nach Jerusalem" (To Jerusalem). When I asked him further what he planned to do in the Holy city, he said, "Ich armer Mensch, was soll Ich da thun?" (Wretched man, that I am, what shall I do there?) I thought of Paul and his expression in the letter to the Romans, "Wretched man that I am." Here, then, was one of those Jews, who was on his way to his own home country, and it appeared to me that he was very much oppressed. He and many other Jews were reading daily the Old Testament. I was very glad, indeed, to find some that were striving for something higher than eating, drinking, sleeping, and being merry. The last day on the boat I happened to meet a doctor, who had recently graduated from the Medical College at Beirut. He was an Armenian and spoke good English, and we conversed for a long time about the Armenian question; a question that is so very dear and vital to the hearts of those poor people. One who has not studied the Armenian question has no idea of the suffering of these people and the amount of blood that has been flowing because of the sword of Mohammed. The young physician told me that he, when he visited his mother at Aleppo in Syria, was taken prisoner by the Turkish authorities in Aleppo, and kept by them 22 days, because he did not wish to pay them bakschisch. He had a letter in his

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pocket, a letter to a friend, and in this letter he used some medical terms, as  $H^2 SO^4$ , and because of this they tried to make out a case against him. They said, "*H* signifies Hammid or the Sultan, and *O* signifies nothing," and hence they reasoned that he had written to his friend that the Sultan is nothing, or no good. It must have been a condition wicked beyond description during the regime of Abdul Hamid. This young doctor said right out, that the massacres on the Armenians were instigated by the Sultan, and no doubt that was the case, because he wished to suppress that element in his realm, which was laboring for another form of government, the constitutional form of government which the young Turks and the Armenians were striving for. But even the old Sultan went with his jar to the well, until it was broken under his hands. And a better day has already come for the poor Armenians.

It is 11 o'clock in the forenoon and we are leaving Tripolis. The next place is Beirut. The wind blew against us all day. I was sitting on the deck all the time watching the magnificent panorama of yonder Lebanon mountains. We saw the clouds on the top of the mountains and rainstorms were raging along the sides. Here and there on the slopes of Lebanon we saw beautiful orchards, towns and villages in abundance. A more romantic view is hard to find.

But look! There is a city on the promontory, jutting out in the sea. It is Beirut. At 2 o'clock we are there in the bay and our boat anchors. Here the Arabs and the Turks are more noisy than at other previous places, and that is saying a good deal. The best thing under the circumstances is to stand still and take it easy and make them believe, that you care for nothing and might go further on with the boat. But you must take care of your baggage; otherwise the limber Arabs will run away with it, and it will not take long either.

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The young man from Budapest, Mr. Paul Fisher, whom I had learned to know on the boat, went with me to the hotel. It was 4:30 P. M., when I set my foot on the holy soil, a moment that I never shall forget. We came very easily through the custom house and went to the hotel Gasman. Here we found a very comfortable place and it was a treat to be permitted to come into a clean hotel after a five days' trip on the dirty boat. God be praised that I had been permitted to land in good health! The Lord grant, that I may be able to travel around in this wonderful land and study its conditions and look up the old historic places here and there. The real object of my travel in Palestine was to get a clearer light on my Bible, and in doing so, to learn to know more of Him, who is the central figure in that blessed book, the wonderful Godman from Galilee.

## CHAPTER IX

### FROM BEIRUT TO DAMASCUS

WE are now on Biblical ground, although not in Palestine proper. Nevertheless, we are in a land often mentioned in the Scriptures, and for this reason this country is of great importance to the Bible student. Beirut, Berothai or Berothah, is the principal city of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean sea, and the largest commercial center on the Syrian coast. During the last decade it has developed very fast in every way. It is the influence of the European and American missionaries that has helped to bring about this wonderful change. Here the mission schools have struck deep roots, and the influence is felt throughout the whole of Syria.

Beirut is a very old city. It existed in the fourteenth century before our era, as we can find out from the travelogue of a certain Mohar, an Egyptian, whose name is not known. He styles himself "Mohar," which means "author." This man wrote a travelogue about his journey in Syria and adjoining countries at the time of Rameses II, or about 1392-1325 B. C. He relates this, his journey, to a friend and informs him of his experiences. He tells of his travels through the land of Katta (Hittites). When returning southward, he comes to the cities Berothai, Sidon, Sarepta and Tyre. This very interesting document was printed in 1866, and tells us that Beirut existed when Rameses II ruled in the Nile Valley.

This city is spoken of in the Scriptures. In 2 Sam. 8:8 we read that David slew Hadarezer, the king of Sobah, and took

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booty from him and brought it to Jerusalem. "And from Betah, and from Berothai, cities of Hadarezer, king David took exceedingly much brass." The prophet Hezekiel describes the northern boundary of the Holy Land thus, "Hamath, Berothah, Sibram, which is between the border of Damascus and the border of Hamath." (Hez. 47:16).

The word "Berothai" means "wells" and many believe that Beirut is the Berothai of the Scriptures, because so many wells have been found in this neighborhood. According to the Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, it was here in Beirut, that Herod put to death his two sons, Aristobulus and Alexander. He was the accuser and did not even permit his own sons to defend themselves. This was just like Herod. The Emperor Vespasian liberated the historian Josephus from his chains here, because the latter had predicted that Vespasian would become emperor. It was here that the emperor celebrated the birth of his father by putting to death five thousand Jews. It was here that Herod Agrippa put up a very costly theatre and spent his last days in gluttony and licentious living. Here a law school was established by the Romans, and here was a bishopric in the early days of the Christian church. A synodical meeting was held here in 448. In 552 an earthquake shook the city so that 30,000 people were killed. The Arabs took it in 638 and Saladin captured it after the battle of Hattin in 1187. Since 1518, it has been under the Turkish government, but now and then the Druses of Lebanon have ruled over it.

This city is of the greatest importance for Syria and Palestine. It is a commercial center and there is a very powerful mission station in this section of the country. Its population at present numbers about 125,000, and it is growing very rapidly. There are about one hundred higher and lower institutions of learning in Beirut and about 10,000 pupils. The

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American school, the Syrian Protestant College, was founded in 1866, and 630 students attend it. This institution has a Theological, Medical and Commercial College and a school for druggists. This school is very well equipped in every way. In this city there are a great many hospitals and orphan homes, erected by the various churches that do mission work here.

The city is located in a very beautiful region, and has a very good climate. It looks very much like a huge orchard. The houses look quite good, especially in that portion of the city which is occupied by the Europeans. The stores are quite modern and somewhat resemble the stores in Europe and America.

In the afternoon I went to the American Consulate. The consul was not in at the time and I did not meet him. From the consulate I went to the wharf, along a very narrow street, where loaded camels, asses, ragged children, and a great throng of people were going back and forth. When I saw the enormous burdens that these animals carried, I was simply amazed. Such piles of stones and lumber! At last, I came to Cook's office. It is located near by the sea. Here I went back and forth for some time, listening to the roar of the billows. They were beating furiously against the shore. It was a stormy day. They rolled in from the distant west, bringing me a greeting from my hearth and home in the distant Occident. When you are far away from home and are roaming among all kinds of people, you are often thinking of your home and the best country on which the sun shines. There is my own dear, sweet home.

The following day was Sunday. My fellow traveler, Mr. Fisher, wished to go to Damascus and I felt that I could not leave him and be alone. I therefore went along. We arose quite early. The train was to leave at 7:20 in the morning.

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At last we are ready and off we go. We passed through orchards and parks, where the houses are seen between the olives, oleanders, palms and mulberry trees. Outside the city we find a hedge of cypress trees, walnut trees, and further on we see fields of grain; cotton and rice also grow there in the proper season. It is autumn and yet we see such a growth everywhere. We are simply delighted at such a rich and glorious land as we find here.

Soon we reach the foot of Lebanon, and now we shall climb its steep sides. I had never been so near to this mountain before. Several days I had looked at it from a distance, but now I am, at last, at its foot and about ready to climb over it. And now we are going over it not as the pilgrims used to do in the olden times, but by rail. Think of it! Over Lebanon by rail! The sleepy Orient is aroused by the activity of the Occident!

It soon becomes evident that the railroad engineers did not have a very easy time in laying out the road over these mountains. But I had seen what the engineers had done in the Rockies and in the Cascades in our own country, and I know that they do almost the impossible in these days.

When we have ascended the first hill, there is a very good view of the city, the sea and the vicinity. But greater things are in store for us as we ascend. The train goes very slowly in these mountains and it takes about four hours before we reach the top of the ridge. Along the sides of the mountains we see plantations and vineyards. Here and there they have built walls to prevent the soil from flowing down with the rain in the winter. Every square foot of ground is tilled in a most careful manner.

Our train is going up the mountain in a zigzag way, and sometimes they put the locomotive behind the train to push it onward along the steep sides of the mountain. At Ain Sofar

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there is a very beautiful sight over the sea and the whole locality toward the west. The weather is good and the water runs down the sides of the mountains in small rivulets. During the hot season the citizens of Beirut spend their summer vacation here, and surely they could hardly find a more suitable place.

Before we descend on the eastern side of the mountains, we shall observe something regarding the people that inhabit this mountain, its valleys and hills. We noticed, especially on the western side of the mountain, that a powerful and an industrious class of people must have established themselves here. Their houses are built along the sides just like swallow's nests. Here and there we see cloisters or convents, chapels, villages and now and then ruins of desolate fortresses. It is a veritable Alpine region up here and this circumstance has had a marked influence upon its people. Their principal industry is fruit-raising. Some have flocks of sheep and goats. Here we find the very best grapes in the world, and out of these they prepare a certain kind of wine, called gold wine, considered to be the best in the world. I do not know how it looks nor how it tastes, but it must be very good, when the prophet Hosea lauds it so very eloquently. "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." (Hos. 14: 7). The whole forenoon, when we passed through these regions, we did not forget to eat these good grapes. It was the time for the grapes and we made use of the opportunity.

There are two kinds of people that dwell here, namely the Maronites and the Druses. The Maronite Christians belong to the Catholic church and live on the principal mountain ranges and in the valleys east of Beirut and north of Tripolis. The region, where most of them dwelt, is called Kesrauan. They

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have many ministers who exert a great influence upon the people. The ministers are divided into two classes, higher and lower. The former are not permitted to marry, but the latter are given this privilege.. The higher class of ministers are bound by the rules of the convent of St. Anthony, namely chastity, and obedience. There are about 20,000 of them and they live in convents here and there in these mountains.

But let us not forget that the Maronite monks cannot pass their time away in idleness and negligence; they must till the soil around the convent and secure their support from the labors of their hands. Every convent is in reality a farm and every village has its bishop. The bishops are bound by the law of celibacy. They choose the Patriarch and their election is confirmed by the pope at Rome. The Patriarch lives in the valley of Lebanon, southeast from Tripolis. Not far from the seat of the Patriarch is the large village of Eden. About ten miles from here are the large cedars of Lebanon. They are also called the cedars of Solomon and are seven in number. The largest of these trees has a circumference of 32 feet. At no other place on Lebanon do we find such old cedars.

The history of the Maronites is hidden in the dim past. They received their name from a monk named Maro, who in the fifth century — according to other sources he died in 707 A. D.—gathered a part of his like-minded brethren into a separate church. They recognized Maro as their head and accepted the monotheletic doctrine of Christ; i. e. they saw in Christ two natures but one will. The members of this church were called Maronites and they yet hold that Christ has only one will.

The monotheletic doctrine was fought out in the seventh century and we recollect that the Emperor of Constantinople believed in this doctrine. The little group of Maronites suc-

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ceeded in defending themselves against the attacks of the Greeks and the Mohammedans. They fought bravely with their swords and conquered. During the time of the Crusades, they came in contact with the people of the west, and their culture. The Roman church did all it could to bind them to this church. It was during that time, that they joined themselves to the Roman See, but they did not give up their peculiarities. It was not before 1736 that they became united to the church of Rome. They retain both wine and bread in the communion, the right for the bishops to elect the Patriarch, the right to read the mass in the Syrian language, the right for the lower clergy to marry, the right to canonize the saints, and some other privileges. They are ardent supporters of the church of Rome and have succeeded in securing some political rights for themselves from the civil authorities. They did not have the right for some time to ring the church bells in these sections, but the Maronites did not give in, until they did receive this privilege.

Now you can hear the tones of the pealing church bells in these mountains and valleys, and it was a treat to hear them call to devotion. It was Sunday.

The Maronites are about 350,000 in number, and are scattered all over the Lebanon, from Damascus to Beirut, and from the sea of Galilee to the Mediterranean. About 50,000 of them are ready for military service. Every Maronite carries a weapon, and when it becomes necessary, all of them are warriors and defend their country and their rights with heroic courage and bravery. They speak the Arabic language, and as to their customs, habits, dress, etc., they belong to the Arabic people. They look very strong and some of them are quite beautiful in appearance. They are very cordial to other people, especially to European tourists. They are hot tem-

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pered and among them you will find some of the most persistent beggars.

The other people who live in these mountains are the Druses. Their early history is very little known and several authors have tried to explain their origin. There are many questions regarding their ethnographic condition that must be left unanswered. Though they speak the Arabic language as well as it is spoken in Macca; it is quite certain that they do not, with the exception of certain families here and there, belong to the Semitic peoples. It has been claimed, that a part of them belong to the Indo-Germanic branch. Others have tried to prove that they originate from the Crusaders, and that their name is derived from a certain Count by the name Dreux. According to this idea a certain group of the Crusaders were left in these regions, and in the course of time they forgot their country, their language, and their confession. This is only an hypothesis. A certain author, a Jew, Benjamin of Tudela (1173) speaks of the Druses in his annotations, and this proves that they were there already at the time of the Crusaders. This settles the question.

Their own traditions unite them with the Chinese people, where they believe themselves to have fellow believers, and from them they look for a deliverer. From a religious point of view their teachings are the most peculiar concoction that can be imagined. The principal character in the religious system of the Druses is Hakim Bihamrillahi, who is said to have lived in Egypt about 996 A. D. He was a crack-brained man. He was a bloodthirsty tyrant and determined to burn the city of Cairo, but some time afterward his dead body was found in the Mokattam mountains, east of Cairo.

Who could for a moment believe, that such a character would be made a god for a people. It sounds unreasonable

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and yet that is the case. The Druses believe that there is one God, but that this God has revealed himself in different incarnations, in Ali, Albar, Alys, Moil, Kaim, Maess, Asis, Abu Zecharajah, Mansur, and Hakim. No more incarnations can come to pass. Hakim is the last. This religion is a composition of Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity.

The Druses do not permit polygamy, but it is very easy to secure a divorce from the wife. The ceremony at marriage is very much as among other Oriental people. The bridegroom does not often see his wife, before he is married to her. The Druses endeavor to educate their people and even their women can both read and write. The condition among them is quite different from that of the other people of the Orient. They keep their religious writings very sacred, and are advised to kill him who keeps their sacred writings, if he is a person outside of their religion. But although they are so very particular and keep their sacred writings with such great care, yet some of their writings have been brought to Europe. In this way their religion has become known in other parts of the world.

Bloody feuds have occurred time and again between the Druses and the Maronites here on Lebanon. They are old enemies. They consider blood vengeance a sacred duty. In 1860 there was a fearful feud among these peoples. The Maronites were the losers. The Druses were determined to extirpate their opponents. The Greeks and Catholics were not spared and the Turkish Government looked upon these things with indifference, giving their support to the murderers. The real author of this awful massacre was the Governor of Damascus, Sheik Halebi, and the Governor Kurchid of Beirut. The religious wars in history have always been the bloodiest, and that was the case with the war of 1860 between these peoples. The fearful condition during the massacre on Lebanon is be-

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yond description. The massacre in Damascus began in July, 1860, and was kept up continually for five days. In the Christian quarter of Damascus 3,000 houses were burnt, and 6,000 of the Christian population, which numbered about 30,000, were killed. Achmed Pascha, the Governor of Damascus, sat calmly in his palace and it is claimed that he had a Turkish music band to play for him, so that he would not hear the cries and the groans of the dying. Then the powers of Europe awoke and there was to be an investigation. But alas for the role played by the Christian powers! The English defended the Druses, the nefarious murderers, and since the powers of Europe had their interests here and there, they let this matter pass. The Sultan was polite enough to promise a fair investigation, and to exact proper retribution, but all he did was to hang Achmed Pascha in Damascus. The others were left unpunished.

I passed over the battlefields of the Maronites and the Druses, where so much human blood has soaked the earth. And this has been done in these mountains, the emblem of beauty and youth. With the exception of us two, Mr. Fisher and myself, there were only Mohammedans in the car where we were sitting. Some were well dressed, and were very gentlemanly in their behavior. I remember particularly one man, dressed in a black gown with a white cap on his head. He was very polite and kind. I suppose that he was a priest. I met this man in the hotel at Damascus, where many other Mohammedans were with him. But I did not pay so much attention to the people on the train as I did to the scenery outside and around us. Lebanon means the *white mountain* and the reason for the name is this; that white lime stones are jutting out from its sides. It might also be called the white mounain from the

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fact that it is white with snow, for seven months of the year, in certain places.

In ancient times the Hivites were living here. In the time of Solomon, Lebanon, as it seems, was under the dominion of Hiram, the king of Tyre, because it was this king that furnished cedar trees for the Solomonic temple in Jerusalem. It would seem from other parts for the Scripture, that Lebanon belonged to Solomon, at least in part, because he built a house here. (I Kings 9: 16; II Chron. 8:6.) When the temple was built in Jerusalem, during the time of Ezra, cedar trees were brought from Lebanon to Jaffa for this purpose as we see in Ezra 3: 7.

When the psalmist describes the life of the righteous, he says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar on Lebanon." (Ps. 92: 12.) Well, here I saw, how the cedar trees grew, and it was a pleasure to behold how they flourished even in this dry fall month. It is a true emblem of the godfearing soul. But we do not need to go to the top of Lebanon to see the truth of the psalmist's word. You will see it everywhere in the Christian world, where souls live in communion with God.

But let us now follow our train down the eastern slope of Lebanon. As we do so, we pass through several tunnels. When we come to the station El-Mredjat, we have a most excellent view of Coelosyria, and on the other side we see the Antilebanon range in majestic grandeur. It runs parallel with Lebanon. From this place you can see Hermon to the south-east (Djebel esh-Scheik). This mountain is about 9,000 feet high, and an eternal snow covers some of the peaks. Our train winds down the eastern side of the mountain, and we are soon at Muallaka, a large Mohammedan village. It is the principal village in Coelosyria. Not far from this village is the beautiful

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town of Sahle with about 15,000 inhabitants, of whom the most are Grecian Christians. Here is a Protestant school, which belongs to the church of England. During the massacre in this village in 1860 all men were killed, but the women were nobly protected from the attacks of the Kurds. This is a splendid trait with the Druses that they show regard for the women. From the town of Sahle runs a river, Burduni, down the valley to the station, and on the plain near by it unites with the Leontes, the Nahr Litani of the ancient world. The springs of this river are found to be quite near Baalbek and run southward through the valley. Not far to the north of the city another river has its fountain. It is the river Orontes. The highest point in this valley is consequently here near Baalbek. We are now on the plain which extends between these mountains. It is a very rich plain and great harvests are gathered here. We see fields along the railroad where the cattle are now grazing. It is a very picturesque plain. In the springtime it must be a veritable paradise.

The plain here is about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. This plateau is not very thickly populated, but as you go along, you see villages here and there, and from the appearance of the huts you get the impression that poverty rules supreme.

Soon we are at Baalbek, the city of the sun-god, the old Heliopolis. I had read a great deal about the enormous ruins at this place, but I had no idea that they were so immense.

Is this city spoken of in the Bible? Some have supposed that Baal-Gad, spoken of in Joshua 11: 17 has reference to the city of Baalbek, but the addenda, "at the foot of Hermon" shows conclusively, that this has reference to Banias. Others have thought, that Baalat, mentioned in I Kings 9: 17-19 refers to Baalbek.

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This statement is quite confusing, because Tadmor is here put together with Baalat, and then it is united with Gezer, which was located in the land of the Philistines. Flavius Josephus informs us that Baalat was located not very far from Gezer. We believe that the passage in Amos 1: 5, where the prophet speaks of Aven, has reference to Baalbek. In this Scripture passage we read, "I will break also the bars of Damascus and call off the inhabitants from the plain of Aven, and him that holdeth the scepter from the house of Beth-Eden: and the people of Syria shall go into captivity, unto Kir, saith the Lord."

Now Amos was born in Judea, but prophesied in Israel, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he here uses the name Aven to signify Baalbek, because the name Aven signifies idolatry, sin, and even jealousy. He spoke of Aven and compares it to Damascus, and says that it was located in a valley. Coelosyria is also called valley (Buka), and it is quite clear that he points to Baalbek. Syria was the home of the sun-god and its chief seat was Baalbek. Because of this, Amos called this valley the valley of idolatry and declared, that God's judgment shall come upon it.

We do not find absolutely reliable testimony about Baalbek, until we come a little before the birth of Christ. Then it is called Heliopolis, the city of the Sun. Josephus tells us, that General Pompey on his march to Damascus went to Heliopolis and Chalcis. (Jos. Ant. 14: 3: 2). Ptolemaeus designates Baalbek as one of the cities in Coelosyria and Pliny says that it was located at the fountain of the river Orontes. Some other authors mention this city at that time.

Regarding its history, a great deal of information has been received from inscriptions of the ruins of Baalbek and from the coins of that time. The city is called Heliopolis on coins

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that were made in the time of Nerva (98 A. D.) and Hadrian (138 A. D.) On the earlier coin there is no temple, but on the later, made in the time of Septimus Severus (211), a temple is portrayed with ten pillars, and this corresponds with the temple at Baalbék. Because of this some have drawn the conclusion, that the great temple in Baalbek was built during the reign of Septimus Severus. There are a good many indications, however, that the temple in Baalbek was built by the early emperors of Rome.

But now a few words as to the sights in this city. Indeed, the ruins are so great, that they surpass description. Here we observe first of all the great subterranean vaults, the gigantic walls around the temple, the hexagon court, a square court, and then the temple proper, or as it is called, the temple of the sun. There is, a little to the south of this temple, a smaller one, called the temple of Jupiter, and it is much better kept than the large temple.

Now as to the subterranean vaults we must say that they are really masterpieces in themselves. They are built of very large stones and if we were not in Baalbek, we would say that they are gigantic. We went through these vaults; and you are simply struck with amazement, when you walk through them. The walls around the temple are also very large. It is surprising to see these large blocks of stones, one on top of the other, resting on the wall. The stones on the north side of the sun temple are the largest. Nine of these stones are each 31 feet long, 13 feet thick, and 9 and a half feet wide. The stones in the western wall are still larger. The largest stone is 64 feet long, 13 feet thick and 13 feet wide. You will get an idea of what this temple has been once upon a time, when you consider the dimensions. The temple is nine hundred feet long with the courts. The temple proper is two hundred and eighty-

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seven feet long, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet wide. A high wall surrounded the whole temple and on the inner side of this wall was the real temple, surrounded by fifty-four pillars, which were sixty-two feet high. I measured one of these beautifully hewn pillars and the circumference was twenty-one feet. Of these pillars there were only six left on the west side and three partly broken on the east side. A part of the pinnacle of these pillars, which formerly covered them all, is fourteen feet high, and is still found on these six pillars. These pillars were hewn in Corinthian style. The tourist is simply struck with amazement, as he stands among them. These pillars, and we might say, everything that was used in this temple, was made of a yellowish stone. The entrance of the temple is on the east side. Now there is no stair any more in front. This has been taken away a long time ago. The stair must have been very high. From the stair you enter into the large hall or inclosure, at the eastern end of which there were ten pillars. They are all gone. Nothing is now left of them. Only the foundations show where they have stood. On two of these pedestals were Latin inscriptions, which are not legible any more. They were copied in 1751 and in this way they have been spared for posterity. Both these inscriptions are prayers to the great gods in Heliopolis that they might protect the Emperor Antonius Caracalla (217), the son of Septimus Severus and his mother, the Empress Domna. From these prayers we learn that this temple has been a pantheon. The sun was the principal god in Syria, and because of this the temple received the name Sun temple. Now because of the above mentioned inscription some have believed that Antonius Pius built the little temple and Septimus Severus the larger.

A certain author by the name of John Malala from Antioch, who lived in the seventh century, informs us that

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Antonius Pius (161) built in Heliopolis by Lebanon a temple to the honor of Jupiter, one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Let us now continue our wandering in the temple. From the directions above mentioned we come through a gate into a court, which is in the form of a hexagon. From here we come into another court, where the altar is located. This court is 390 feet long and 330 feet wide. Even this court was surrounded by a row of pillars, which are now broken to pieces. Broken pillars are found all along the walls. Within the court is found a certain so-called basilica, of which parts only are left. This basilica dates from the earlier centuries of the Christian church. Within this basilica is a large altar for sacrifices and it is a very large one indeed. Here the animals were sacrificed to the glory of the gods. On both sides of this basilica are dams for fishes. From this basilica is the entrance to the temple proper, the Sun temple.

Having wandered about this wonderful ruin, we went to see the Jupiter temple, which is quite near the Sun temple. This temple is called the smaller, but it is not so small. It measures 222x120 feet. The building within the pillars is 155x84, and there is only one entrance, which is quite well preserved. This building has no roof and has, perhaps, never had any. In this building, which is also called the Baccus temple, is a picture of the German Emperor on the wall, and an inscription shows that he made excavations here in 1900-1903. These excavations made it possible for the tourist to get an idea of these ruins. The Emperor himself visited these ruins in 1898.

When we went out of the building, we noticed the beautiful work on the stones in the gate posts. Here you find hewn out in stone the most beautiful grapes, heads of grain, and statues

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of men and women. But the nudity is very offending. While I walked around in this ruin, an immense monument from a heroic age, I thought of the changes that have taken place at this city and in this valley. When the temple was in use and thousands worshipped therein, how different this valley looked! But now there is ruin and desolation everywhere. And what changes from a religious point of view! In brief, the story is as follows:

Even in this stronghold of heathenism, Christianity became victorious, although it was slow work. Constantine the Great built a very large church, and here was a seat for a bishop. Some believe that Constantine rebuilt this temple into a Christian church. Not far from this there is a ruin of a large building, and that ruin may possibly be the church of Constantine. During the Diocletian persecution the Christians suffered a great deal here, and even during the reign of Julian the Apostate, the heathens attacked the Christians and fearful acts were committed against the women, who had been dedicated to the Lord's service here in Baalbek.

The Arabs took Syria in 636 and the whole country fell under the rule of the Crescent. For three hundred years we hear nothing of this place and when it again appears in history, it is called Baalbek. The Arabs changed the temple of the Sun into a fort. Earthquakes have time and again damaged this building, and yet it has stood the gnawing of the tooth of time in a most wonderful way.

But we must now leave this mass of ruins, although I would have liked to stay here for days to study them. As we returned, we saw a Venus temple not far from the old Sun temple. It had been excavated lately.

As we come out on the street, we are met by a crowd of half naked and dirty children, who held out their hands and

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cried out, "Bakschisch, ja, chawadje, ana bakschisch," (A present, Mister, give a present). We looked at them and stretching out our hands, said in return, "Atheni bakschisch." The poor children laughed and turned away.

About two-thirds of a mile from the temple is the stone quarry, whence the stones were taken for these buildings and walls. I went to the quarry and saw an enormous stone, which has been cut loose from the mountain. One end of it was raised a little. I measured the stone, and it was 69 feet long, 15 feet wide and 17 feet thick and weighed about 11,000 tons. They have figured out, that it would require 40,000 men to move it.

Having seen this huge stone, we went to the station. There were three in the company, Mr. Fisher, an Arab, whom we had engaged as a guide, and myself. When we came to the station, there arose quite a dispute between our guide and the boy whom he had engaged to take care of our baggage at the station. They quarreled as only Arabs can quarrel and the fire of wrath was burning in their eyes. The boy, who watched our baggage, received only a few piasters, and our guide took, of course, the greater part of the sum, which we had agreed to pay him for the whole work. Mr. Fisher said, that they did this for a purpose, so as to make us give the boy a lot of bakschisch. They are rascals, these Beduins, and you cannot depend on them.

There is our train coming forth between the trees and houses beyond Baalbek. It was late. We had to bid farewell to the ruins in this very interesting place. Think of the wonderful temple built here so long ago, and think of the ruins, now for every year sinking deeper into the ground. All this is something for us frail beings to observe and take notice of. For like these masterpieces of the ancient world we too are destined to crumble and go down into the ground. Let us not

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forget that the people who built this temple were a most intelligent people and because of this they were able to put up such a structure. But a study of these ruins makes it clear that intelligence alone does not avail; we need something more than that. We need the preserving salt, which is found in the doctrine of the Man from Nazareth.

These thoughts occupied my mind, as our train was running back to Rajjak. Here we had only time to change trains and go on to Damascus. We did not even have time to take our supper. As I was about to board the train, a group of boys came and took hold of my baggage, and it actually began to appear as though the baggage belonged to them and not to me. I had to get hold of a stick and chase these boys away, because of their persistency. We now went up to the top of the Antilebanon in a clear moonshine, as beautiful as I ever saw. It did not take us long before we reached the city at the foot of the Antilebanon, the ancient city of Damascus. It was 11 o'clock in the evening when we came to the station in Damascus.

Damascus is located at the foot of the Antilebanon mountain range, on the Abana river. This river is now called Barada. It starts high up in the Antilebanon mountains, flows down through this city and is lost in the sand on the plain of Damascus to the southeast. In the city the river is mostly covered over and you can see it only here and there. It is taken into houses, fountains, and you see water bubbling everywhere.

Another river, which is mentioned in the Bible, is called Parphar, or by its present name, Awai. It flows down the Hermon mountain into the eastern plain and in ditches it sends its waters to the gates of Damascus. Around Damascus there are numerous orchards and plantations, and when you look down

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from the hillsides of Antilebanon, the whole city resembles a huge plantation. The only difference is that you see, here and there in between the trees, the minarets of the mosques. You find fruits and vegetables of nearly all kinds in this most excellent soil.

Historically Damascus has had a prominent place. It is mentioned in Genesis 14: 15, in connection with the expedition of Abraham, who pursued Chedorlaomer, overtook him, conquered him at Hoba, north of here, and brought back his nephew Lot. From Damascus came Eliezer, the servant of Abraham. (Gen. 15: 2). During the time of David this city is spoken of again. In the war against Hadarezer David was victorious over the Arameans in Damascus, and made them pay tribute. (II Sam. 8: 5-6). Rezon became a leader of a band, and they made him king of Damascus. During the reign of the son of Benhadad I and his successor Benhadad II (920-890), Damascus and Syria rose into prominence.

After the battle of Issus 333 B. C. the city fell into the hands of one of the generals of Alexander, the Great Parmenas. Then again, when the kingdom of Alexander was divided into four parts, Seleucus Nicator ruled over Syria with Damascus as capital city. Since 85 B. C. the Arabs have ruled over this city, and hence it was that Aretas, King of Petra, also ruled over it. About 65 A. D. the city came under the Roman government, but it was not until 105 A. D. that Syria, through the Emperor Trajan, became a Roman province.

When King Herod ruled over Coelosyria, he built a theatre in Damascus, a bathhouse, and several other public buildings. A great number of Jews now moved into this city, and it is claimed that Nero killed 10,000 Jews in this place.

Christianity came quite early to this center. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that Paul, having been present at the

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stoning of Stephen, went to Damascus to hunt up the Christians in that city, and bring them captive to Jerusalem. These events are supposed to have taken place about 37 A. D. It was early in the first century that Christianity was preached in Damascus. Paul had found, outside of the gates of Damascus, him who made all things new for him and made him a new man with new aspirations. Having been converted and received into the communion of the Christians in Damascus, he began to preach this new doctrine. Now he went for some time into Arabia, but returned soon and tried to convince the Jews and Gentiles also that Jesus was the promised Messiah. Here he remained for three years. (Gal. 1: 17-18). Toward the end of these three years King Aretas was the ruler over Damascus. This king's daughter was married to Herod Antipas, who ruled over Galilee and Perea. When Antipas was banished in 39 A. D., it is believed that Emperor Caligula in Rome gave Damascus to Aretas as a present.

Now the governor in that city sought to please the Jews, and put guards at the gates so as to get hold of Paul. Then it was that Paul was let down over the wall in a basket.

Very early in the first century there was a bishop's seat in this city, and the bishop was a metropolitan, who with his subordinate bishops was present at the meeting of Nice in 325. During the reign of Emperor Arcadius (395-408) a heathen temple was changed into a Christian church, which had the name of John the Baptist, and it is claimed that his head was kept in that church. In this city lived a prominent teacher in the church, John of Damascus. He died in the convent of Mar-Saba, in Judea, 760. His book on "The Proper Development of Faith," still has a great value in the Greek church.

In 634 Damascus fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, and has ever since been under their iron rule. The Califs ruled

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here from 661 A. D. to 750 A. D., and when they moved to Bagdad, where they ruled to the end of the Califate, 1258, the city lost a great deal of its prestige. Then the Sultan Saladin ruled here from 1174 to 1193, when he died. His grave is still shown near the great mosque. The Mongolian chief Timar, who because he was lame received the nickname Lenk, from which name the Europeans made the word Timurlane, came through these regions as a storm, and captured Damascus in 1401. He killed all the Christians with the exception of one family, whose descendants are said to have lived as late as 1855. Damascus was captured by the Sultan Selim I and has been under the Turkish rule ever since, with the exception of the years between 1832-1840. During that time the most terrible rebellion and massacres took place here. A writer says regarding Damascus in these terrible times: "The Christians in Damascus lived under great depression. It was dangerous to be rich, and still more dangerous to show the riches. The tourist must find himself in a most humiliating condition; he must not show himself in a European dress. He was not permitted to ride through the city, but must get off the horse at the gate and lead it, and besides, lay aside his weapon. He was altogether in the hands of Pascha, because no European government had permission to keep a consul here." Such were the conditions here in the "good old time." Now the conditions are very much better. The city has not grown to any extent during the last decades, because merchandise is not now carried as formerly, but passes through the Suez Canal. There are now in this city only 200,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Christians. Before the massacre in 1860 the number of Christians was 30,000.

But now let us relate some of our observations here. The 13th of September I awoke quite early and went out to see the town. In the forenoon we went to the outskirts at the foothills

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of the Antilebanon Mountains. Here we had a very good view of the city. It has been claimed that Damascus is the oldest city in the world, yet while Memphis, Thebes, Nineveh and Babylon have rested for thousands of years under the dust of bygone ages, Damascus still stands and prospers here on this fruitful plain by the Antilebanon.

We were walking around in the forenoon, so we became quite tired, and returned to the hotel for dinner. I secured a guide to lead us throughout the city in the afternoon, and to show us the interesting places. This man was a good Catholic and spoke Arabic, French and Greek. We went first of all to the bazaars. On the way to them we saw the tree which the Mohammedans claim to have planted when they captured the city. It is quite hollow and has seen its best days.

The bazaars are really covered streets, along which the merchants have their stores. Here you have a chance to see how they make the things that are offered for sale in the stores. Here you see the shoemaker, who works away making his shoes or his sandals; there is the tailor or the saddle-maker, and further on you see the carpenter and the tinsmith, etc. The streets in these bazaars are not paved, of course. The roofs over these streets, which are quite high, make these bazaars look very dark and gloomy within. The streets are dirty and crooked. There are no blocks, as we have had occasion to mention before in regard to the city of Constantinople. The Oriental cities are very much the same everywhere. We went around in these bazaars and observed how business was being carried on here. Mr. Fisher bought a few things for his mother, and here I found that the merchant gave a liberal rebate. They do not expect to be able to sell the goods for the price for which they offer it at first. I bought a few things for the folks at home, and then we continued our journey on these crooked streets.

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Here a man moves along the streets with a basket of bread carried on his back or in front of him, as the case may be, and calls for customers; there another walks along with a different kind of bread and calls out loudly: "Ragif, ja, schubab." (A bread, ye young.) Here a man moves along with a can of soft drinks at his side; there is another who sells water, cooled in snow from Hermon, and while he loafs about, he strikes his drinking cups together, so as to attract attention. At the restaurants there are a lot of soft drinks to be gotten. "Ja, halim" (gracious God), the milkman calls out, and the fruit seller says, "Balak snunak" (Take care of your teeth); and it is surely necessary to do that, because the fruit that he sells is everything but clean. It is a picture to see all this, and he who has seen it will never forget it.

From the bazaar we go to the great mosque, or, as it is called, Omajjed mosque. It is located almost in the middle of the city. We went into the mosque, of course, and up in the minaret to see the town from this elevation; and truly there is a sight to be seen from this place. At the door we must put on the sandals, of course, and the colored woman who sits there to put them on does it with a mien as important as if she would be a queen. Then we went up into the minaret. It was quite a distance up there, and I became tired before we came to the top story. While we stood there, a muezzin came up and called out the hour of prayer. This they usually do five times a day. In a singsong tone the following words are spoken: "Allahu akbar (four times); ashadu an lailaha illallah (twice); ashadu anna Muhammedar-rasullu 'llah (twice); heiya 'ala's-salah (twice); hey a la'lfelah (twice); Allahu akbar (twice); la illaha illa allah." This means: "Alla is greatest; I testify, that there is no God but Allah; I testify, that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah; come to prayer, come to salvation; Allah is greatest;

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there is no God but Allah." During the quiet watches of the night you hear these words resounding again and again; and those who are awake go up and worship Allah. While we attentively looked over the city, I heard from a minaret near by a number of children sing a song to Allah. It was a monotonous song, but I had not then for some time heard the children sing, and I must confess that the children's song was refreshing to me. Then we went down. On the floor we found very beautiful carpets. Truly the Mohammedans know how to sacrifice for their religion. It does not seem to be necessary to urge them so much, either, as is the case with many a Christian.

In this connection I am thinking of that group of deacons who came together to find out whether they should advise to build a new church or fix up the old one. One deacon said: "I will give so much towards the repairing of the old church." Just then a piece of plastering fell down from the roof and hit him in the head. Then he thought of his promise and saw that the church was in a dilapidated condition, and promised to give some more for the same purpose. Then another deacon said: "O Lord, hit him again." It does not seem to be necessary to urge the Mohammedans so very much, as we must urge some of our Christians.

With sandals on our shoes we walk around in this magnificent building. Here and there on the fine rugs we see the Mohammedans reading their Koran, and while they are reading they sway the body back and forth and sing the text in a monotonous tone. They are not disturbed by us as we walk along the floor. At the door we saw a good many asleep on the ground. I asked the guide whether it was permitted to do so always, and he said that the poor and needy who have no home and hearth of their own are allowed to go into the mosque and rest on the floor. As they were sleeping there, I saw these poor people disturbed by

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vermin, and chasing them from place to place to better pastures. Poor people! But this is not the most wretched place to sleep in, on these beautiful carpets.

I also observed, when the hour of prayer came, that the sexton went to them with a stick in his hand and roused them, telling them to get up and worship Allah. When I saw this I reminded myself of a certain custom in some of the churches in Europe in former times. There the sexton went around in the church with a stick in his hand and awakened them, if they fell asleep during the sermon. They still have such sextons among the Mohammedans, as it seems.

This mosque of Omajjed is considered to be the most holy in the Mohammedan world, with the exception of the mosque in Mecca, Medina and the Omar mosque in Jerusalem. On the middle of the floor is a grave. It is said that the head of John the Baptist is found in that tomb. Let us recall that this mosque was a Christian church until the Arabs came and conquered the city. And yet it is not the present mosque. The old mosque was burnt down recently, because of a careless workman who fixed the roof of the mosque, the 14th of October, 1893. Then the roof caught fire and the building was laid in ashes. The new mosque has three minarets and open places on three sides, where porticoes are built. In the middle of the open space on the north side is a flowing well. Religious ablutions are performed at this well. The Mohammedans have a custom to bathe before they perform their religious exercises.

Tired because of the constant wanderings in the building, and having spent some time in the mosque, looking at the writings of the Mohammedans in the roof and on the pillars, and having observed that the women were present at the religious exercises, something that we have not seen before in the Mohammedan world, we went out for a little while. When we returned

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and passed by the mosque, we saw a great gathering of men, who had just arrived there to hold their religious exercises. There must have been several hundred, and as they were lined up, side by side, it looked as though they had been taking gymnastics. In connection with their prayers they swing their bodies back and forth, and time and again they bend their heads to the ground.

Now we went out to the street Darb el Mustackim (the straight street). It runs through the town from east to west, almost through the middle of the city, and it is, as the name signifies, quite *straight*. It was on this street that Ananias was walking when he was called by the Lord to visit Paul, who was praying for his salvation in the house of Judas. Now it was said of Saul, "Behold he prayeth." We continued our march on this street eastward to the end, near by the Roman gateway. Here is the Christian quarter, to the north of the street. The last street, which turns to the left before you reach the gate, leads you within a few minutes to the chapel of Ananias. We pass through a door and come into an open space, from which a stair leads down to the chapel. This belongs at present to the Roman Catholics. The chapel is built over the crypt, which once upon a time was the home of Ananias. It was in this crypt that he received the revelation to go to Saul of Tarsus. We read in the Acts 9:10-19: "And there was a certain disciple at Damascus named Ananias; and to him the Lord said in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street, which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him that he might receive his sight, . . ." The reader knows the story by heart. This is the story of the conversion of the man

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from Tarsus, that great opponent to Jesus of Nazareth. In that little crypt Ananias kept himself at the time, if the tradition is correct, and there is no reason to doubt it. The enemies of the kingdom of Christ have sought to explain away this remarkable conversion, but no matter whither you turn, the stubborn fact of this event is written so plainly and so clearly that there is no escape. It is absolutely historical from every point of view.

Otherwise, whence the sudden change in the life of this man? How did he become so changed that he now hated those things that he had loved to do before? From now on, nothing could hinder him from laboring for the Master faithfully to the end of his days. The natural mind cannot explain this. The words of this man are very fitting here: "The natural man conceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, for they must be spiritually discerned." (I Cor. 2:14.) Paul did not understand those things either, and he had no conception that he had been kicking against the goads. But when the light shone from above, then all things became clear to him.

But these three days that he was in the house of Ananias were dark days for him. He longed for deliverance and it came through the message of Ananias. His sins were forgiven, his eyes were opened, and he saw a new world before him. Now he saw things from a different viewpoint. And now he received a new life-mission, for his heart was glowing with heavenly love for the Master. On the outside of that gate came a blind, raging Saul, who was breathing slaughter and threats against the disciples of the Lord; here he had been changed by the grace of Christ and became a new man with a new hope, a new vision, and new aspirations. In his case the words of the Master to Nicodemus at Jerusalem find application: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst

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not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." (Joh. 3: 8). Here I am in Damascus, on the very spot where these great events took place almost two thousand years ago, and this story is told in the sacred Scriptures all over the world. I felt as though the great spirit of the apostle was overshadowing me, and for a long time I went around pondering upon these things. Think of the influence of this man's life-work! What would the world have been at present, if it had not been for the great influence of this man of God!

In the next place we will visit the home of Ananias, where these things took place. A Christian woman, who had opened the door for us and met us at the gate, showed us around. There is something about these women that makes you believe that they are Christians. There is such a difference between them and the Mohammedans. They did not ask for bakschisch, but we gave them, nevertheless, some piasters, and for this they manifested their great thankfulness and appreciation. Then we went out and continued our wanderings in the ancient city. We went back to the straight street which leads to the gate. This gate dates from the Roman period, and consists of a large door in the middle and two smaller ones at the side. Now the middle and the one to the right are closed, and only the one to the left is used; through this door we went out. Outside of the gate on the south side of the road is a factory. In this shop, where all kinds of furniture are made, such as tables, chairs, bedsteads and all sorts of cooking utensils, six hundred children are at work. They are from eight to fifteen years old.

These children work under the leadership of an older and experienced man and they make very fine wares, both in metal and wood. Most of these children are of Jewish parentage. Think of the sight here in this ancient city! Those poor children

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sit there and hammer on their kettles, or saw and work on wood. Poor children! It did hurt me to see them sit there and work at that age. I asked the foreman if these children were not given any time for studies during their childhood, so that they might learn something besides this trade. He answered me that they are given certain months in the year when they can go to school and learn to read and write, and he thought that this ought to be enough for them. The children looked very intelligent, and you could see what they had done right here in the shop. I told the foreman that child-labor is forbidden in our country, and he said that he had heard it, but he thought that such work as these children were doing would not hurt them in the least. Of course, they were given a chance to learn a trade, and we must admit that that is a good feature. The old Jewish maxim read like this: "He who does not teach his child a trade, teaches it to steal," and there is a lot of truth in that statement.

While we are here on the outside of the eastern gate of Damascus, we must see the house of Naaman, the leper. We turn to the left and in a few minutes we come to the ruins of a very old building. A little to the east of the road is a building called the house of Naaman, and it is used as a hospital for leprous people. We looked in, as the door was ajar, and there sat a number of leprous women, who, with their hands outstretched, cried, Bakschisch, chawadje." Poor women, to sit there consumed by such a disease! But it was a beautiful thought that has changed the house of Naaman into a hospital for those lepers. It is Christian love that has done this. What would this world of ours be without Christian love?

We return from this side trip and go by the Roman gate and turn to the right, walk along the way that leads to the south, along the wall of the city, and here and there on the wall we see

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some towers. The lower part of the wall is of Roman origin. At last we come to a gate that is now closed. It is called by the Mohammedans Bab Kisan, but the Christians call it Bab Bulas. Tradition holds that Saint Paul fled from the city through this gate, having been let down in a basket.

Right opposite this gate there is a building, which is nearly covered by a walnut tree, and this little building is the tomb of Saint George, who is said to have assisted Saint Paul in his flight from Damascus, and given him the necessary help. About ten minutes' walk from this place is the Christian cemetery. We passed by this as we were walking along the way. Not very far from this cemetery is shown the place where Paul was converted.

Regarding the place or gate, where Paul is recorded to have been let down over the wall, it is very difficult to say anything definite. The Turks have built on the wall since they have become masters of the city and only a part of the wall is in existence. But they are not so particular about exact locations. If they do not know where these places are found, they guess at them; others come along and believe that these are the right places, and so they are fixed. And it happens that two or more places are sometimes shown for a particular saint. And they say that he is a poor saint who does not have more than two birthplaces.

I brought along my camera; and having taken a photograph of the traditional window and the wall where Paul escaped from Aretas, kept on walking until the road turned to the southwest. Here is the great caravan road, leading toward the desert. Along this road thousands upon thousands of Mohammedan pilgrims have been wandering. They have a long way to go—Mecca in Arabia. We followed this road a little distance, met camels by the score, asses and donkeys in abundance, and came at last to

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the Mohammedan cemetery. It was a little better kept than the one at Scutari. We sat down a little while and observed how the Mohammedan women manifested their sorrow towards those who have passed from them. They squatted down by the grave and prayed; and, of course, their faces were veiled. As we observed those sorrowing women, there came some Dervishes along the road, dressed in black gowns, and had high black hats on their heads. They marched along very slowly and did not observe us in the least, as we sat by the roadside. From this place it is not very far to the railroad station, which is located on the plain to the southwest of the city.

As we sat there on this historic ground, I thought particularly of the man who, about two thousand years ago, came across that plain with a very malicious mind towards the Christians. But having met the Master, he was struck with blindness and led into the city through the Roman gate, not very far from here. Tradition holds that Paul came in through the eastern gate, and entered the city through it. This does not seem to be to be in full harmony with the location. If he came over the plain from the southwest—and he certainly must have done that—it would seem natural that he should enter the city by the western or southwestern gateway. He was found in the house of Judas, and tradition points out this house just inside the Roman gate, at the western end of the Straight street. If he came into the city through the eastern gate, why was it necessary for him to go through the city to the western gate? He was blind, and no doubt it was difficult for him to move along. They led him into the city and it would seem that he would stop at the nearest place; and the house of Judas is just inside the gate in the southwestern part of the city.

We had been traveling very much all day; and so we re-entered the city through the southwestern gate, took the street

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car, and went to the hotel. "Street car in Damascus!" I hear the reader exclaim. Yes, that is the very fact. The streets are so very narrow, though, that it is not an easy matter to pass through the streets on the street cars. The sleepy, lazy Turks seem to enjoy to ride on this kind of vehicle.

When we came to the hotel, we made preparations for our journey through Perea to Jerusalem. We were not so sure that it would be safe to go that way to Jerusalem, because the east Jordanic country is inhabited by Beduin tribes, and because they cannot be depended upon. We tried to find out whether it would be possible to secure safe protection at Amman, and we telegraphed to the station agent at that place to find out if we could get protection and horses to our destination. We sent the telegram to the station agent and paid for it; and although we waited a long time, there was no answer. I am quite sure that he put the money in his pocket, and let it go at that. That would be just like the Turks. Time and again we asked whether we had not had any reply from the agent at Amman, but he always came with the same helpless, "Non, monsieur."

I determined to go to the American consulate to learn whether it would be safe to pass through the country between Amman and Jerusalem. The 14th of September I went with a young man to the consulate. Like other dignitaries the Consul lived in a magnificent house. It looked very insignificant on the outside, but within it was arranged according to Oriental style. In the middle of the inner court, which was surrounded with buildings, was a floor of marble. Palms and other trees were placed there in abundance. The fountain in the center gave a rich supply of water. But lo, there he comes himself, barefooted and dressed in a long garment that looked like a shirt. I became somewhat embarrassed to find such a representative for my country. He looked like a Turk, and I wondered whether this

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man could speak my language. He became somewhat surprised when I addressed him in the American language, and when he found out that I was from the United States; and I have no doubt that it was because he was dressed in such a fashion.

As to my question, whether it would be safe to go by way of Amman to Jerusalem, he answered that there would be no danger whatever. But he said that in order to make certain, he would inquire from the governor of Damascus. As soon as he had seen him he would come to me and inform me about it, or he would send his cavass.

In the afternoon our Consul came to the hotel, dressed in a black Prince Albert coat, and looked like an American in every way. He told me that he had been to the governor and he had telegraphed to the Kaimakan of Amman to help me in every way, as to protection and horses for the journey from Amman.

I had given this gentleman quite a bit of trouble, and I offered to pay him for it, but he did not wish to have any pay. I felt somewhat proud of the fact that the governor of Damascus would go to such trouble for me. The Consul had been very kind and helpful to me, and he did not spare himself to help the American stranger.

In the afternoon we went to see the Mohammedan quarter. It looked very much dilapidated and dirt stared you in the face everywhere. What a difference between the Mohammedan and Christian quarters! As we came to the Straight street, we asked the guide to take us to the house of Judas. This house is now a Mohammedan mosque. It was in this place, then, that Saul was led that memorable day. Nothing is related about this Judas, but tradition tells us that Ananias became the Bishop of Damascus, and died as a martyr in this city.

We are now done with our wanderings in this old metropolis. As beautiful as it looks when you see it at a distance, so detestable

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and miserable does it look when you come near it, and have a chance to walk along its streets and see it at near range. It is an Oriental city and that is enough.

Were it not for the rivers Barada and Awai, the country around here would be a veritable desert; but now, because of the abundance of the water, there is reason for giving this city pet names, as the Arabs do. They call it "The Pearl of the Orient," "The Paradise," "The Necklace of Beauty," "The Feathers of the Peacock," and "The Eye of the East." For the poor Arab who is passing the dry and dreary desert, under the hot Syrian sun, it means so much for him to come to such a place, where he can rest under the shadow of beautiful trees and drink cool, refreshing water to his heart's content. No wonder that he finds all kinds of pet names for such a place.

It is not strange that the Holy Scriptures speak of springs and wells and flowing waters so often. The men who wrote the Bible lived mostly in countries where there was a scarcity of water, and hence the value of the fresh and living water, as they call it.

## CHAPTER X

### THROUGH BASHAN TO HAIFA

WE went early to bed, so that we might be able to rise sometimes in order to continue our journey. At half past four in the morning we had our breakfast, and then the hack stood ready to drive us to the Meidan station, a mile to the southwest from the city.

We boarded the train at six. My worthy reader, you should have seen how the coach looked inside. I do not think it had been cleaned for the past two or three weeks. But we must not be so particular. Let us remember that we are in the Orient.

The reader is, perhaps, familiar with the fact that there are two railroads that pass through Bashan, running parallel to each other to Derat, the old Edrei. The line further west, called Hauran, was built by a French company. The eastern line, which is called Hedjan, has been built quite recently and runs in a southerly direction, making two great curves to the east. This road runs also to Edrei, Mann, Medina and Mecca. As far as I know, I was the first American that had traveled over that road, and it was quite strange to be permitted to pass through a country having such a remarkable history and such a place in the Holy Scriptures.

The railroad passes over a plateau, which is quite level but barren and desolate. As we pass along this plateau southward, we see orchards and other plantations with small houses between them; but they are dirty and badly kept. Out on the plain, not so very far from Damascus, we see in the clear morn-

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ing air the majestic Antilebanon, and at its southern end Mt. Hermon, 9,000 feet high, with snow upon some of its summits. This is the Mount of Transfiguration, as we shall see further on in our story. Longingly I looked toward the stately mountain range. Further on in our journey we shall rest at its foot over night. During our entire journey in Bashan we see its high head, pointing heavenward. No wonder that this mountain is so often spoken of in the Bible!

We soon came to a great and level plateau. This is called Hauran. It is also called Bashan in the Bible. When the children of Israel in the fourteenth century B. C. came into this territory, the Rephaites lived on these plains. Further west, on a narrow tract of land, east of the Jordan, the Amorites used to dwell. In Num. 21:33-35 we read: "And they turned and went up the way of Bashan: and Og the king of Bashan went out against them, he, and his people, to the battle of Edrei. And the Lord said unto Moses, Fear him not: for I have delivered him into thy hand, and all his people, and all his land; and thou shalt do unto him as thou didst unto Sihon, king of the Amorites, which dwelt at Hesbon. So they smote him, and his sons, and all his people, until there was none left alive: and they possessed his land." In I Kings 4:13 it is related that one of the officers of Solomon received, as his part, "the region of Argob, which is in Bashan, three score great cities with walls and brazen bars." Briefly this country is mentioned in another place in the Scriptures, and then it vanishes out of history for some time. When Bashan again appears in history, it is made desolate by King Hazael, during the reign of Jehu (2 Kings 10:33). The boundary lines of the country are quite well drawn. In the north it extends to the foot of Hermon, in the south to Edrei and Salka, on the southernmost branch of Jarmuk, and in the east the moun-

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tain ridge of Hauran forms the boundary line. The northern boundary line from Hermon eastward is not so well indicated.

Bashan is very fruitful. The very name signifies "fruitful soil"; and when you remember that a part of Bashan, the little country of Argob, could bring forth sustenance for sixty quite large villages, it must have been quite fertile. From the Bible we know that the land of Bashan is renowned by its "Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat." (Deut. 32:14). The oxen of Bashan are known for their strength. (Ps. 22: 13). This country, now so desolate and barren, must have been, at least in part, covered with trees, because the oaks of Bashan are spoken of in connection with the cedars of Lebanon. (Is. 2:13.) From the oaks of Bashan proud Tyre prepared its oars. (Hez. 27: 6). But the majestic oak forests are now gone, and this has been an irreparable loss to the country.

The King of Damascus, Hazael, conquered this territory, taking both Bashan and Gilead from Jehu, the King of Israel, but during the time of Joash the Syrians recaptured their lost country, taken by Hazael. During the time of Tiglat Pilezer the inhabitants of Gilead were carried away into captivity, and it is very likely that the people of Bashan were also taken and sent into captivity.

At the time of Christ this part of the country is divided as follows: Gaulanitis, Auranitis, Trachonitis, Batanea, and south of Hermon, Iturea. This last-mentioned division is spoken of in Luke 3:1. Philip was tetrarch in Iturea and the land of Trachonitis. Iturea received its name from Itur, one of the sons of Ismael, who settled here. This province is now called Jedur. Gaulanitis was located to the east of the Sea of Genesareth. In this province there was a city by the name Golan, one of the

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cities of refuge in the east Jordanic country; the province received its name from this city.

Auranitis was located east of this province, and it seems as though it comprehended the same territory as Argob. Auranitis signifies the "hollow" country, because it is so full of holes, which the inhabitants have dug to gather the rain-water in the rainy season. East of this division is Trachonitis. It is very rolling and the very name signifies this. Now regarding this land we read the following in Josephus: "They (the Trachonite) had neither any city of their own, nor lands in their possession, but only some receptacles and dens in the earth, and there they and their cattle lived in common together. However, they had made contrivances to get pools of water, and laid up corn in granaries for themselves, and were able to make great resistance, by issuing out on the sudden against any that attacked them; for the entrances of their caves are narrow, in which but one could come in at a time, and the places within incredibly large, and made very wide, but the ground over their habitation was not very high, but rather on the plain, while the rocks are altogether hard and difficult to be entered upon unless anyone gets into the plain road, by the guidance of another; for these roads are not straight, but have several revolutions. But when these men are hindered from their wicked preying upon their neighbors, their custom is to prey upon one another, in so much that no sort of injustice comes amiss to them. But when Herod had received this grant from Caesar, and was come onto this country, he procured skillful guides, and put a stop to their wicked robberies, and procured peace and quietness to the neighbouring people." (Jos. Ant. 15:10:1.) Trachonitis is the old Gezur.

Now Bashan as a country is very little known. Of course, travelers have passed through in every direction; but, owing to the hostility of the Beduins, it has not been possible to undertake

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investigations in detail. In the beginning of the nineteenth century Europeans crossed over this plain, but they did not dare to stay any length of time to make any research. Among these men we might mention Seetzen, Burckhardt, who, disguised as a Mohammedan, went around here, Richter, Buckingham and others. Certain it is that this country is a rich field for investigation. The new railroad will render a very great help materially in this respect.

We are now in Bashan and, of course, within the boundary lines of the Promised Land. I felt as though I was waking up from a sleep, as our locomotive moved onward through these historic regions. It is an old country, and yet it looks quite new in certain respects. The railroad is the new highway through this ancient territory, and at the stations it looks very much as it does in our own country, in the wild and woolly west, where the railroads are opening up the wild territories.

When you look at the hovels where the poor people dwell, you find them dilapidated and on the point of ruin. Here and there you will notice the black Beduin tents; they live mostly in tents on these prairies. These tents look weird and gloomy and the more so, when you think of the nature of the people that dwell in them.

But look at the extensive fields of lava stones that are scattered in every direction! It is a great field of stagnant lava. Along the plain you will notice prism-like hills. They were formed in the volcanic times, when the whole east Jordanic territory received its present form. The whole field is a volcanic region, in whose interior fearful fires have been raging, and in the course of time this field with its numerous prisms have cooled off. This lava stream covers a very extensive part of this plateau, and is full of crevices in every direction. Now and then you will notice rich valleys, which in the rainy season looks so

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beautiful by reason of the abundance of flowers and bushes that are found here.

In these valleys the Beduins find most excellent hiding-places, and hither they flee when they have been out on their hunting expeditions on the prairies, robbing the caravans and travelers who have ventured within their landmarks. El-Ledja signifies "refuge," and to those hiding-places these booty-loving sons of the deserts have gone for centuries, and there they have found a safe refuge.

Here in these regions we have to look for Uz, the home country of Job, where he as a nomad sheik led his flocks and cattle to pasture. Here he found "how the Lord gave and how he took away." In these experiences of his he still said: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Along this lava bed the old Romans opened up a road, and you will observe parts of this road along the railroad. It runs in a southeasterly direction from El-Mismiye to the Hauran mountains and along these mountains to Bozra. By the railroad we observe also ruins of old cities; and some of them are so well preserved that they could be used for dwelling-places without any repairs at all; and in some of them people are still living. This desert is very extensive for it covers an area of about 1000 American square miles—an immense field of lava stones!

There are some who have held that Moses passed the boundaries of veracity when he, regarding the cities in this part of the Land of Promise, says: "So the Lord our God delivered into our hands Og also, the king of Bashan, and all his people: and we smote him until none was left to him remaining. And we took all his cities at that time, there was not a city which we took not from them, three score cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan. All these cities were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, beside unwalled towns a great

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many." (Deut. 3:3-5.) When we read the prophecies of Jeremiah, we receive the impression that he has gone around among these cities of Bashan in our own days. (Jer. 4:7). In the same lamentation Hezekiel joins: "Son of man, eat thy bread with quaking, and drink thy water with trembling and with carefulness. And say unto the people of the land, Thus saith the Lord God of the inhabitants of Jerusalem and of the land of Israel: They shall eat their bread with carefulness and drink their water with astonishment, that her land may be desolate from all that is therein, because of the violence from all them that dwell therein. And the cities that are inhabited shall be laid waste, and the land shall be desolate; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." (Hez. 12: 18-20). The ancient Rephaim, "the lofty men," built these cities. They are generally called giants. In the time of Abraham they were living in the highlands of Bashan. Their capital, Ashtaroth Karnaim, the two-horned Ashtaroth, was taken by the Elamite king, Chedorlaomer, the earliest conquerer of the Bible history. This people lost gradually their nationality and were merged with the Amorites. Think of it! These giants were able to build cities which for thousands of years have defied the gnawing tooth of time. These old cities still stand there, as a powerful testimony that it was not Israel that conquered the land with their own power, but the Lord, who fought for His people.

The people that lived here have passed out of this world without writing any history in the proper sense of the word, but they have left monuments that will stand for ages. Here you can see how they built their houses, how they formed their temples, and how they buried their dead, how they sought their enjoyments in the theaters and the like—but of their lives we know nothing else. Here we can apply the words of Jeremiah: "Give wings unto Moab, that it may flee and get away: for the

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cities thereof shall be desolate without any to dwell therein." (Jer. 48: 9). If you wish to know the reason why these cities have become desolate, read the Prophets and you will find out. Their words have been literally fulfilled. The Lord is not to be mocked.

As we stop at the stations, I notice how they receive their friends that come on the train. These Beduins ride on swift Arab steeds, and I pity him who thinks he can get away from them. These rapacious sons of the desert know no mercy, when they meet their enemies out on these desolate plains. Here among these people the customs and manners are kept almost invariable from year to year, and as they have been doing for thousands of years, they are doing now. In ages gone by they have crossed these plains as they do now, lived in their miserable tents and huts, tended to their flocks as they do now and robbed and murdered as at present. The traits of Ishmael still cling to them, and as his hand was against every man, so it has been and so it is with these Beduins. They consider every man, outside of their tribe, their enemy, and treat him as such.

And yet you will find a most wonderful and firm friendship among them, and this is made manifest in their hospitality and willingness to sacrifice for those who come to seek help and protection under their roof. I observed how they greeted one another with a kiss on the cheek, and it was a pleasure to see how the beams of love and friendship sparkled in their eyes, when they met at the various railroad stations. They are warriors and continually on the war-path. They always carry a gun. Anyone who travels along these plains will wonder how they secure a living here; but remember that they have flocks and cattle in the valleys and on the hills. That is their richness.

Beyond Ezra, or as the Romans called it, Zoraa, the lava field ceases. The plain here is quite rolling. To the southeast of

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Ezra lies El-Kunnawat It is the Kenath of the Bible. We read in the Book of Numbers 32:42, that Noba went forth and captured Kenath and the adjoining cities, and called it after himself, Noba. This happened when Moses conquered the east Jordanic jountry.

The last time it is mentioned in the Bible is two hundred years after the conquest. When Gideon pursued the Midianites, he went to those who lived in tents, east of Noba (Jud. 8:11). During the time of Herod this city is spoken of again, and is then known by its old name. It is then called Kanata or Kana. Jesephus informs us that the inhabitants of this city slew the soldiers whom he sent out to subdue them. Arabs lived then in this locality. Pliny speaks of Kenath as belonging to the Decapolis or the Ten Cities. When the synod was held at Chalcedon in 451, the Bishop of Kenath was present. This city was captured by the Arabs and is now controlled by the Druses. The greater part of Kenath is now in ruins, which are quite well preserved.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon we came to Derat, or Edrei, the old name. From this place the railroad goes onward to Mecca and Medina, but we are going in a northwesterly direction to Haifa on the Mediterranean. We are now in the heart of the ancient kingdom of the Amorites. Here the Amorite King Og, lived, and here he was overcome by the Israelites (Num. 21:33). The city of Edrei was given to Makir, the son of Manasse (Jos. 13:21). The town was located in Gilead. The King of this territory, Og, had two capitals. The other was Ashtaroth-Karnaim, and was located to the northwest from here. It was consequently on these prairies that they drew up their armies to battle. Israel proved to be victorious. The Lord was with them.

Among the many cities spoken of in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets, Edrei is one. Now, as we happen to mention these won-

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derful letters, let us give the story of their discovery in brief. The discovery of these letters or tablets came as a flash of lightning from a clear sky. In the year 1887 some Arabs happened to stumble on a collection of clay tablets at Tell-el-Amarna, an insignificant settlement on the eastern bank of the Nile River in Egypt, about half way between Cairo and Thebes. The discovery aroused great surprise, not only because the letters were found there, but also because of the language and contents of these tablets. When these letters were translated, these questions were satisfactorily answered. There lived during the eighteenth dynasty in Egypt (1545-1350) a king whose name was Amenophis IV (1375-1358). This king resided, to begin with, in Upper Egypt. Having been converted to the sun worship, the stronghold of which at this time was Heliopolis or Bethschemesch, the On of the Bible, he determined, perhaps at the instigation of the priests at On, to move his capital from Thebes to a new place, where he would build a new capital city. He selected a place on the eastern bank of the Nile and called the new city Ekhut-Aton, "the horizon of the sun." Here he made all things new and now he must have a new religion. It was a sun worship. But the new religion did not last so very long. After the death of the old king, Amenophis IV, the old religion revived again and in the course of time the splendid city was buried in the sands of the desert, and after some three thousand two hundred and sixty years, some wandering sons of the desert stumbled on the ruins of this ancient city. The library of the king was discovered, and in this library the Tell-el-Amarna tablets saw the light of day again. But now another question arose, namely, why these letters were written in cuneiform writing or script, the script of the old Babylonians? We naturally would look for the hieroglyphic form of writing in the land of the Pharaohs. The reason is this: Ekh-en-Aton was by marriage related to the royal family

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of Babylonia. It appears that the king's mother and grandmother were members of the royal family in Babylonia, and hence the language of that country would be spoken at the court of the Egyptian king. We also learn from these tablets, that the Egyptian king had given his daughter in marriage to the Babylonian king. Because of these intermarriages there was a continual correspondence between the royal families. There are in all two hundred and ninety-six of these tablets, and they throw a powerful light on the Old Testament history.

These letters contain not only correspondence between the royal families of Egypt and Babylonia, but a great many of them are from generals in the land of Canaan and adjoining lands. These generals are trying to uphold the waning power of Egypt in these sections, but they find it exceedingly difficult. These letters were written in the thirteenth century B. C. We learn, furthermore, that Palestine and the adjoining countries were very much pestered with bands of robbers and that the law stipulated that that province in which a robbery was committed should make good the loss.

In the Book of Joshua 19:14 we read of a city by the name Hannathon. No one knew where this city was located, and some doubted that such a town or city ever existed. But now the Tell-el-Amarna letters tell us where it was located and that a robbery was perpetrated there. About sixty of these tablets are from an officer by the name Ribaddi. He is very meek in these letters, but the king tells him to write less and fight more, and he would be held in better esteem by his king. From these tablets we are informed that the authority of Egypt is growing less and less in Palestine and Syria.

In this correspondence there are a great many names of cities, spoken of in the Bible, such as Jaffa, Gaza, Sidon, Damascus and Jerusalem. From the last-named city several letters

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were written, and this shows the relation that existed between Egypt and Syria. In these Tell-el-Amarna tablets several cities in the east Jordanic country are mentioned, such as Ashtaroth, Bozra and Edrei. It would seem that the Amorites, who moved from the mountains of Judah to the other side of the Jordan, had not been there long when the Israelites came and occupied the land.

One of the letters, which according to some authors, is written about one hundred and fifty years before the exodus, is from the governor of Zivi-Basana, the field of Bashan. Their authority over the land did not last very long then.

The town of Derat is located at the southern edge of Wady Zedy, and over the river in this valley, a tributary to Hieromax, a Roman stone bridge is built. There are 3,000 inhabitants in this town; it is a seat of a Kaimakan, and a garrison with two companies of infantry is located here. But the city, which we now find here is not the Edrei of King Og, because the present-day city is built on the ruins of the old one, which was a subterranean village. The first traveler who in these latter times visited the vicinity and discovered the old city was Wetzstein, who in 1858 investigated the subterranean labyrinths. Here he found, cut out in the solid rocks, streets, stores, market-places and dwelling-places, but he could not, because of the guide who had the matches, continue his investigations here, and he was afraid that he might not be able to find his way out again, when he had no light.

The houses in Derat are made of clay and stone, and are very low and dingy-looking. The station is located to the north of the valley. Here around the station we saw a lot of Beduins. Here they stood in great numbers around the station, dressed in their Arab garbs, mantel and turban. This much became evident to me, that it would not be an easy matter to get away

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from these wild hordes, if you should meet them on the prairies alone. One of the Beduins came into our car and asked me to take a picture of him. I went out with him and took a snap-shot of him and I went into the car. Then he came into the car and wanted to have a picture. And when I did not give him any—and how could I do it?—he wished to take away my camera by force. He became very stubborn and I had to chase him out of the car. He asked me to print his picture on a piece of paper that he gave me. That much the poor Beduin understood about photography.

The scenery here is very rich and romantic. To the east is the mountain range of Hauran, and to the northwest is the majestic Hermon, clearly visible from this plain. To the south of us is a great plateau, and beyond this the mountains of Gilead extend their high peaks skyward. On this plain are the ruins of many cities whose names are mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. To Bozra you can go in about six hours. A very old road from the Roman times leads to that historic town. It is one of the remarkable cities in Hauran, and is in a very good condition, especially the high fortress in the southern part. The greatest period in the history of this metropolis seems to have been the Roman period. When the Emperor Trajan set out on his warlike expedition against the Parthians, he captured it, and it became a capital for the whole territory round about. It became so prominent that it gave occasion for a new era, called Era Bostriana. It was in vogue east of the Jordan, and began with the year 106 A. D. The Christian doctrine was introduced very early in this place. Bozra became the seat of a bishop, and had at one time not less than twenty-three sub-bishops. The city has been in the hands of the Mohammedans since 634 A. D.

We are now in a territory which has been called Decapolis, or the Ten Cities. Besides Kenath, mentioned above, the follow-

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ing cities belong to the Decapolis: Damascus, Philadelphia, Gadara, Gerasa, Pella, Hippos, Dion, Abila and Skythopolis on the other side of the Jordan. At 11 o'clock we leave Edrei and start out on the naked and rolling plain. We do not see a single tree; everywhere the prairie is barren and desolate. The train follows the Wady Zedy in a northwesterly direction. Old caravan roads follow the railroad, and small groups of camels wander along these roads back and forth. After a while Mt. Gilead rises very majestically to the southwest. Soon we come to a town. Our train turns to the left into a very stony country. Here are a great many camels marching onwards to Edrei. And no wonder, it is the main road to Mecca. Still we have Wady Zedy to the left, and to the right the deep Wady-Sikake. These two valleys are united a little beyond this point. The caravan roads are found on both sides of the valley, and along these roads herds of goats, sheep and asses are grazing in great numbers. Our train runs in all kinds of bends and crooks, and finally goes down in a deep valley, and then crosses a high bridge. The country here reminds us very much of the Alps, and is scenic in a marked degree. High mountains rise on both sides of the valley. There is the Jarmuk River down in the valley, but very little water is found in it at this time.

Our train is speeding along. To the left of us we have Gilead, and on the other side of the river lies Gaulanitis. The River Jarmuk is the boundary line between these countries. The Arabs call this valley, in which the river flows, Scheri 'at Menadire, after the Beduin tribe, Arab el-Menadire. As we are following the river in its downward course, we have occasion to see quite beautiful waterfalls. Along the river there are flocks of sheep, and we notice the shepherds with their two staffs, one long and one somewhat shorter. This reminded me of what the prophet says: "And I took unto me two staves, the one I

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called Beauty, and the other I called Bands; and I fed the flock." (Zech. 11:7.) Seeing the shepherds and their flocks, I thought of the words of the psalmist David: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." (Ps. 23:1-2.) But why would it be necessary to have two staves? For the reason that there are wild animals that would come into the flock to kill and destroy, and the shepherd would use the longer staff to drive away the wild animals, and the smaller one he would use in driving the lambs to green pastures. Some one has said that the longer staff signifies the doctrine of the blessed Gospel, which gives the soul sweet peace in communion with the good Shepherd; the other one reminds us of the brotherly covenant which will be established where there is a proper relation with Christ. For those who do not wish to remain in communion with the Lord and His people, but go their own way, this staff will become a punishing or chastening rod. The parables, taken from the shepherd's life in the Orient, are very numerous and instructive. They express the intimate relation existing between the soul and the Saviour, and this relation is very well illustrated in the shepherd life of the Orient.

Our train passed down this romantic valley over bridges and through dark tunnels. Here and there are pathways leading up to the plain. We are now in the western part of the mountains of Gilead. They become higher and the wadys deeper and deeper. We are approaching the Jordan Valley and the Jordan. To the left of us is old Gadara, the capital of Perea. It is situated on a plateau to the south east of the Sea of Tiberias. The ruins that are now to be seen date from the time of the early Roman emperors. Among other objects of interest there are the ruins of the theatre and they are quite well preserved. The ruins of Gadara are about six miles from Gennesaret, and are very

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interesting from many points of view. The ancient Gadara has been found in the present Uum Keis or Mukes. The ruins are located on the top of a hill, and at the foot of this there are warm springs. The whole vicinity is called the Land of the Gadarenes. The town was founded and occupied by Greeks, and for this reason it is called a Grecian city. Around the ruins of the old city there are a great many sepulchres, which are cut out in the mountain. Some of them are very large, and along the sides of these subterranean excavations there are niches in which the bodies were laid. From these sepulchres a great many sarcophagi have been taken and these have been adorned with all kinds of beautiful ornaments. At present these sarcophagi are used as water troughs for the cattle, and these graves are sometimes used as dwelling-places for the people. When Christ came to the land of the Gadarenes, "immediately there met him, out of the tombs, a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him with chains." (Mark 5:1-3). These tombs served as dwelling-places for these men, who were possessed with unclean spirits.

Now the question is this: Is this the city that Jesus visited, when he came across the Sea of Gennesaret in a boat to the other side of the sea? Let us see. The synoptics relate, that Jesus and his disciples came across to the land of Gadarenes (Matt. 8: 28-34; Mark 5: 120; Luke 8: 26-38). From these Scripture passages we learn, first of all from Luke, that the Gadarenes were located on the opposite side of Galilee, and that a man from "the city" met him. The evangelist Matthew informs us that there were two that met Jesus, and furthermore, that they came out of the sepulchres or tombs. When the man, possessed with the unclean spirit, saw Jesus, he cried out, fell down before him and prayed that he might not torment him. The evil spirit asked Jesus that he might send them into the swine, "that we

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might enter them." This herd of swine numbered about two thousand, and according to the evangelist Luke, they were feeding on the mountains. Now, how shall we be able to unite this into one story? And where was the miracle performed? It is clear from the story of the evangelist, that it did not take place right near the city, but by or near the shore.

The land of Gadarenes was located somewhat to the south-east from the sea, and from this fact it is difficult to explain all the circumstances in connection with the story. To the southeast of the sea, there is a little plain along the shore, and the swine could not very well throw themselves into the sea at this place. But there is another place further north along the shore, whither the man could have come from the tombs of Gadara to the sea. The miracle took place in the land of Gadarenes, and if we suppose that Jesus and his disciples landed a little further to the north, the whole story about the miracle becomes clear. One thing is certain, and that is, that the great Teacher visited this section of the country and performed a miracle here somewhere.

But we must continue our journey. It is in the afternoon of the 15th of September, when our train rushes along the valley of Hieromax. For a long time I had been standing on the right side of the car, watching through the window with the greatest attention to catch the first glimpses of the Sea of Galilee. On our train were many Arabs, some of them dressed in fur coats and a skin cap on their heads; others were dressed in lighter garments and turbans. I could not understand how those poor human beings could sit there on that hot day with those fur coats on. It was so warm that I could hardly be in the car that afternoon. But there they sat, holding their guns; some fell asleep, others were walking along the aisle back and forth, and I had to get out of the way for those dark sons of Bashan.

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They did not understand why I stood at the window, looking out so eagerly over the hills and valleys toward the northwest. But soon our train rolls over the bridge that is built over the Hieromax River. As the train is turning to the right, it hastens over the plain to the south of Gennesaret, and within a few minutes I am rewarded for my patient waiting at the car window,—and lo, there I see right before me the long-expected Sea of Galilee. I held the watch in my hand and it was 2:25 P. M. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings in these moments of my life. There was the sea, and as my eyes looked over this historic body of water and surroundings, and as I thought of Him who walked around here, teaching and performing miracles, walking over the billows, I received such an impression that I can never forget it. No wonder that my eyes were filled with tears and these audible words fell from my lips: "Thanks be unto Thee, dear Saviour, that I have been permitted to live until I could see with my own eyes this sea and its surroundings!"

All the passengers on the train, with the exception of Mr. Paul Fisher and myself, were Arabs or Beduins from Bashan or Galilee. While the train was rolling in at the station Samach, at the southern end of the sea, I stood at the window and beheld this picture. And how beautiful it appeared to me! How could I sit careless with such a sight before me? But on the other side of the car Mr. Fisher was sitting in a seat sleeping. I called on him to come and see the Sea of Galilee, but he manifested no interest whatever. I called on him several times to come and see, but he answered: "Da ist nichts zu sehen" (There is nothing to see), and he sat calm and went to sleep. It was more than I could understand, how a man, bearing the name of a Christian, could show so little interest in a place where the Saviour of mankind has lived and taught. Perhaps the young man did not know

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very much of his New Testament, and that would in a measure account for his little interest in this wonderful country.

As soon as the train had stopped, I rushed out with my camera, went a little distance to the north of the station and nearer the shore, where I had a splendid view of the whole lake, and took some pictures. I could not stay long here at this time, because the train was ready to go on in a few minutes. I could not look on this wonderful panorama until I became satisfied, and I determined to go back to these localities again. From Samach there is a splendid view of the sea, and you can see the northern end and Mt. Hermon very distinctly. Where the River Jordan embouchures into the sea there is a deep valley, and the surrounding hills appear quite high. To the northwest of the lake on a mountain we see the city of Saphed; on the western shore to the northwest from here lies the city of Tiberias, and on the northwestern shore of the lake there are the ruins of Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chan Minje. I had gotten the idea that the mountains, coming down to the shores, were almost perpendicular, but that is not the case. The hills and mountains slope towards the sea very gently, and here and there are plains along the shores. It was a glorious sight, and having once seen it, you can never forget it.

Now to the south of Samach on the plain right by Jordan the Arabs were threshing—a performance I had never seen before, so that it was quite novel to me. The sheaves were placed on the ground in a circle, and they drove oxen with a cart over the sheaves; thus they continued until the whole became like dross. By means of forks they threw this dross into the air, and the wind blew away the chaff and left the grain on the floor. Here we think of the words of the psalmist: “The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.” (Ps. 1:4.) The words of John the Baptist came to my mind:

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“Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather his wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.” (Luke 3: 17). It was the first time I saw how they went at it, but not the last. The threshing season was at hand, and there was an opportunity to see it from Dan to Gaza, and from Edrei to the Mediterranean Sea.

Now when we continue the journey along the Jordan Valley, we follow the plain in a southwesterly direction, and at the western edge of the plain the railroad crosses the river and follows the valley along the western part. The heat was almost unbearable, and no wonder, because this valley is 612 feet below the level of the sea. We pass an old stone bridge called Djiser el-Mudjami (Union Bridge). This name is given to it because near by is the union of the two rivers, Hieromax and Jordan. We are now on the western side of the river, and begin to ascend the hills and come to the ancient city of Beth-shean, which is located on the western edge of the Jordan Valley, on a little height or prominence, from which there is a splendid view of the valley and the mountains of Gilead on the other side of the Jordan. Down in the deep Ghor (cavity) there are many black Beduin tents. The Beduins come near the river in the dry season so as to have easy access to water and pasture for their flocks and cattle.

The dingy town of Beisan, or Beth-shean, is located at a little distance from the station to the southeast. The houses are made of clay and stone, and are low and rickety. It is located on the creek Jalud, which throws itself down over the precipice and into the Jordan. The location is quite beautiful here at the eastern end of the plain of Jezreel, about four miles from the Jordan. Beth-shean was located within the tribe of Manasseh (I Chron. 7:29), though it belonged to Issachar. (Jos. 17: 11). But the children of Manasseh could not capture

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this locality, and the Canaanites remained there. (Jos. 17:12.) During the time of King Saul they seem to have had the controlling power, for we read that the Canaanites hung up the dead bodies of Saul and his sons on the walls of Beth-shean. Then came the inhabitants of Jabesh in Gilead, having walked all night, to Beth-shean, took down the bodies from the wall and brought them to Jabesh, burnt them and buried them under a tamarisk in Jabesh. (I Sam. 31:10-13.) Jabesh is located on the other side of the river in Gilead, and therefore it is also called Jabesh-Gilead. The men from Gilead wished to return the good that the unfortunate Saul had done unto them in past days. During the reign of Solomon the children of Israel owned and controlled the city. After that time we hear nothing of it until after the return from the Babylonian Captivity. The town is called Scythopolis. The historian Josephus informs us that the inhabitants of Scythopolis massacred 13,000 Jews who lived there, by cutting their throats, and then they plundered them. A nefarious act. Scythopolis belonged to the Decapolis, and was quite a large city at the time when the Romans waged the war against the Jews. Now the town has two thousand five hundred inhabitants. We saw a great deal of grass on the roofs of the houses, and the whole town gives the tourist a pitiable impression. The ruins from the olden times are not very numerous. There are parts of an ancient theatre, rows of pillars, two old bridges, and some tombs cut out in the hill. On the height to the north of the ruins of the theatre there is a very good view of the plain of Jezreel and the Jordan Valley. On the other side of the river lies the ancient town of Pella, to which the Christians fled while Jerusalem was beleaguered by the Romans in the year 70 A. D.

We did not stop at Beisan very long, but continued westward on the plain of Jezreel. Now we come into a very historical locality, rich in Bible lore. To the left of us rises the Mt. Gilboa,

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and further west to the right the Little Hermon. We leave all these interesting places for the time being, until we shall come to them again on our way to the northern part of Galilee. Let us mention only a few, as we pass along on the train. To the right of us, on the southwestern slope of Little Hermon, is the ancient town of Sunem, and to the left Jezreel, the capital city of Ahab and Jezebel. The railroad passes between those places on the plain. As we pass by Sunem, the beautiful Mt. Tabor comes into view towards the northeast. To the southwest of the mountain, Nazareth lies on the mountains of Galilee, basking in the sun, and to the left, Mt. Carmel rises as a wall towards the Mediterranean Sea and Haifa. As we approach Carmel, we come near the brook Kishon also, for it flows at the foot of this mountain. Surely we are right among Biblical places. I could hardly sit still in the car, but continually kept looking to the right and left, so as to find the various places described in my guide-book. I felt as though I had come into a new world, and how could I be disinterested in a Bible country like Palestine? On such a theme it is impious to be calm.

Let us note a few things about this long and beautiful mountain wall to the left of us. The very name Carmel means "park" or "place full of trees." The prophets often mention this mountain in their illustrations. We read in Isaiah 33:9: "The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness, Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits," and in Micah 7:14: "Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel: let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old." But the trees on Carmel are very nearly gone. Here and there along its sides there are small groves of trees, but they are quite small. There are some larger trees scattered in between, but they are very few and

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there are sections where you do not see any trees. This mountain was located within the border of Asher, and its southeastern end between the tribes of Sebulon and Manasse. Carmel is five hundred feet high at its northwestern end by the sea, and its greatest height further inland, seventeen hundred feet. Its length is about fifteen miles, and extends from the southeast to the northwest. Along the sides there are ravines and valleys, in which during the rainy season brooks leap down to the plain below. There is a good deal of rubbish along the sides of the mountain, and this makes it rather hard to climb. In olden times Carmel was covered with large forests. It is mentioned by some authors of the Scriptures as an emblem of beauty and richness, and is compared to Lebanon and Sharon: "The wilderness and solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God" (Is. 35:1-2), to Gilead and Bashan (Mic. 7:14), to Sharon and Bashan (Is. 33:9), and to Tabor (Jer. 46:18). In the Songs of Solomon the author says: "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel." (Songs Sol. 7:5.) There are many holes on the sides of the mountain. They are partly natural and partly dug by men. These tomb-like holes have been places of refuge in the times of persecutions, and it is, perhaps, this circumstance which gave the prophet Amos occasion to speak of them in this manner: "And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence, and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence I will command the serpent and he shall bite them." (Amos 9:3.) One of these holes is yet called the "Hole of the Prophets," because it is thought that Ahab's governor of the house, Obadiah, hid the

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prophets here, when his cruel king persecuted them. (I Kings 18:4.)

Here the prophet Elijah performed the miracle with the sacrifice. The Tishbite, Elijah, one of the immigrants from Gilead, said unto Ahab: "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." (I King 17:1.) According to the words of Elijah it did not rain for three years and six months, and there was a great famine in the land of Israel. And, of course, Elijah was compelled to shoulder the responsibility and the blame for this great drought by the wicked Ahab and his equally godless Queen Jezebel. Ahab went out to seek pasture for his horses and cattle by brooks and springs. Now Elijah, who had been by the brook Cherith, afterwards at Sareptah in the house of the poor widow, and there experienced the providing care of God, when the oil in the cruse did not diminish, and the flour in the barrel of meal did not waste, came forward to meet his idolatrous king. And when the king saw him, he said: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" (I Kings 18: 17-18). But Ahab soon found out who was the cause of the trouble. Elijah was the preacher at the court in Israel and did not hide anything, but proclaimed the truth and nothing but the truth. At the command of Elijah Ahab gathered together the prophets of Baal, who numbered four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of Ashtaroath, four hundred, who did eat at the table of Jezebel; and before these and all Israel the sturdy prophet said: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." Here before all the people he wished to ascertain who was the right God. They arranged two altars, took two bulls, divided them and placed the pieces on the wood, but did not kindle any fire. The God who would answer with fire from heaven would be the true and living God. And the

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people said: "It is well spoken." The prophets of Baal and Ashtaroath were given the first chance, but there was no answer with fire from heaven. At noon-time Elijah mocked them and said: "Cry aloud: for he is a god, either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." (I Kings 18:27.) Then Elijah gathered the people together and arranged for the sacrifice, putting water in abundance on the sacrifice and in the trench around the altar. Then the prophet prayed, and said, among other things: "Hear me, O Lord, hear me that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart back again." (I Kings 18:37.) The fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. Then the people said: "The Lord, He is the God, the Lord, He is the God."

But where did these things occur? We might think that they happened on the mountain by the sea, but it was not there, but on the southeastern end of the ridge. There is a place called Makkrakah, or place of sacrifice, and according to ancient tradition, this is the right place. If they did not get the water from the brook Kishon, they could have gotten it from a well or spring, located about two hundred feet from the Makkrakah. It is said that this well has never given out or become dry. But in case it might have done so, during the continued drought, they could have secured all the water necessary from the Kishon, only thirteen hundred feet below this place of sacrifice.

This place has been considered holy during past ages. We read that Elijah prepared the altars that had been torn down. (I Kings 18:30.) It was without doubt Jezebel who tore them down. It was to this place that Tacitus refers in the history of Vespasian, when he says: "Between Syria and Judea there is a mountain called Carmel, on whose top a god is worshiped,

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without any other designation than the place, and according to an old custom without temple or statue. 'An altar is erected under the clear sky, and there they worship the presiding deity.' There can be no question about the place in the light of such testimony. It is not likely that tradition, which points to this place, has made any mistake.

It was on this mountain that Elijah called down fire from heaven over the captain and his fifty men, who had gone out to bring him captive to the king. The king Ahaziah during the time of his sickness, sent a messenger to ask the god of Ekron, Baal-zebub, if he would recuperate from his sickness or not. Then the prophet went out, met the messengers, and told them that the king would surely die. Then the king sent out his men and they were consumed by fire. (II Kings 1:9-15.)

Furthermore, it was on this mountain that the Shunamite, who lived at Shunam, on the other side of the plain of Jezreel, at the foot of the Little Hermon, found the prophet Elijah and asked him to come with her and resurrect her son. (II Kings 4:25-37.)

During the Middle Ages many anchorites lived in the caves of this mountain. A certain crusader from Calabria, Berthold by name, gathered a number of monks who had lived there for some time in honor of Elijah, and laid the foundation to a convent in 1156; and in this way the order of Carmelites arose. It is really one of the beggar orders of monks, which the Pope Honorius III sanctioned in 1226. A patriarch in Constantinople, Albert by name, established some regulations for this order, and according to these, "They shall live by the works of their hands and be silent."

Here on Carmel Richard the Lion-Hearted remained for some time to recuperate, after having made peace with Saladin

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at Jashur, near Jaffa, September 2, 1192. Here the sick warriors of Napoleon remained for some time. The convent served as a hospital while he beleaguered Acco, on the other side of the bay, in 1797. During the war of the Greeks for liberty the convent and the church on Carmel were destroyed by Pascha Abd-allah from Acco, but were rebuilt again in 1828, especially through the efforts of Giovanni Batistas.

It was the 15th of September when we passed along the banks of the brook Kishon, at the foot of Carmel; and at 6:15 we were at the railroad station in Haifa.

Being very tired, because of the extended journey, we rested during the evening. We were again close to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and heard how the billows were beating against the shore. The following day Mr. Fisher and I arose quite early to ascend the mountain, and to see the cloister and the chapel. When we reached the convent we were rewarded by the most excellent view of the city of Haifa, the surroundings and particularly the sea. We walked around the buildings and took some photos; and then the prior of the convent came out and asked us very kindly to come in. The monks received us in a most friendly way. They spoke French and English quite well. The convent is built in Italian style with a great cupola, which is visible far out on the sea. Here the mountain is about five hundred feet high, and stoops almost perpendicularly into the sea. A little to the northwest from the main building there is another but smaller structure, which surrounds the foot of the lighthouse, and this is used as a hotel for pilgrims. Between this building and the convent is the monument over the graves of soldiers, and this has the form of a pyramid. When Napoleon went to Egypt in 1799, he left some soldiers here, after the siege of Acco. All these soldiers were massacred by the Mohammedans.

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Here under this monument they sleep their last sleep, waiting for the resurrection day.

Above the altar in the church adjoining the convent is a statue of Mary, cut out of wood, with the Christ child at her side. The statue of Mary is dressed in a silk dress, and on her head there is a crown, glittering with gold and jewels. Below the altar is the grotto of Elijah. This grotto is about fifteen feet square, and is arranged as a chapel. In the sacristy is a kind of altar-piece, cut out of woods, and this shows how Elijah killed the prophets of Baal.

Having seen all these things, we returned to the sitting room, where the monks manifested great kindness to us in every way. They gave us coffee and cake and asked us to take dinner with them. But our time was quite limited. We could not accept their kind invitation; and having given our good monks bakschisch, we returned to Haifa. When we had arrived at the edge of the mountain, we stopped a little while to take a good look at Acco on the other side of the bay. Acco, or Acre, can be reached by horse and carriage, and it takes two and a half hours. The vicinity is very swampy. It was here that Phoenician sailors happened to discover the manufacture of glass. This town is spoken of only once in the Old Testament: "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Accho, nor the inhabitants of Zidon, nor of Ahlab, nor of Ackzib, nor of Helbah, nor of Aphik, nor of Rehob." (Jud. 1:31.) This town remained, then, in the possession of the Canaanites. In later times it is called Ptolemais. This name is used by the Greeks and the Romans, in the books of the Maccabees and in the New Testament.

When Saint Paul returned from his third missionary journey to Jerusalem, he landed in Ptolemais, greeted the brethren, and remained with them two days. (Acts 21:7.) At Ptolemais

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was a bishopric in the early days of the Christian church, and its bishop was present at the synod of Nice in 325. The Arabs captured the town in 638, and it remained in their possession until 1104, when the Crusaders captured it. Thus the history of Ptolemais is full of changes. It was taken by Saladin in 1187, and in the same year it was beleaguered by a powerful army of the Crusaders. Outside of this army was the Mohammedan host, and now a two years' conflict arose as to who should control the city. Richard the Lion-Hearted and Philip August came to the help of the beleaguered, and the city was taken in 1191, when 300,000 Crusaders and 180,000 Mohammedans had given their lives. Ptolemais became the chief seat of the Knights of John and other knights, and from this time on the town is called Acre, or according to the full name, Jean d'Acre. This was the last place that the Crusaders possessed in Syria. They lost it in 1291. Then it was captured by the Sultan of Egypt and Damascus, when about 60,000 men lost their lives, 6,000 were sold as slaves, and some fled over the sea to distant lands. The Turks captured Acre in 1516, and since that time a great many changes have taken place here. There are now in it about 10,000 inhabitants, and they carry on a lively trade with other countries. But it is constantly declining, because Haifa is continually growing in importance.

Perhaps we ought to say something about Haifa, before we leave. It is located in a crescent-shaped bay, which makes the best harbor in Palestine. It is not very old, but has of late developed very fast and has a population of about 12,000 inhabitants. The German colony is located on the sea to the west of the city, and about six hundred persons live there. They have two schools. Of these one belongs to the Templar church and the other to the Evangelical. They carry on agriculture, have

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vineyards and a great number of cattle. They have also a silk-weaving establishment, a wind-mill and two steam-mills. Haifa has two mosques, several churches, and an Armenian cloister. The Europeans in Haifa present a splendid object lesson of the possibility of keeping the town clean.

## CHAPTER XI

### OVER THE PLAIN OF SHARON TO JAFFA

THE evening I arrived at Haifa I asked a dragoman to take me through the northern part of Palestine or Galilee. He wanted no less than ten dollars a day for six days, or fifty francs a day. I told him this was too much, but he would not come down in his price.

In the meantime an Arab had offered to take us to Jaffa for fifty francs. When we had traveled about three hours, we came to ruins, quite near the shore. These are the ruins of the old Athlit of the Middle Ages, and now called the Castle of the Pilgrims. This place was an important fort during the time of the Crusades, and the last the Crusaders could keep in the Land of Promise. It was taken by Sultan Melik el-Ashraf in 1291. The ruins are very extensive and indicate that Athlit must have been a great stronghold. There is a Jewish colony, founded by Baron Rothschild of Paris, who bought the place.

Having driven a little further south, our driver had to give the horses rest and water. This he did at a well by the roadside. Near by was a threshing floor. I went there to observe how they performed this work, and among other things I saw the way that the camels laid down to receive their burden of grain. At the command of the fellaheen the camel lies down and is then loaded. He is told to get up, and when the burden is too heavy, he groans and pretends that he will bite his master.

After two hours' drive from Athlit we arrived at Tantura. This is also a ruin from the Middle Ages and looks very much

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like Athlit. Tantura is spoken of in the Scriptures and called Dor. This was a Canaanite city, and its king made a covenant with Joshua, but he was killed in battle at the waters of Merom in northern Galilee. (Jos. 11:2, 12; 12:23.) When division was made this town was given to Manasseh, but the children of Manasseh could not take it. In the time of Solomon officers were appointed to provide food for the king and his household. Each man was to secure provision for a month. Such an officer was the son of Abinada, who was appointed in Dor, and was married to Taphath, the daughter of King Solomon. (I Kings 4:11.)

Having passed by these ruins, the road turns to the left on the plain of Sharon. The mountain extends further inland and the plain becomes wider. It is quite uneven here in the northern sections. The road becomes quite steep and we are among hills and valleys. At last we came to a Jewish colony, called Samarin. Here we determined to stop until after midnight, registered at Grand Hotel and had a chance to rest a while. This is one of the thirty-odd colonies that the Jews in the various parts of Palestine have established under the supervision of Baron Rothschild. These colonies are scattered here and there all over the country, and the object of these is to prepare homes for the homeless Jews in various countries. Having rested a little while, we went out with a young student from Beirut to take a look at the vicinity. It was a very beautiful evening. The sun had not yet set below the waves of the Mediterranean; the rays threw a radiant glimmer over the mountains of Samaria, and the Carmel range in the north. On the distant hills new houses were being built, and it was curious to see how they always built their homes on the heights.

On a hill to the southwest from Samarin we have a most excellent view of Cæsarea by the sea, about eight miles distant.

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I had brought along my field glass, and could see the ruins very clearly. To me it looked to be only about a stone's cast, where the foaming waves were beating against the old ruins.

Along the coast of Palestine there is no good harbor. The best one is at Haifa. The harbors at Dor, Tantura, Accho, and Jaffa are very poor. Because of this Herod determined to build a harbor where the vessels could find a safe refuge from the storms that so often beat against this naked and barren coast. This is why he built the city of Cæsarea. The work began in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, i. e. 22 B. C. Where he began to rear the city was a fishing place called Straton's Tower. Here he built a harbor and wished to protect the ships from the south and west wind. It proved to be a great task. Josephus informs us that stones were sunk to a depth of 120 feet. This wall, built in the form of a circle, was 200 feet wide, and all along there were towers and buildings erected on it. The most prominent tower was called Druseum, to the memory of Drusus, Cæsar's brother-in-law. Besides this protective wall, Herod built a temple and palaces, beautifying the city in every way. The city was called Cæsarea Sebastje, in honor of Cæsar Augustus. After ten years the city was ready, and now great festivities followed, according to Roman custom. These dedication festivities showed the trend of the times. Here they had games and races in which naked people partook; here men and animals fought for the mastery, and the spirit of wild heathenism was let loose to the pleasures of the public. In such a way this capital of Palestine was dedicated. From a religious point of view Jerusalem was the capital of the land, but Cæsarea was the real capital city. There were about 200,000 inhabitants here in the days of its greatest prosperity.

Cæsarea is often mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian band, lived here. He was

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a man that feared God, with all his house, and gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always. (Acts 10:2.) This heathen centurion puts many a Christian in the shadow by his fear of God and his self-sacrificing spirit. Through the apostle Peter he found the way of salvation, and became the first fruit from the heathen world. O, that we could say of all those who have the Christian name, that they are praying! Yonder where the ruins are, by this coast, this man had his home. Here he sought and found the truth. Down there somewhere is the place where Herod Agrippa stood when he delivered a speech to the Tyrians and the Sidonians. Then the people, the fickle crowd, cried out: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." "Immediately the angel of the Lord smote him and he was eaten of worms, because he did not give God the glory." (Acts 12:20-23.)

When Paul went to Tarsus from Jerusalem in the year 38, and when he returned from the third missionary journey in the year 58, he landed here and visited the deacon Philip. (Acts 21:8, 12.) Then again when he was taken captive in Jerusalem and was brought to Cæsarea, he was kept a prisoner here for the space of two years. Here he defended his case in a masterly way before the governor, Felix, Festus, and King Agrippa II. (Acts 24: 10-21; 26-29.) Here was the seat of the governor, and only at the great festivals he went up to Jerusalem. When Jerusalem was captured by Titus and destroyed, 70 A. D., Cæsarea became the only capital of Palestine. Here was the seat of a metropolitan bishop, who had twenty bishops in his bishopric. Even the patriarch of Jerusalem was subordinate to the bishop of Cæsarea until 451, when the synod of Chalcedon was held. Here the prominent bishop, the church historian, Eusebius (340), was born, here he labored so diligently to the end of his days, and here the church father from Egypt, Origen, was put to fearful tortures in the Decian persecution during the middle

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of the third century. He survived his tortures three years and died at Tyrus in 254.

Think of the changes and vicissitudes that have taken place on this shore! For a long time Cæsarea was in the hands of the Christians, but the Mohammedans have taken this stronghold from them just as many times as they have captured it. Quite recently a colony from Bosnia has been established near by. This colony has built several new houses and used the ruins of the palace of Herod the Great. Here these ruins lie and bear testimony to the truth that all is vanity. When King Herod, with his cruel taskmasters, was building his magnificent palaces on this storm-beaten shore, he did not surmise that coming generations who would send their tourists to this coast, would find it very difficult to walk around here among the ruins of his mighty capital. Proud Herod could build, but his monuments are fallen to the ground, never to rise again. Even in this respect the dear old Book has spoken the truth and nothing but the truth. We would be very short-sighted if, in all these ruins, we were not able to read His decisions, who has placed a limitation for man and his work and written thereon: "Hitherto, but no further!"

Having had our supper, we went to the synagogue to attend the evening prayer. The fact is that these colonies look just like a small town, and here the people live along the streets in very good-looking houses. They have their fields and pastures quite a distance from the village and live together, because they wish to be in a position to defend themselves against the attacks of the Beduins. These colonies are not very well kept. The people in these sections are not very cleanly either. They have come to the land of their fathers from Russia, Germany, and other countries of Europe. Some have returned to their country again, inasmuch as they could not feel at home in the Land of

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Promise. In this colony there are two synagogues. The one is Reformed, the other Orthodox. Evening prayer is held in both of these synagogues. Together with the student from Beirut I went into the Orthodox to see how they conducted their religious exercises, and I found it very interesting. The prayer had already begun when we entered. The synagogue was full of people. Before an altar a rabbi stood with his back turned towards the people, and sang the evening prayer in the Hebrew Bible. Sometimes they read and sang responsively, and sometimes they talked among themselves in the pews. All had their hats on, some of the boys had a regular "picnic" during the devotional exercises, and there was quite a noise. I had never heard such an evening prayer before. It was very annoying and disturbing to hear them talk while the rabbi was reading from the Scriptures. Above the altar these words are written in Hebrew, "The Lord our God is one," and below, "Know before whom you are standing." After the prayer some announcements were made and so the meeting was over. While I was sitting there with my cap on—the boy who came with me told me not to take off the cap—I thought of the great Jew, Saint Paul, who preached Christ in the synagogues of his countrymen. If the Jews to whom he spoke were as negligent and careless as the Jews seemed to be in the synagogue at Samarin, it is not to be wondered at that he preached repentance the way he did.

In the colony there were about eight hundred persons and they seemed to be satisfied with their lot and thrive pretty well. We went to bed quite early, as we were to arise at 2 A. M. to get over the plain of Sharon and reach Jaffa at 12 o'clock the following day. Our Arab servant told us when to get up, and had breakfast ready for us; but at this early hour we could not eat very much. Having given *bakschisch* to the servant, we started off in the darkness at 2:15 in the morning. It seemed

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rather strange to me to start out at this hour, since we had to pass by several Beduin camps in the night. On the plain of Sharon there are only Beduins and Fellaheen, and they are not so very kindly disposed towards travelers; and in the dark night they had all kinds of chances to do us harm if they wished to do so.

We felt somewhat sleepy, but the Arab driver was very much awake and used his whip quite diligently. He drove over the hills and through the valleys so that the sparks were flying around the wheels.

Now we are out on the plain of Sharon, and yet it is not a regular plain, but very rolling. Of course, we could not see anything in the dark night, but we could get an idea from the motions of the carriage up and down. Along the road we heard the Beduins awake and engaged in conversation, and here and there we saw their campfires. I had no idea how we were to get through, but I left all in the hands of the Lord and thought, "He will protect me as He has done up to this time." Out west we heard how the billows roared against the rocky beach. The dogs of the Beduins were also awake, and the jackals made a fearful noise as they roamed about, seeking their food. This romantic night I shall never forget.

From Haifa we had brought along an Arab who was going out on the plain of Sharon to some of his friends. About three o'clock in the morning he left the carriage. He went out among the bushes, spoke to some one and was answered immediately. We understood that he was expected. It is a peculiarity of the Beduins that they seem to be up and busy all night. No matter how early you rise, you will see them sneaking around, doing something. It would certainly be a daring feat to travel alone on this plain without proper protection.

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About five o'clock in the morning we came to a little village, and before we arrived at the outskirts our driver stopped and lighted the lamps in the carriage. I wondered why he did that, but found out later that he wished to protect us from an attack of the Beduins in the village. They could see by our burning lamps that we were no robbers, but honorable people, and thus they would have no fear of being attacked.

Now the dawn began to appear over the mountains of Samaria. At half-past five we drove in at a place that looked just like a hotel. Here we stopped awhile and rested our poor horses. One of the horses was almost gone. The driver bathed him with cold water and gave him feed, which he had brought along, and in a little while we were ready to go on. The place is called Tull Karm. Now we drove in a southwesterly direction and drew nearer the Mediterranean Sea. We were still quite a few miles from the coast. The "plain" was quite uneven here, valleys and hills following one another.

We were then on the plain of Sharon and reminded ourselves of the lilies, of which the Bible speaks in such glowing terms. Where are they now? We cannot see any. They are gone, and there are no flowers at this time. The valleys and hills are very dry, and give a rather poor pasture to the flocks of the Beduins, as they roam around here. We continued our drive to Jaffa along the old caravan road.

While we are moving along the plain, which becomes more even and fruitful as we draw nearer Jaffa, we think of what the old Book tells us regarding this historic section of Palestine. Sharon is mentioned five times in the Old Testament and only once in the New. (I Chron. 27:29; Is. 33:9; 35:2; Songs of Sol. 2:1.) On this extensive plain King Solomon used to feed his cattle, and the prophet Isaiah laments the devastation which the Assyrians have wrought here: "The earth mourneth and

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languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." (Is. 33:9.) But in days to come Sharon shall blossom as a lily. The same prophet tells of its coming beauty in this way: "The wilderness and solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as a rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." (Is. 35:1-2.) But this plain has become mostly renowned by the Songs of Solomon, who speaks of the rose in Sharon, and describes it as an emblem of beauty, which he would find in his dear Shulamith.

In the winter time this plain is very beautiful. There are then flowers all over, and a most excellent view then greets the tourist. But lo, in the southwest there is something white along the shore. It is heaps of sand, which the winds have carried inland, and there they lie as snowdrifts. And what do we see further on? Orchards. We are drawing near Jaffa. There they raise tropical fruits of all kinds, and everything looks so inviting. The oranges are not yet ripe, but are green, and so is the rest of the fruit along the road. Pretty soon we see the towers and minarets and at last the houses are seen between the fruit trees. Our driver is pushing the poor horses along as though he were wild. Soon we are on the streets of Jaffa. Our Arab coachman must have bakschish; we give it to him and away he goes. At last we are in Jaffa. This time our visit in Jaffa was very limited, but we came to this interesting place on three other occasions, and we might leave the description of the place until later on. Here on this coast most of the pilgrims who visit the Holy Land make their landing, and who can tell how many thousands have placed their feet on the sacred soil

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for the first time during the past centuries? I thanked God, who had given me His kind protection and followed me so far that I was now ready to "go up to Jerusalem." In the next chapter we shall relate our experiences on our way to that sacred place.

## CHAPTER XII

### TO THE HOLY CITY

WHILE we were waiting for the train, which was to leave at two o'clock in the afternoon, we walked around the station to become somewhat acquainted with the location. Now we were ready to board the train. The second-class coaches are quite good, and the passengers are ordinarily respectable. Although very tired of the journey over the plain, I became quite strong and enthusiastic at the thought that I was going to the Holy City. "We go up to Jerusalem," came continually to my mind, and I could hardly believe that this was true. During my journeys I had had the idea of making Jerusalem the central point of my travel in the Land of Promise, and with this city as my last goal, it was no wonder that I felt quite interested. On the train there were a great many passengers, but I almost forgot that there was anyone else in the car, because all along the road there are a number of Biblical places, and I must learn something about them.

To begin with, the train goes in a northeasterly direction between heaps of sand, which the storms have carried hither from the beach. In a few minutes we pass by the German colony to the right of the railroad. This colony was founded in 1868 by Christoffer Hoffman and his followers from Würtemberg, who united with him. This is one of the Templar colonies, of which there are a great many in Palestine. In this colony there is a Lutheran church and a school. Another colony of the same nature is located about forty-five minutes' journey to the north-

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east of the city. When we had come about half way to this home of the Templars, the train turned in a southeasterly direction on the plain of Sharon. There was, to the right, a Jewish colony with an agricultural school containing about three hundred students. Near by is a fellaheen village called Jashur. According to tradition Samson caught his foxes at this place, took firebrands, turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails, and let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines. In this way he burnt up the shocks and also the standing corn with the vineyards and olives. (Jud. 15:4.) Here in this village stood the temple of Dagon, in which the Philistines fastened the head of Saul when they had cut it off on the mount of Gilboa. (I Chron. 10: 10).

Quite a distance on the level plain, and we are at El-Lud, the old Lydda. After the Babylonian captivity some men of Benjamin lived here. At that time the place was called Lod. (I Chron. 8:12.) In the New Testament times Peter here healed the man sick with palsy. "And it came to pass, as Peter passed through all the quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Aeneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of palsy. And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Sharon saw him and turned to the Lord" (Acts 9: 23-25). Josephus informs us that Cestus Gallus burnt this town. (Jos. Ant. 14:12:5.) Afterwards it was rebuilt and the inhabitants delivered themselves without resistance into the hands of Vespasian, 68 A. D. People from other places moved into Lydda and it grew again to some prominence. During the time of the Romans it was called Diospolis, i. e. the city of Jupiter. In the Christian times it contained the seat of a bishop, and a synod was held here 415. According to an

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ancient tradition St. George was a prince from Cappadocia and he killed a great snake which was about to kill the princess Aja. This George is said to have died as a martyr during the Diocletian persecution. According to another legend Lydda is the birthplace of this St. George, and a splendid church was built here in his honor. When the first Crusade came to Palestine, this church was destroyed by the Mohammedans, 1099. The Crusaders chose George as their patron saint and rebuilt the church. When the regime of the Crusaders came to an end, the church was again torn down and for a long time there were heaps of ruins here. Over the crypt, where Saint George is said to have been buried, the Mohammedans have built a mosque. This is located in the southern part of Lydda. From the station the town is scarcely visible, because of a thick olive grove, which extends over the plain.

At a little distance from Lydda is Ramle. This is our next station and is a city of about 5,000 inhabitants, of whom the most are Mohammedans. Ramle is located on a sandy plain, and hence the name, which means *sandy*. During the Crusades there was a bishopric here. The great mosque was a church from the time of the Crusaders. Here is, then, another one of those churches which the Mohammedans transformed into a mosque. Another object of interest is in the northwestern part of the city. It is a tower, which formerly belonged to a mosque, since fallen to pieces. This was built in 1319 by the Egyptian Sultan Mohammed En-Nazir to the memory of his son.

The city of Ramle is, according to some authors, the Arimathœa from which Joseph came; he who gave his grave to the Master to be buried in. (Matt. 27:57.) Several authors, and among them Hierome in his "Paulas' Journey," inform us that Arimathœa was not far from Lydda. Others have objected to this assertion, but the testimony of Hierome in the fourth cen-

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ture cannot so easily be brushed aside. It is likely, if not absolutely proven, that Arimathœa is discovered in the present Ramle.

At this place the railroad crosses the road leading from Jaffa to Jerusalem. To the left on a hill you see a village called Abuschusche. Here is the location for the Canaanite city Gezer. About this we read that "King Pharaoh of Egypt had gone up and taken Gezer, and burnt it with fire, and slain the Canaanites that dwelt in that city, and given it for the present unto his daughter, Solomon's wife." (I Kings 9:16). Quite recently the Palestine Exploration Fund has made excavations here under the leadership of Prof. Macalister; anyone who is interested in this work may procure "Sidelight on the Bible from the Mound of Gezer," recently published by the Palestine Exploration Fund.

As we proceed, we observe to the right of the road the agricultural colony Akir, founded by Baron Rothschild. Here was the ancient Ekron (Jos. 13:3, 15; 15:45-46.) When we came to the station Sedjed in Wady es-Sarar, or the valley of Zorah, we observed to the right of the road a fellaheen village by the name Ain Schemesh, the ancient Beth Schemesh, the City of the Sun, of which we read in the Scriptures. During the last days of Eli, the high priest and judge in Israel, the ark of the covenant was brought from Shiloh to the battlefield of Eben-Ezer. The Philistines captured the ark of the covenant, and there was a great loss for Israel that day. The Philistines brought the ark to Ashdod and placed it in their temple by their god Dagon. Now these Philistines did as many a nominal Christian is doing even nowadays. They are trying to worship the living God, but they are serving idols besides, although it is very clear from the word of God that Christ and Baal cannot be reconciled. Nevertheless it is very hard for them to give up

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certain sins—sins which they do not wish to consider as sins; for instance, drunkenness, unchastity, dancing, and card playing, and many kindred sins. Many of them are people who go to church on Sunday and attend communion, but if they are called upon to give up their pet sins, they become very much irritated, and demand to have the reason why they should become so puritanical. Now what are they doing, but trying to place Christ beside Baal, or the ark of the Lord in the temple of Dagon?

In this connection we might remind ourselves that the ark of the covenant gave occasion to a great deal of trouble, so that they were compelled to bring it back. They made a cart, took two milch kine, on which there hath come no yoke, and tied the kine to the cart and shut up their calves at home, and the cows brought the ark of the covenant back to the land of Israel at Beth-Shemesh. Near this place is the grave of Samson (Jud. 16:31.) The railroad is now going up among the mountains of Judah, on the south side of the valley of Zorah to a station called Der Aban. On the north side of the valley is the home town of Samson, the ancient Zorah, among a grove of palm trees. (Jud. 13:2.) In that town lived Manoah and his pious wife. Quite near this place and further to the east is a Jewish colony called Astuf. We are now among the foothills of Judah, called Shefelah, and the railroad is zigzagging along the sides of the mountains, through valleys and tunnels. Now and then we see walls along the mountainsides. These were built to keep the soil from crumbling down with the winter rain. At last we come to Betir, the next station to Jerusalem. This station is located in a valley, and is a Mohammedan village. The Arabs call it Wady el-Ward, or valley of roses, because there is an abundance of them here.

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Betir is without doubt the old Bether, where a strong fortress was located formerly. Within this fortress Bar Cochba kept himself and his warriors, defying the soldiers of the Emperor Hadrian, who beleaguered it for a long time. The fortress was captured in 135 A. D., the head of Bar Cochba was carried with great joy into the Roman camp, and now followed a massacre so fearful that the brook flowing down the valley ran with blood the whole way down to the Mediterranean Sea. Such is the tradition of the Rabbis. Next to the destruction of Jerusalem this was the greatest desolation. About 80,000 people fell before the sword of the Romans, and besides this a great number of people died of pestilence, famine and other misfortunes. The only place in the Holy Scripture where Bether is mentioned is the Songs of Solomon 2:17, where we read: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." Down in the valley the water flows very freely; and from this place the water is led into the city of Jerusalem.

To the right of Betir, beyond the station, lies Ain el-Hanije, or the Well of Philip. At this place the Ethiopian eunuch was baptized by the deacon in Jerusalem, Philip (Acts 8:36.) Next the train turns into Raphaim, the plain of the Giants. To the right we have the mount, Mar Eljas, to the left the residence of the Greek patriarch, and further ahead, the hospital for the leprous, belonging to the Moravian Brethren. We are now on the plain on which the army of King Sennacherib was stationed, when the angel of the Lord in one night slew 185,000 men. I stood for a long time by the car window, waiting to see the first glimpse of the Holy City. The train is speeding along in a northeasterly direction along the plain. My heart is beating faster than usual in the expectation of seeing the ancient city of Jerusalem. You do not see very much of it when you arrive,

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except some towers and minarets here and there and a part of the walls. To the east of the city the Mount of Olives is visible. This I saw now for the first time, and I shall never forget this moment. At the last the engine whistles and the train comes to a stop at the station. My watch shows 6:05 P. M. We stepped off the train and read "Jerusalem" on the plain and insignificant station. I wondered if it was a reality or a dream. I was awake, but stood there as a dreamer. Here was now a fearful noise among the Arab coachmen who stood near the station. Mr. Fisher and I got hold of a representative from the Hotel Fast. Several were fighting for our baggage, but at last we stepped into the carriage; and we went along the road, by the Jaffa gate, and up in the New City. The station is located about a mile to the west of the Hill of Evil Counsel. As soon as we came into the car, we came down in the Gihon Valley. Here we see to the right the deep Ben Hinnom Valley and beyond this the Mount of Olives. In the Gihon Valley we pass over a bridge called Birket-es-Sultan, or the Sultan dam, the Lower Gihon.

The road is rather steep, until we reach the Jaffa gate. The coachman used the whip very freely and the horses fell down on the street. I told the man that if he struck the horses once more I would get out of the carriage and leave him. He did not strike the horses any more after that. At the Hotel Fast, very tired after the journey of the day and in need of refreshing sleep, we resolved to go to bed early, so that we might be able to "tour" the Holy City the next day. I thanked God with my whole heart for His gracious protection during my journey to this city. A short devotion and I went to rest, entrusting myself to the protecting hands of God, and slept well this, my first night in the Holy City.

## CHAPTER XIII

### IN THE HOLY CITY

THIS is the city of Jerusalem, which has been designated as the capital city of the whole Christian world. Here is the birthplace of Christianity, and here Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the hope of mankind, suffered, died, was buried and arose again from the dead. Books have been written and books will be written about this wonderful city, and what shall I be able to relate about it that the reader does not know already? I wish to ask the reader to follow me in imagination to the top of the Mount of Olives. We shall there stand and let the events of history in brief pass in review before our mind. Here the greatest act in the drama of human life has been acted.

While we are standing on the top of the Mount of Olives, on the place where Christ is said to have once stood, we have the most excellent view of the Holy City. But before we endeavor to relate what has happened within these walls, let us try to depict the location of this historic place. The ancient city of Jerusalem is located on the top of the mountains of Judah, and about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. It is located on four hills, which are almost surrounded with deep valleys; and beyond these the mountains rise higher than those of the city. When you stand on the top of the Mount of Olives, it appears that the city is leaning a little towards the east, and the hills are not visible to any greater extent. The location within the walls is somewhat oblong from southwest to northeast. In the southwestern part of this oblong surface lies Mount Zion, in the north-

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east Bezetha, in the southeast Moriah, and in the northwest Acra. This is the highest place on which the city is built. On the west side of Mount Moriah is a valley called Tyropoean or Cheese-mongers. This begins inside of the Damascus Gate, and extends southward to the Dung Gate and into the Ben Hinnom Valley. But you cannot see this very clearly on an elevation like the Mount of Olives. The present wall, built by Sultan Suleiman in 1542, has seven gates. On the east side is the Stephen Gate, and this name is given to it because the Deacon in the Christian church at Jerusalem, Stephen, was stoned outside the same. He was the first martyr for the evangelical truth. The Mohammedans call this gate Bab Sitti Maryam, i. e. the Gate of the Virgin Mary, because in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, below this gate, the Virgin Mary was buried. Now there is a church at that place. Further south in the wall is the golden gate, called by the Mohammedans Bab ed-Dahariyeh, and is located almost directly opposite Moriah. If we go along the wall northward we will come to the Herod Gate, a little distance to the west of the northeast corner. The Arabs call this gate Bab es-Zahireh. A little distance to the west is the Damascus Gate, called Bab el-Amud. Here was the old Fish Gate. Further west again is a new gate, opened quite recently, and called Bab Abdul Hamid. On the west side is only one gate, namely the Jaffa Gate, or Bab el-Khalil. The Mohammedans call it El-Khalil, or the Friend, because Abraham was the friend of God, and through this gate you go to Hebron, where Abraham lived. On Mount Zion is the Zion Gate, called by the inhabitants Bab Nebi Daud, i. e. the prophet David's Gate. It is so called, because the grave of David is supposed to be quite near this place. In the south wall there is only one gate, the Dung Gate, called Bab el-Mugharibe, i. e. the African Gate. In ancient Jerusalem the gates were named quite differently and located at different places.

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If we go out through the Stephen Gate and walk down the hillside, we come into the Jehoshaphat Valley, or the Kedron, as it is called in the New Testament. There is water in this brook only in the rainy season. This valley is quite deep on the east side of the city, but as it turns to the northwest, it becomes wider and not so deep. To the northeast of this valley is Mount Scopus, from which ridge of the Mount of Olives Titus saw the doomed city for the first time. On the west side is the Gihon Valley, which empties into Ben Hinnom, a very deep and craggy vale. Jehoshaphat and Ben Hinnom unite to the southeast of the city into a deep gorge which goes down to the Dead Sea. To the south of Ben Hinnom is the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called, because the home of Caiaphas is supposed to have been located here, and to this place the enemies of Jesus came to counsel how they might kill him. The Mount of Olives is a ridge, the top of which is about a mile from the city. This ridge has several smaller knobs, such as Mount Scopus, Viri Galilaei, or Men of Galilee, the Mount of Ascension, and Prophets and the Mount of Offense, the one farthest to the south, by the road leading to Bethany and the Dead Sea. Consequently there are mountains all around the Holy City. Only to the southwest is an open place, the plain of Rephaim. This circumstance has given the psalmist occasion to say: "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever." (Ps. 125:2.) Such is, in brief, the locality of Jerusalem as you see it from the top of Olives.

What wonderful events have not taken place here! What changes during thousands of years of its existence have not these surroundings witnessed! Before we remind ourselves of its wonderful history, let us relate the story of its names. In the Patriarchal era, here was the seat of a royal priesthood, and the name of the incumbent was Melchizedek. (Gen. 14:18.) In

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several places of the Holy Scriptures it is simply called Salem. About one hundred years before Asaph composed the seventy-sixth Psalm it was called Salem. "In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion." (Ps. 76:2.) When the Israelites conquered the land of Canaan, the Jebusites lived here, and then it was designated Jebus. Perhaps the full name, even at that time, was Jebus-Salem. (Jud. 19:10.) There are some who believe that the name has been changed from Jebus-Salem to Jerusalem for the sake of euphony, and perhaps that is the case. The first time we meet with the name Jerusalem in the Bible is in the Book of Judges, where we read: "And Adonibezek said, Three score and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table; as I have done, so God hath requited me. And they brought him to Jerusalem and there he died. Now the children of Judah had fought against Jerusalem, and had taken it, and smitten it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire." (Jud. 1:7-8.) During the time of Joshua and the Judges it is sometimes called Jerusalem, and sometimes Jebus or City of the Jebusites (Jud. 19:11.) The city is also called Jebus' Hight (Jos. 18:16.) Jerusalem is called the Holy City in several places of the Scriptures (Mark 4:3; 27:53), and Isaiah calls it Ariel, which means God's lion. (Is. 29:1.) The Emperor Aelius Hadrianus founded a Roman colony in Jerusalem, after the rebellion of Bar Cochba, and in order that the hated Jews might not have occasion to start another rebellion, he forbade them to settle here. He rebuilt Jerusalem and called it Aelia Capitolina, which name it retained till 536 A. D. The name Jerusalem was altogether forgotten. There is a story told of a martyr during the time of Emperor Maximius (238) at Cæsarea, that when he was asked as to his home town he said Jerusalem—thereby meaning the heavenly Jerusalem—he was asked by the Roman official

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Firmilianus, where this city was located and what kind of a town it was—to such an extent Jerusalem had been forgotten. Already during the time of Constantine the Great they commenced to use the name Jerusalem, but the name Aelia was used for some time afterwards. At present the Holy City is called El- Kuds or the Sanctuary, because one of the principal sanctuaries is located here—Kubbet es-Sakhra, the Dome of the Rock. Although the Arabs are familiar with the name Jerusalem or Jeru-shalaim, they very seldom use it.

Now what changes do not these different names indicate! Jerusalem has had a golden age. Here the greatest events in the history of the world have taken place. There are seven great periods in the history of this ancient city. The first is the Patriarchal from 2000-1500 B. C. About 4000 years ago came an immigrant of the Hebrew family from Ur of the Chaldees by way of Mesopotamia, went to the southern parts of the land of Canaan and made that part of the land his home country. A relative of his, his nephew Lot, went with him and settled in the rich and fruitful Siddim Valley. Here he happened to be attacked by Chedorlaomer, and was carried away from his home country in one of those warlike expeditions. Abram, for that was the name of the Hebrew stranger, went after the king with his 318 brave servants, on the other side of Damascus to Hobah. (Gen. 14:15.) Here he conquered him and brought back his nephew Lot. Returning, he went without doubt by way of Salem.

But the years are rolling swiftly by. A certain day there comes an aged patriarch over the hills to the south of Salem. He brings along two servants, an ass and his son, the only one he has, leaves the ass and the servants a little ways off, and with his son, a bundle of wood, a knife and fire he proceeds to the hill of Moriah. Here he builds an altar, places the wood upon

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it and binds his son in order to offer him as a sacrifice. But the angel of the Lord prevents him; he finds that he has given evidence enough of his love to his God and implicit obedience. Here is a reminder of Him who in the fulness of time sacrificed Himself in the place of mankind. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him."

But a new era breaks in. It is the era of the Jebusites from 1500-1048 B. C. This is a stormy period. From the burning sands of the desert a people has entered into the land of Promise, and they have come conquering and to conquer. The land is given to them by promise, but they must occupy it by conquest. The Book of Joshua relates this story very briefly, and Judges describes the occupation of the land in detail. After seven years of bloody wars the Israelites are masters of the land. In a heroic manner the occupants of the fortress Jebus determine to hold their own in face of the victorious immigrants. The Israelites won the victory. Jerusalem was given to the tribe of Benjamin at the division of the land, but it seems as though they did not make any effort to occupy the city. The tribe of Judah, whose boundary lines went down to the Valley of Ben Hinnom, tried to occupy the fortress, but could not, and the Jebusites lived there together with the children of Israel. (Jos. 15:63.) After the death of Joshua the tribe of Judah captured the city of Jebus, killed the inhabitants, and burnt it. (Jud. 1:8.) Josephus relates that it was the lower part of the city, which Judah captured, but he could not capture the upper part, because the Jebusites defended their city so heroically and kept their fortress for four hundred years, in spite of the fierce attacks of Israel.

Another epoch in the history of the city is coming. This is the Royal period, and extends from 1048 to 588 B. C. Over the hills from the south an army is drawing near. The general

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is the king at Hebron. His army is approaching the mighty fortress of the Jebusites. A fearful struggle takes place. Joab was the first to climb up on the wall, the strong fortress was captured and Joab became the general of the army. In this way David conquered the Jebusites, occupied the fortress, lived there, and so it was called the City of David. David built a fortress on the hill of Zion with cedar trees from Lebanon. (II Sam. 5:1-11.) Amidst great rejoicing the ark of the covenant was brought to Zion from Kirjath-Jearim, and placed there in a tent. David intended to build a temple to the Lord, but the prophet Nathan came to him and told him that he was a man of war, had shed blood, and for this reason he could not build a dwelling-place to the Lord. Still he was permitted to prepare for it. Here David ruled thirty and three years over all the tribes, carried the scepter with a mighty hand, and extended the boundary lines of his dominion. He began to build a wall around the city and this was completed by his son and successor. When David brought the ark of the covenant to Jebus, it was called Jerusalem. At that time the town was located mostly on the west side of the Tyropoean Valley and on the southern part of Moriah, called Ophel. Thus we find here the upper and the lower city.

At the end of his reign David bought the threshing floor of the Jebusite, Ornan, for six hundred shekels of gold. (II Chron. 3:1.) Having finished a very successful reign, he is gathered unto his fathers and his son ascends his throne. During his peaceful regime the temple is built on Moriah. Under the leadership of 3,600 men this work is carried on, and 70,000 are bringing material from Lebanon, while 80,000 are working in the stone quarries. Of strangers there were 153,000 who partook in this work. The temple was twice as large in dimensions as the tabernacle. These things took place 1010 B. C. The reign of this king was most glorious, and yet we find many dark

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shadows in his life. There were a great many faults to be found with him personally. In his time the seeds of coming struggles and divisions were sown. Strange, indeed, that this king fell away from God in his old age. Heathen women led him away from God. Did he ever return to God in a proper relation to Him? Who can answer? Some believe that he did, and that he then wrote his book, Ecclesiastes.

With Solomon away from the arena of life, his kingdom is divided into two divisions, the kingdom of Judah and the kingdom of Israel, and Jerusalem becomes the capital city of the former kingdom. There are twenty kings in succession on the ancient throne of David.

In the reign of Hezekiah, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria came and captured many cities of Judah—Assyrian inscriptions say forty-six—and these cities were fortified. The prophet Isaiah had prophesied about these events long before. (Isa.10: 28-32.) The reign of Ahaz was very disastrous, but in the days of Hezekiah the Lord protected His Zion. But now Egyptian armies came again, this time under the leadership of Pharaoh Necho, right into the Holy City. Thrice this king of Babylon came to Jerusalem, 606, 599, and 588 B. C., and established his vassal kings here at last. When one of these kings, Zedechiah, rose up against his master, Nebuchadnezzar came the third time in 588, captured the city, razed it to the ground, and brought the inhabitants with him as captives to Babylon. The estimate is that about 300,000 or 400,000 were carried into captivity. This was a deplorable time for the Jewish nation. Jerusalem was now desolate, the temple was torn down, and among the ruins Jeremiah, who was permitted to remain in his home country, sang his lamentations. By the rivers of Babylon the children of Judah wept, when they thought of their Zion.

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From 588 B. C. to 70 A. D. the Jews enjoyed an era of liberty. Led by Zerubbabel, they were restored to their former home in Palestine. In the year 536 B. C. the first prisoners returned to their desolate city. They began slowly to rebuild the temple and the city. In 445 Nehemiah returned to the city of his fathers and built the walls around the place. A great number returned and the new Jerusalem rose out of the ruins and became a metropolis for the Jewish state. When the Persian king Cyrus victoriously entered Babylon, the Jews became subjects to the Persian government. Again when the powerful son of Macedon, Alexander the Great, subjugated the Orient and captured the Holy City and became ruler of this territory, Jerusalem came under the scepter of Macedonia. Alexander marched into this city in 332 B. C. The Jews received certain privileges in his dominion. When the mighty ruler died in Babylonia in 323 B. C., his kingdom was divided into four parts, and Jerusalem came under the Syrian and later under the Egyptian rulers. These two kingdoms fought for this historic place and Palestine. Think of the fearful wars that have been waged here!

Ptolemaeus Soter, king of Egypt, captured this city in 320 B. C., and this he did because the Jews were not willing to fight on the Sabbath. The king of Syria, Antiochus, recaptured it, and when the Jews rebelled, Antiochus Euphianes and his son recaptured the same in 169. Now a period of persecution began for the Jews and a great many were killed. Then the powerful Maccabees appear on the scene (167-137). A Jewish priest from Jerusalem, whose paternal city, Modin, was located to the northwest, came forth as a deliverer. His name was Mattathias. His son, Judas Maccabee, liberated Jerusalem from the oppressors, and now a period of prosperity came for the oppressed people. But at the end of this period conflicts arose. Two

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brothers, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, were fighting for the supremacy. When they appeared before the Roman general with a view of having their disputes settled, Pompey, then at Damascus, came with his army and captured Jerusalem, and thus the Romans came into power in this country.

This happened in the year 65 B. C. Herod, the Idumean, became king in 40 B. C. and being appointed by the Roman senate, he was subject to Rome. In this way the Herodian family came to rule over Palestine. This was a prosperous time in many ways for the Jewish nation. This was the Herod who ruled in the land when Christ, the promised Messiah, was born in Bethlehem, six miles south of here. Herod ruled in reality from 38 B. C. to 4 A. D. Herod was a mighty builder. At Jerusalem he built an arena for races, and outside the city he erected an amphitheatre for bull fights, and every fifth year he arranged for such combats to the honor of the Emperor Augustus. The Jews were very much displeased at such doings, and ten men made a plot to kill the king. He found it out and these men were put to death in a most horrible manner. Herod fortified Jerusalem and built three towers on the north side of the old wall, called Hippicus, Phasael and Mariamme, in honor of his friend, brother and wife. On Mount Zion he built a strong fortress. Furthermore, he built Herodion in Judah, Cæsarea by the sea and a great many fortresses. We will pass by his buildings in Damascus, Beiruth, Ptolemais and Zidon and several other places in order to remind ourselves of his masterpiece, the temple on Mount Moriah. By this building he wished to immortalize his name. The temple of Zerubbabel was quite a good deal smaller than the Solomonic, but stood on the same place. He was compelled to tear down the old one, but before the Jews would allow him to do that, he was compelled to promise that he should build another one. One thousand priests were

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appointed to superintend the construction of the sanctuary. One thousand wagons brought stones to the building, and ten thousand men cut them. This was a most beautiful and magnificent structure, and may be classified among the most splendid edifices that human hands have reared. The Jews told us that it was in construction during forty-six years, and yet it took another eighteen years before it was finished. It stood complete for six years, when in 70 A. D. it was burnt down by soldiers when Jerusalem, at that time, was captured. There are some authors who hold that the building was ready in two and a half years, but that the additional structures required still eight years. On the north side of the temple he built the fortress Baris, or rather rebuilt it and called it Antonia in commemoration of Antonius. We must pass by a great deal of what this man did. Suffice it to say, that towards the end of his life the wise men from the Orient came and inquired for the new-born King of the Jews. The prophecies pointed to Bethlehem as the right place and thither they went. The murderous Herod caused all boys in Bethlehem, who were two and below two years, to be killed.

With Herod's son, Archelaus the land of Judah lost the last remnant of its independence, and after this the country was governed by procurators, or governors, appointed by the Roman government. These procurators ruled from 6-41 A. D. The one mostly known by the Christian world is Pontius Pilate or Pilate, who ruled from 26 to 36 of our era. He was a very weak ruler, and at the same time cruel and inhuman. During his time the greatest event in the annals of man took place. Pontius Pilate condemned Jesus Christ, our Saviour, to death. Yonder, on the southern part of Acra, is a little knob called Golgotha, or Place of Skull. To this place He was brought, who had done no evil, and in whose mouth no guile was found. Here he was made a

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sin offering for us, in order that we might inherit the eternal life. Yonder on the hill He hung on the cross between two malefactors.

Let us hasten over the history till the year 70. For years Jerusalem was an arena for wars and bloodshed. At last the city became a carcass for the Roman eagles. The hour of revenge is come. Yonder to the north Titus appeared with his army on Mount Scopus. The words, spoken by the Master when he was sitting here on this mount somewhere, shall be fulfilled: "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." (Matt. 23:2.) The army of Titus numbered about 60,000 soldiers without servants. After fifteen days the army of Titus was located on Bethzeta, and had thus passed the first, or Agrippa's wall; in a short time his army had taken the place between this and the second. The distress among the besieged was indescribable. On the eighth of September Titus broke into the city. Now about 1,000,000 were killed during the siege. The Jews had to give in to the superior power of the Romans. The words of Christ became literally fulfilled, the temple was burnt, and the plow was driven over the Hill of Moriah. From this date, A. D. 70, the real Roman period begins (70-637). Jerusalem is forgotten and nothing is said of it for half a century. But in the first part of the second century another war breaks out. It is the false Messiah, Bar Cochba, who is trying to rebuild the city and temple. Without doubt the Holy City was left to itself after its destruction by Titus. Jews by the thousands are gathered around Bar Cochba. The rebellion must be crushed. Hadrian succeeded in crushing it, every building in Jerusalem was leveled to the ground, and they drove the plow over the temple place as an indication that no temple should be built there any more. Their last refuge was Betir, of which place we have spoken before on our way to Jerusalem. But even this

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place must give in. This happened on the 9th of August, the very same day that the temple was destroyed by Nebucadnezzar in 588 B. C., and the Herodian temple in 70 A. D.

Hadrian caused a Jupiter temple to be built on Moriah. The Jews were forbidden to come nearer Jerusalem than three Roman miles (15,000 feet). They were not even permitted to look at it from a distance. The Christians were permitted to live in Jerusalem, but under oppressing conditions. Hadrian built a Venus temple over the grave of Christ, so as to make the place very detestable for the Christians. He gave the city another name, Aelia Capitolina. Jerusalem was to become a heathen city in every way.

In the year 326 we find the Empress Helena in the Holy City. She is here at the command of her son, Emperor Constantine, to investigate the holy places. Julian, the Apostate, sought to build another temple on Mount Moriah, but a subterranean fire broke out against him, as Amenianus Marcellinus, the companion of the Emperor, informs us. He had to give up building the temple. In 529 the emperor built a church on Moriah, on the place where the Mosque El-Aksa now stands. The Persian king, Cosroes II, captured Jerusalem, destroyed the church and killed a great number of monks and priests. Then the Mohammedan period is ushered in. In 637 Jerusalem and the whole of Palestine is taken by the Mohammedans under the Caliph Omar. After this period comes the era of the Crusades (1099-1191). Mighty armies rush toward the coasts of the Holy Land, and the holy places are now held in very high esteem. Eight great Crusades are undertaken to the Holy Land; and besides this, the children's Crusade. The kingdom of Jerusalem lasted for 88 years. The Sultan of Damascus, Saladin, conquered the army of the Crusaders on the plain below the Mount of Beatitudes in 1187, and the same year Jerusalem and Palestine

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were taken. Now a period of tribulation came for the Christians. They were permitted to keep only the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; everything else was taken from them. In 1517 Jerusalem came under the Turkish scepter, and since that time there have not been many changes in the old program. Thousands of Jews have moved into Jerusalem during the last decades. Here they have settled in the southeastern and in the northwestern parts of the city.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Holy City. We have touched upon only a few facts in the various periods. There is not a city in the world, that has had such a changeable history as this. During the course of 3,000 years it has been besieged not less than thirty-five times. The enemy has captured Jerusalem twenty-six times and plundered it just as many times. It has been leveled to the ground three times; by Nebucadnezzar in 588 B. C., by Titus in 70 A. D., and by Hadrian in 135 A. D. These and a thousand other thoughts crowd our mind as we are standing on the Mount of Olives. Now if my worthy reader wishes to follow me, we shall wander about in the Holy City and its surroundings to find out the conditions in that city at present.

In the morning, the 18th of September, I rose early, but did not feel well. At this time of the year the Syrian fever was very common in Palestine, and a great many people were sick with this disease. The fever is called Abu Rukeb, or father of the knee, because it makes itself manifest, to begin with, in the knees, and then a fearful itch follows. I secured some medicine for the fever and it helped me a great deal. At this time it was very warm here, and I secured thin garments for such a climate. Then I went to the American consulate to find if there was any mail from home. Later on I met my dragoman, Mr. Ephraim Aboosh. He promised to help me with a suitable place to live in,

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where I could have more quiet than I had at the Hotel Fast. After a good deal of futile searching, owing to the prevalence of the Syrian fever, we were at last accommodated at the main building in the American colony. From my room in the upper story I had an excellent view of the Mount of Olives, to the east and northeast, and Mispa, or Nebi Samwil in the northwest. A better room I could not have received anywhere, and I had a splendid opportunity to learn to know more closely my recently acquired friends in the colony. Perhaps it would not be out of place to relate something about this colony.

About forty years ago a woman went from Chicago over the Atlantic to France. Her name was Anna Spafford. She was a Norwegian lady by birth, born in Stavanger, Norway, and was the wife of a well-to-do lawyer in Chicago. In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean a sailing vessel ran into the steamer and in fifteen minutes the boat sank with nearly all the passengers. About seven hundred were on board and eighty-two were rescued. Mrs. Anna Spafford was one of them. She was unconscious and was floating about in the water, on some wreckage when she was miraculously saved; but her two daughters, whom she was taking to France to be educated, were drowned. Having landed in Europe, she sent her husband this laconic telegram, "Saved alone." Mrs. Spafford thought she must have been saved for some purpose, and so she went to Jerusalem in 1881 with seven others and founded this colony. After awhile there came others from Chicago and a few from Dalcarnia in Sweden; and the number of the colonists grew continually. At present there are about 120 altogether, and of these about forty are Swedes, either from Chicago or from Dalcarnia. Such is, in short, the history of the foundation of the colony and its development.

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It was a Saturday evening when I moved into the colony. My room was well furnished and had a kind of cupola for a roof. This form of roof is better adapted for the hot climate, and although the weather was very warm during the weeks that I was in the city, my room was cool and very agreeable. I felt at home in this colony at once. They spoke the American language all the time.

Before the meals they rang a little bell. The first ringing signified that you should make ready for the meal, and the second, that you should gather in the dining hall. I came in with the rest of them and was given a place between Mr. H. L. Larson and Mr. Jacob Elliahu. I could not have wished for better table companions. The dining room was large and spacious, the table well set and everything reminded me of the New World. When all had gathered at their various places, I expected that some one should say grace. But no one did it. Instead they united in singing the following verse:

“The Lord is great, the Lord is good,  
And we thank Him for this food.  
By His hand must all be made.  
Give us, O Lord, our daily bread.”

Their beautiful voices sounded harmoniously through the dining hall, and I felt good to be at a table where the guests received their daily bread with thanksgiving. The meals were always well prepared and served in the ways of the New World. No wonder that I felt so at home with these people. When I returned, tired and weary from my journeys, I always found a pleasant refuge among these friends, and all the time they treated me in a gentlemanly and Christian manner.

Economically they seem to believe in a kind of socialism and have, as far as I could determine, everything in common. Every

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one has something to do, and the best harmony prevails among them as far as I could ascertain. But the socialism of the American colony here in the Holy City is not of the modern kind, but bears the trait of the socialism of the first Christians in this city. No one complained. Every one has his special work to do and this he does in a quiet manner.

They have had a hard time to row through in former days, as I was told, but now the colony is on a good financial footing. The religious tendency among them seems to be a certain kind of adventism. They live a Christian life. Every morning they come together in their chapel and read God's word, sing and pray. It was refreshing to see them come together and study the Bible; and we must say that they are very familiar with the teachings of the Scriptures. Every Sunday they come together around the word, when someone reads a selection from the Bible and makes some comments on that which has been read. Then they sing and pray as we do at our prayer meetings. One of them told me after their devotional hour, "These are very precious hours, and I do not want to miss them for anything. They are necessary for the spiritual life." The man was right. It is well known that these Americans and Swedes came to Jerusalem to be prepared for the coming of the Lord, and they considered that Jerusalem was the proper place.

They have had some scruples regarding marriage and considered it as belonging to this world, and some thing that they should not concern themselves with. But they have modified their ideas as to marriage of late, and now they permit marriage. The German Lutheran pastor in the city performs the marriage ceremony. The colonists are very social and hospitable. The stranger is cordially invited to their colony and is entertained with the very best refreshments. The tourist is then generally shown around in the various buildings and can

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see whatever there is to be seen. The Mohammedans have free social intercourse with them and prominent men of Islam are often found at their table. During my stay in the colony a certain Mohammedan was invited to their table; and a few days later he extended an invitation to them and invited me also to come along. His home was at the foot of the Mount of Olives. That very day, when he had invited us, I did not feel very well, and could not accept his kind invitation. This confidence they have won because of their Christian life and the many acts of kindness and mercy shown to needy Mohammedans, often poor Arabs knock at the doors of the colony, asking for help, and they do not need to knock to deaf ears. Well-to-do tourists have left large sums to them to be used in educating poor boys and girls, and it is needless to remark that this work has been well taken care of.

One of the members informed me that they have had trying times to pass through, not only because of poverty, but also on account of persecution. They were persecuted not only by the Mohammedans and Jews, but also by the Christians. Their dead were sometimes not allowed to slumber undisturbed in their graves. Now they have come to see happier and more hopeful days and look to the future with confidence and hope. The colony is prospering and will, no doubt, continue to do so.

The people in this community have a very pleasant time and make the best of it. One day I attended a birthday festival and this reminded me very much of a Sunday school festival in America, when presents were distributed among the children. Usually such festivals are held every month and presents are then given to those, who during the month have had their birthday. When they had distributed the presents they sang, played and had a good social time. They sing and play very well and it was a pleasure for me to be present. Refreshments

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were served at last. Some one had found out that I had my birthday during my absence in the northern part of the country, and when I came back and attended one of those birthday festivals, I was the recipient of a very fine picture of the altar painting of the Russian Gethsemane church in Jerusalem.

Such is the history of the American colony in Jerusalem at the present time. I shall never forget their kindness in every way, and especially, when sickness overtook me on my journey in Philistia.

During my first evening among my newly acquired friends my dragoman came to me and offered to take me to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and he did so. He promised to meet me at the Jaffa gate next Sunday morning, and so he bade me good night. The 19th of September I arose at six o'clock in the morning, had my breakfast, and went out to go to church. Never before had I been able to attend church in Jerusalem, and I felt rather peculiar. The morning was perfect, not a cloud on the firmament, everything was so very quiet. A certain peace rested over the community that morning. The Arabs rode on their camels or donkeys, some of them were walking. No matter how early you may rise, the Arabs are still ahead of you. We came to the church at eight o'clock. Here we are on holy ground and we must obey the admonition, given to Moses at the mount of Horeb, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Ex. 3:5.) But before we enter into this sanctuary, let us ask ourselves some questions. Are Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre within this church? If so, what evidence have we for this assertion? Let us consider some of the evidences that speak in favor of this place.

According to the story of the evangelist John, "the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city" (Joh. 19: 20).

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In Hebrews we also read, that "Jesus suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing his reproach" (Heb. 13: 12). The place is called in Hebrew Gulgoeth. This word means place of scull. We must observe that the place is not called Places of Sculls, but Place of Scull. Luke calls it Scull (Luk. 23: 33). The place is designated as a place and not as a "mountain." It is possible that Gulgoeth was a place of execution, where criminals were executed. It has been customary to execute those doomed to death, outside of the Jaffa gate. The last execution took place here in 1868.

Another reason why the place was called Place of Scull, was this—that the shape of the hill reminded one very much of a scull, and this idea is, perhaps, the right one. The Pilgrim from Bordeaux (333) is the first one who speaks about the form of Golgotha, and calls it a "little knob." It is possible that the place had received its name from the form of the knob, and that this was used as a place of execution. Mark calls it the place Golgotha (Mark 15: 22), and Matthew says, "a place called Golgotha" (Matt. 27: 33), and according to John it is written, "in the place where he was crucified was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid" (John 19: 41). There is no one who can doubt that the apostles knew where Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre were. It is also reasonable to suppose that the one hundred and twenty souls, constituting the first congregation in Jerusalem, shortly before the ascension of the Lord, knew where those holy places were. Many of those who saw the wonderful things that took place at His death and resurrection, must have known where the grave of the wonderful teacher was located. The churchfather, Eusebius of Caesarea (340), has given us a list of those thirty-eight bishops, from the time of Christ to Con-

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stantine. The first one was James, the brother of the Lord, who was chosen bishop two years after the death of Christ. The second bishop was a relative of the Lord by the name of Simon. He was crucified in the time of Trajan, 107, or according to other authorities in 116, and was then 120 years old. Thus he was born 13 years B. C. and had served as bishop in Jerusalem seven years before its destruction by Titus in the year 70, and 37 or 46 years after the same. We must acknowledge that this man knew where the holy places were, even if the destruction had been worse than it was. It is unreasonable to believe that the holy places could be forgotten in an age, when the teachings of Christ were spread over the world so rapidly, and when thousands came to the Holy City to visit the sacred places. We know that during the first Pentecost after the ascension of Christ three thousand souls were united with the mother church in Jerusalem. Of course we bear in mind that during the time when Titus besieged the city, many Christians left and sought refuge in the mountain city of Pella, on the other side of the Jordan, and others sought refuge in grottoes and caves along the Cedron valley. But there were many Christians in Jerusalem, who were sick and feeble and could not leave. They remained among the ruins. The siege lasted not quite five months and as soon as this was finished, the people returned. We can hardly believe that the Christians, who had been absent only five months, should have forgotten places so dear to them, places that reminded them of so much.

We have already told the reader what the Emperor Hadrian did in Jerusalem in his endeavors to sweep away every trace of Judaism and Christianity in the Holy City. He built a Venus' temple over the Holy Sepulchre, having first of all made it unclean, and placed a pile of dirt over the grave.

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When the Empress Helena, at the instigation of her son, Constantine the Great, visited the holy places in 326, she found that the Venus temple was still there, profaning the Holy Sepulchre. She was then 80 years old. Then the emperor wrote to the bishop in Jerusalem, Macarius, that he should remove the Venus-temple and the heap of dirt, and that he should build a church on the spot at the expense of the emperor. Parts of this church are still left at the present time, and the crypt of that church of Constantine is used by the Copts as a cistern. We find that they are not in doubt in the least as to where the holy place is to be found. The place was then recognized by all. The church, built by Constantine over the Holy Sepulchre, is called Anastasia or the Resurrection. A little to the east of this another splendid edifice was erected, called Martyrion, because it was built on the very place where St. Helena found the holy cross. Eukarius (440) tells us of a church over Golgotha. When the Persian king, Chosroes, 614, destroyed these churches, they are said to have been four in number, and were at once rebuilt on the very same foundation, only to be torn down by the Mohammedans in 1010. But they were rebuilt again. The crusaders united them under the same roof, and thus we have the irregular form of this church. It is the same church that today stands there on the Holy Place. In 1818 this edifice was somewhat destroyed by fire, but it is the same church in essentially the same form. Now I wish to leave this matter to the reader to determine, whether there is any reason to believe that the place is the right one.

Let us now enter this sanctuary. A wonderful feeling passed through my soul as I placed my feet on the floor of this church. The first thing to occupy my mind was a stone on the floor of the church, about two feet wide, six feet long, and one

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foot high above the floor. They were celebrating high mass in all the chapels of the church and there was quite a loud noise and murmuring, for they sang, prayed, and read in every corner of the building. My guide remarked, "How much better, if they would preach God's pure word in this historic place!"

I stopped in front of the stone and observed how the pilgrims and others fell down on their knees and kissed this stone very eagerly. You wonder why? The report is that the body of our Saviour was placed on this stone, when they took Him down from the cross. Remember that Golgotha is in the south-eastern part of this church in a separate chapel. The stone is called the Stone of Ointment, because Joseph of Arimathœa and Nicodemus are said to have placed the body of the Lord on this stone, when they "took Jesus and wound him in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury" (Joh. 19: 40). Very quietly we walked from place to place, while the monks were saying mass. We went into the Coptic chapel and after that into the Syrian Jacobite chapel in the western part of the church. There we stood a long time and watched them; reading their mass; and I must confess that they left a repugnant impression on us. Some of the monks looked to be very idiotic, and I had occasion to join in with my guide, Mr. Aboosh, "Too bad, that the pure Gospel of Christ is not preached here!" In a Greek chapel they were reading responsively selections of the Scriptures as a part of the mass. I felt more at home in this chapel. Mr. Aboosh left me for awhile. I followed him out into the street. There I waited until the masses were over, and then I went in again, because I felt that I must have a little while with my Master at the place where he was crucified for me. I wanted to be alone at such a time. Quietly I went into the church, which at this time was almost empty; the mass was ended. Only a few monks were moving

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around in the various chapels and pilgrims here and there were kneeling at the various altars. Now I was alone, a stranger, and could go wherever I pleased. I determined to go into the Golgotha chapel. This belongs to the Greeks, has no windows, and is lighted by lamps. The altar is in the eastern end of this little shrine. Under the altar is a silver plate with a hole in it. Here the cross is said to have stood. A very peculiar feeling passed through my soul and I felt myself drawn to the hole under the altar. The next moment found me on my knees by the hole, and I was engaged in prayer to God, thanking Him for the atoning blood of His dear Son, my blessed Saviour. Tears flowed down my cheeks and I felt as though I had been carried away from the earth. This was one of my happiest moments during my journeys in the Land of Promise. Having offered prayer, I wandered about, engaged in deep meditation on the great events that have taken place here. Then I noticed some other places of interest in this chapel. A little distance to the south of the place, where Christ was crucified, the spot is found where one of the robbers was crucified, and on the north side the other hole is shown, where the other robber was crucified. About six feet from the silver plate I saw the naked rock and an opening in it. A piece of board is placed over the cliff at that place. I removed the piece of board and saw the rift very clearly. Here we remind ourselves of the words of the evangelist, "And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." (Matt. 27: 51.) On the south side of this is the chapel of crucifixion. Here Christ was nailed to the cross. The altar painting represents the act of crucifixion. In the east end of the room the very place is shown by a marble slab in the floor. The chapels belongs to the Roman Catholics. Another chapel on the south side of the crucifixion is called the Chapel of the suffering of the Virgin Mary. Right near by are many smaller

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rooms. Here on Golgotha is the Adam-chapel. According to a Catholic tradition Adam was buried on this hill, and when Christ was crucified, blood fell down on Adam's skull and resurrected him. This is only a monk story, but there is a beautiful thought behind this. The transgression of Adam brought sin into the world, and with sin came death and misery. Christ came and with his blood granted life and salvation to the children of Adam.

After a while I went down from the Golgotha chapel, and into the church proper. This is called Catholicon and belongs to the Greeks. On this place stood the old church of the crusaders. This edifice was built on the place where the garden of Joseph was located. The chapel is richly decorated and looks rather inviting. Around this is an aisle. If we follow this circular aisle, from north to south, we come first of all to the chapel of Saint Longinus. According to tradition this man was the soldier who pierced the side of Jesus with a spear (Joh. 19: 34). This Longinus was blind on one eye, and as he did open the side of the Saviour with his spear, his eye was healed. Later he became a Christian. A little further on in the aisle there is a little chapel where the soldiers divided the clothes of Jesus. (John 19:23.) And now we come to the chapel called the place of mockery. Here Christ was crowned with a crown of thorns. While we are here, let us step down into the St. Helena chapel. The basilica of Constantine, or the martyrion, was erected here. There are two altars in this chapel. One is dedicated to the honor of the Empress Helena, and the other is sanctified to the honor of the penitent robber. In the southeast corner of this chapel is a stair, leading down 13 steps. In this place St. Helena is supposed to have found the holy cross. A bronze statue of the Empress with a cross in the hand reminds us of what happened here during her visit to

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the holy places. This chapel, which once upon a time must have been a cistern, hewn out of the solid rock, has not always been given as the place where she discovered the cross. Formerly they said that St. Helena's chapel was the place where she found it. While I was down in these rooms, I observed how the solid rock extended right up to the Golgotha chapel. By careful investigations they have found that Golgotha is a knob, jutting out on the southern part of Acra. At one time the top of Golgotha must have been about 90 feet higher than the bottom of the Tyropoean Valley. From these chapels I went up into the western part of the church proper. Here in the middle of the floor is the little chapel containing the Holy Sepulchre. The Sepulchre itself is in the middle of the floor under the cupola. This little chapel, very richly decorated outside and within, is 26 feet long, 18 feet wide, and about 29 feet high.

Before we enter this wonderful place, let us consider what you will see if you stand as a close observer in front of the same. To this place pilgrims are coming from all parts of the world. Here I saw, while the mass was going on, how the pilgrims were standing with uncovered heads, and with folded hands, saying their prayers, before they entered. Some take off their shoes, because they consider themselves unworthy to have the shoes on their feet when they come in on such holy ground; others are kneeling, while they say their prayers. In the faces of those who worshipped at these holy places, I observed the most holy reverence and devotion. There are some who creep into the Holy Sepulchre. The entrance is on the east side. The chapel consists of two parts. The first is called the Chapel of the Angels and there are fifteen lamps burning here. In the middle of the floor is a stone and it is supposed to be one that the angels rolled away, and sat upon.

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(Matt. 28: 1-2.) From this chapel is a door through which you enter into the Sepulchre. The door is so low that you must bend down in order to get in there. There are 43 lamps in this chapel. When you enter, you find a marble slab, under which you see the stone on which the body of Christ rested. The whole church and all the chapels are decorated in a most luxurious way; gold, silver, and costly stones are found everywhere. These have been placed there in later times, thus spoiling the sacred places. It is supposed that when the church was destroyed by the Persians in 614, and then rebuilt again, the stone around the Holy Sepulchre was cut away and only the tomb was left. If you would remove all these ornaments, you would find the old rocks that were there originally inside this extraordinary decoration. During my visit here at the time of the mass, there were so many worshippers, that I could not get in; now I was all alone, and in a few minutes knelt at the tomb of the Master, thanking him for His victorious resurrection, whereby He has become a Prince of salvation for them that believe. Paul affirms, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." (I Cor. 15: 17.) In a most wonderful manner I felt the significance of the resurrection of the Lord, and with a thankful heart I went out of His grave, which as far as I can judge, is the right one. Leaving the grave, you go out backwards, so as not to turn your back on the holy place. The place round about the Holy Sepulchre is in the form of a circle, and a number of small chapels are found even here. On the west side of the Tomb is the chapel of the Copts, of which we have spoken before. On the north side of the Sepulchre is the Resurrection chapel. This belongs to the Greeks. At this place Christ is supposed to have revealed himself to his mother, the Virgin Mary. Our New Testament says nothing about that. Among other things

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of interest in this room is the pillar to which Jesus was bound when He was scourged. When you come out of this, you have to the right the sacristy of the Roman Catholics. Here you will find many relics from the era of the crusaders.

Around this church graves have been found. This fact would mean something for the correctness of the place, because the Jews did not wish to have a cemetery within the walls. This would make them impure in accordance with the ceremonial law. The Jews have their places of burial at a certain distance from the dwelling places of man.

This place has a great interest for us as Christians, and no wonder that I found it exceedingly difficult to leave it. I could not free myself from the thought that here the great wonder took place, the most wonderful event in the history of man, the victorious resurrection of the Lord and Saviour. How much more edifying would it not be, if, instead of these masses, there would be preaching of the gospel truth. The Protestant tourist as a pilgrim in these holy places feels a certain commiseration with those who are thus bound in the fetters of superstition and dead orthodoxy. A reformation is very necessary here, so that this people might learn to know the liberating power of Jesus Christ. May the day come soon!

After awhile my guide came back and we went to Muristan. This locality is quite near the Holy Sepulchre. The German church of the Redeemer is in the northeastern part of it. When we arrived, the sexton was there already, and by his permission we went up in the 135-foot high tower, from which we had a most splendid view of the vicinity. The Frederick William street passes along Muristan from north to south, and this street separates the Greek and the German quarters in this locality. In this place the crusaders erected a number of buildings, and there are piles of ruins dating from that time.

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It proved to be quite a task to go up in the tower, but we were rewarded greatly.

At the time of the regular service we went up to the American church in the New City. The pastor delivered a good sermon and it was a treat to hear the gospel in Jerusalem. Only few were present at the service in the forenoon. The people attending this church belong to another American colony, which is being formed in the New Jerusalem, to the northwest of the Jaffa gate.

In the afternoon I went out to see the city and its holy places. I wished to be alone, and for this reason I did not take a guide with me on my wanderings in the city and its surroundings. The objective of my journey this afternoon was Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. I went to the Damascus gate.

Turning to the left, I followed the wall with the Jeremiah grotto to the left. Past the Herod gate I walked on in the hot sun, and came at last to the northeast corner of the city. Here I turned to the right, following the walk southward to the Stephen gate where I turned to the left and followed the road down into the valley of Jehoshaphat. Before I went down into this romantic valley I carefully observed the mountain just in front of me, a mountain so often spoken of in the Scripture. Right before me was Gethsemane. Having observed this wonderful panorama for some time, I went down into the valley and crossed the bridge which leads over the brook Cedron. There is no water there now, but in the winter you will find water in this valley. From this place there are four roads, leading over the Mount of Olives. One facing in a southeasterly direction goes to Jericho, passing by the Mount of Offence; another brings you straight to the place called the Graves of the Prophets; a third one to the place where Jesus wept over the city; and a fourth

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one in a northeasterly direction to Viri Galilaei, and the German Hospital. To the left of the bridge, a little distance further north, is the chapel of the Virgin Mary. She is supposed to be buried there. The church is without doubt built on the ruins of an older one. It is on the bank of Cedron.

Now let us enter the garden of Gethsemane. Outside the gate you observe large, flat stones. On these stones the disciples slept when Jesus was praying, a stone's cast from here. The gate was open and I entered. It is very low. There is a reason for it. He who wishes to follow the Master in his sufferings, must bend deep down in the dust and learn humility. This you will learn in the valley of sufferings. Having come through the gate, I met the good old Franciscan monk, who received me very cordially. He told another monk, who also was in the garden, to pick some flowers and give them to me. He did so and I gave him one franc as bakschisch. He gave me permission to sit down and rest, and I did so, reading the story of Christ's suffering in this garden. It was a very interesting hour. As I looked northward along the valley I had the Holy City to the left and the interesting Mount of Olives to the right. The evangelist Luke says, "And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed Him. And when He was at the place (Gethsemane), He said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening him. And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found

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them sleeping for sorrow. And he said unto them, "Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." (Luke 23: 39-46.) Here it was that you, my dear Saviour, tasted the bitterness of sin, when you drank the cup of suffering for the sins of the world, that very cup, which we should have drunk to the bottom, because of our sins and transgressions. Sin is the most fearful spectacle in this world. It is sin that has spread woe and condemnation in this world and caused the Holy and Pure One to sweat blood. A stone's cast from Gethsemane and we are at the Grotto of Suffering. Here it was that our Saviour drank the bitter cup and did sweat blood. The monk that followed me to this grotto spoke German, and was very willing to explain the various localities. There are eight old olive trees in the garden of Gethsemane. The garden is only 150 feet long and 100 feet wide. There are beds of flowers and quite a few cypress trees within these stone walls. To this place Judas came in the night, when Jesus was betrayed. We know this story and realize how he rewarded his blessed Master for the love and kindness bestowed upon him. The reward of the world is thanklessness.

Now let us continue our journey up the Mount of Olives. The sun was so warm on the western slope of the Mount that I was obliged to stop in order to rest. I looked back on the highly interesting view before me. The higher I came, the more glorious the sight. At last I arrived at the place called the Graves of the Prophets. This place is so called, because some of the prophets are said to have been buried here.

This is no mountain in the proper sense of the word, only a ridge, situated 2,665 feet above the level of the sea. The place where we are now standing is not the highest part of the mountain. The Graves of the Prophets are a little to the south east from Gethsemane, and straight east from the south east

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corner of the wall. Here I found many subterranean tombs, and as I was walking along, I almost fell into some of them, because of the rubbish which had gathered before the opening. No one knows when these tombs were cut and nothing is known of their history. Nothing has ever, as far as it is known, been found in them.. To the south of us we have the Mount of Offence, right by the road leading to Bethany. This Mount is the lowest of all the points of the Olives. Think of the history connected with this Mount! The first time it is spoken of in the Scriptures is in connection with the flight of David for his son, Absalom. Concerning this flight we read, "David said to Ittai, "Go and pass over. And Ittai, the Gittite passed over, and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him. And all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over: the king also himself passed over the brook Cedron, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness. And David went up by the ascent of Olive, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and went up, weeping as they went. And it came to pass, that when David was come to the top of the mount, where he worshipped God, behold Hushai, the Archite came to meet him with his coat rent, and earth upon his head." (II Sam. 15:22-23; 15:30-32.) We are not informed as to what part of the mountain he crossed. Perhaps he crossed straight over the top, otherwise there is a sag in the Mountain between the Mount of Offence and the Mount of Ascension. In this sag the road leads to Bethany. About the Mount of Offence we read, "Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon" (I Kings 11:7). We are not told where this high

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place was located, but tradition points to the mount of Offence, and this is perhaps the right place. Because of this circumstance this mount is to have received its name. This hill is quite barren. There are no trees on it.

From the graves of the Prophets, where I was walking about for a long time, studying the various localities, I continued my journey to the Mount of Ascension, where the Church of Ascension is located. The place is very picturesque, but this is not the highest part of the Mount. The Empress Helena built a church here in 326. This was in the form of an octagon with a cupola without roof. The church has been torn down several times, but rebuilt again on the very same spot. The present building was erected in 1187 and belongs at present to the Mohammedans. The Christians may have services here every Ascension day. In the middle of the church there is a part of the Mountain visible, and in the same is a mark of a foot. This is supposed to be a mark of the Saviour's foot, when He ascended to Heaven. But this is not the right place. You can see this from the story of the evangelist Luke.

“And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.” (Luke 24: 50-53.) From this it is clear that He led them out towards Bethany. That town you cannot see from Jerusalem, nor from the top of the Mount of Olives, because there is a ridge that hides it from view. Of course Luke says that they returned to Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey (Act 1: 12), but he says nothing about the place. The

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ascension must have taken place somewhere towards Bethany on the Mount of Olives. This was more in accordance with the nature of such an event. For this reason He chose a more secluded place.

A little to the east of the Church of Ascension is a higher place, where we have a very good view of the whole vicinity. There is no place on our globe where you can look down upon such historic surroundings as from this place. Yonder in the west is the Holy City with its thousands of memories; in the north we see Mizpa, Rama, Bethel, Ophra, and Gibeah in Benjamin; in the east we notice the Dead Sea and Jordan; mountains of Moab with Nebo, where Moses longingly beheld the Land of Promise; in the northeast is Perea with its thousands and thousands of memories from past ages; in the south, Bethlehem is seen on its mountain ridge, and to the southwest, on the other side of the Mount of Evil Council, we notice the plain of Rephaim and many other important places, spoken of in the Scripture. Here I stood a long time, trying to impress this picture upon my mind. On the top of the mountain is an Arab village called Cepher et-Tur. The Church of Ascension is located in this village. In the eastern part of this is the Russian church with its 180-foot high tower. In this tower you have a most excellent view of the country. Near by this church I met some Arab women, who with their hands outstretched cried out, "Bakschisch, chawadje." I extended my hand and said "Atheni bakschish!" Then they laughed and went away.

Continuing my wanderings, I came to that part of the Mount of Olives called Viri Galilaei. Before I came to this part, I passed a little sag in the ridge. Here is where the road goes to Bethany. The place where the disciples saw the two men in white robes is indicated by two white pillars.

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I returned to the colony, taking the same road on which I had come. Near the Church of Ascension I met some Greek priests with high, black caps. They spoke French and explained something about the locality.

Nearby the place, where I met the priests, is the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem. On Palm Sunday He came from Bethany over the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem. "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it." (Luke 19: 41.) Now it depends upon where Bethphage was located. Some Bible students hold that this town was located somewhere along the road leading from Jerusalem to Bethany, by way of the Mount of Offence; but by excavations in later times they have found evidences that Bethphage was situated between Bethany and Cephher et-Tur, not far from the Russian church. It is likely that this is the right place. The early tradition points to a place on the western slope of the mountain between Gethsemane and Mount of Ascension. This place cannot be the right one, because long before He came to this place, He saw the city.

Having left the Greek priests, I returned to the tombs of the Prophets; where I read the story of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and then returned to Gethsemane. Here I sat down awhile until the sun set below the mountains of Judah. The moon shone in the west, and some stars began to appear on the firmament. Then I returned, leaving the Franciscan monks in the garden, and went homeward, thinking of what I had seen during the day, my first Sunday in Jerusalem. How could I leave Him out of my mind, who 2,000 years ago was walking down in this locality with his disciples, prepared to suffer and to die. Walking by the Stephen gate and along the northern wall to the Damascus gate, I came to my room in the Colony. It was dark when I returned, but the day was well spent. I

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had seen the Garden of Gethsemane, Mount of Olives, and its wonderful surroundings, Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre. With these thoughts in my mind I went to bed and slept well till the following morning.

Monday, September 20th, I went out again alone. This time I went to see the monuments along the Jehoshaphat and Ben-Hinnom valleys. Following the same route as the day before, I came to Gethsemane, and followed the valley southward. On the slope of the Mount of Olives by the roadside to Bethany is a very large Jewish cemetery with thousands of monuments and the inscriptions are, of course, in Hebrew. To the right as we proceed down the valley is the Golden gate. The valley is very deep and, no doubt, it has been still deeper. There are many graves here. Deep down in the valley is the grave of Jehoshaphat. This is cut out in the hill and is quite large. Only the entrance is visible. The Jews have closed up the doorway. This sepulchre is named after the king in Judah, Jehosaphat, who was buried here, "and slept with his father." (I Kings 22: 51.) Nearby is the monument of Absalom. This is cut out from the hill and is free from it. On the top of this monument there is a kind of a tower. The whole height is 52 feet. Now concerning this we read, "Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place" (II Kings 18: 18.) No Jew goes by this place without spitting on it or throwing a stone at it. Not far from this is Saint James' tomb. This is also cut out in the mountain and there are several rooms therein. Four Doric pillars stand at the entrance. The church historian Eusebius reminds us, "that James, the brother of the Lord and the first bishop in Jerusalem, was thrown down

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from the pinnacles of the temple, and while he yet lived, he was killed with the club of a clothes washer. He was buried on spot, and his monument is by the temple." (Eusebius Church Hist. 2: 23.) But Josephus says of the same man that he was stoned by the high priest Ananias II. (Jos. Hist. 20: 91.) In accordance with investigations within the sepulchre it has been found that this must have been made before the destruction of the Holy City 70 A. D., and after the time of Alexander the Great (323). Besides this there is another tomb called the Sacharias. Just like the pillar of Absalom, this one is cut out of the mountain. No one seems to know anything about this tomb. Along the foot of the Mount of Olives there are a great many graves, and it looks as though this has been a cemetery in the olden times. Having passed a little further onward, I saw the village, Cephers Silwam. This is an Arab village on the slope of the Mount of Offence. It is very steep here and the houses are perched like birds' nests along the side of the mountain. The report about the people in that village is that they are very hostile and drive strangers away by throwing stones. I began to wonder how I would get by this place, especially as I was alone. But I walked along and no one seemed inclined to hurt me. I continued my journey down the valley until I came to the place where the two unite, and a little further down. Here I met some Arabs, and inasmuch as this vicinity is not considered safe, I did not go any further, but looked over everything very carefully. At the place where these valleys meet, there is on the southwestern slope of the Mount of Offence a village for leprous people. Here these poor people live in hovels, separated from the rest of humanity. And yet they have the right to go into the city and out into the country, if they so desire. A good many of them, who live a regular vagabond life on the streets, begging for their support, have a

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chance to live in the hospital for the leprous, but they would rather be free and shift for themselves. It is a pitiable sight to see them sit here and there on the streets with a little cup at their side begging. Often their hands and parts of their feet are consumed by this terrible disease. At times the flesh is gone and the bone is bare. The voice becomes hoarse and they whisper these words, "Lepros, bakschisch, ja, chawadje" (I am leprous, give a present, mister). The leprous people are permitted to marry and hence the disease is continually spread. This should be forbidden and it would help matters a great deal.

Right opposite Cephher Silwam, on the other side of the valley, and on the eastern end of the Hill of Evil Council, is Aceldama, the Field of Blood. On the north side of this field is Ben Hinnom and on the east, the Jehoshaphat valleys. This field is bare and desolate. It is really a ridge leaning towards the northeast. Judas, who knew in his conscience that he had betrayed innocent blood, could not keep the blood-money, but went away and threw it in the treasury. Then they bought with this money the potter's field for a burial place for strangers, and thus it is called the Field of Blood. (Matt. 27: 3-10; Acts 1: 18-19.) This time I did not go up to Acaldama, but was satisfied with the good view I had of it in the valley. Right opposite the village of the leprous down in the valley is the well Ain Rogel, or Joab's, or as it is sometimes called, Nehemiah's well. The boundary line between Judah and Benjamin passed along here somewhere. Josephus relates that the parks of David were located in this section. (Jos. Hist. 7: 14: 4.) The well of Joab is 120 feet deep and receives water during the rainy season only. It is fed by no spring. Here I saw numbers of dirty Arab women with their leather bags, trying to fill them with water. They walk around in the water with their dirty

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feet, they fill their leather sacs and bring them home to drink it. Really I do not think that our horses and cows could imbibe this dirty liquid.

Walking along in the valley, I came to the place where the old Gehenna was located. The citizens of Jerusalem carried out a lot of refuse through the Dung gate and placed it here. As a consequence, there was a constant fire burning here. This fire, burning night and day, became an emblem of hell, the "fire that never shall be quenched" (Mark 9:43). Walking along Ophel northward, I came to the dam Siloam. This is situated quite a ways up the ridge and opposite Cephher Silwam. The dam is small, but has a most glorious history. It is 53 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 19 feet deep. A little to the west of this dam is the Tyropoean valley. The dam is about 1,000 feet distant from the Hill of Moriah, and is spoken of four times in the Scriptures (Is. 8:6; Neh. 3:15; John 9:7; Luke 13:4). Siloam receives its water from the Virgin fountain through a subterranean duct, perhaps cut out in the time of Hezekiah. About twenty-five feet from the opening of this tunnel into Siloam there were found some Hebrew inscriptions and these inscriptions tell us that the work on this tunnel was carried on from both ends, that the laborers met in the middle, and that the length is 2,400 feet. Mr. Condor, who measured the tunnel, says that it is 1,706 feet long. Josephus gives the information, that the water flowed abundantly in this fountain and that it was sweet. During the Feast of Tabernacles water was carried in a silver vessel from Siloam to the temple, where amidst great rejoicings, it was poured upon the altar. Even here I saw some Arab women walk along in the water, filling their jars. They came from the village Silwam. The poor people in this vicin-

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ity bring water from this dam. Everything looked to be in a dilapidated condition in and around this historic place.

From here we move on to the Virgin fountain. This is the only spring-well in Jerusalem. A staircase of 16 steps leads us down to the floor and from this there is another staircase of 13 steps down to the water. This well or fountain is not spoken of in the Bible, unless it is the Dragon well, spoken of in Nehemiah 2: 13. From there it is only a little distance to the Dung-gate. Outside of this there was a heap of refuse, thrown there by the people, and I noticed that they have put fire to it and here is thus another Gehenna, only a little further to the north, and nearer the wall. Let us not forget, though, that the wall went further down towards the valley in the ancient times. Entering the gate I walked along the street a little distance, but there was a fearful smell here, my nose protested in going further, and so I returned to the gate. My experience here was of the same nature as in Stambul in Constantinople. Following the wall to the southwest, I came to the Zion hill. The road is steep, and the sun was very warm that morning.

Outside of the Zion gate is the tomb of David. This is a complexity of buildings. The minaret signifies that the property belongs to the Mohammedans. David, Solomon, and eight other kings were buried in the city of David on Mount Zion. In the book of Nehemiah 3: 16 we read of David's sepulcher in this Mount. According to the story of Josephus, Johan Hyrcanus and King Herod opened the grave of David and took a great deal of gold and silver (Jos. Hist. 7: 15: 3; 16: 7: 1). In the days of the Apostles the tomb of David was shown on Zion (Acts 2:29). In the present tomb of David there is only a large coffin, and this is shown by the Mohammedans as David's, but according to Scripture there must be several of them. The legend that makes this the tomb of David is not

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older than 1450 A. D. The minaret which we mentioned stands by a mosque that once upon a time was a church. In this is a hall in which Christ came together with his disciples when He instituted the Lord's supper. The hall is now called Coenaculum. Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis on the island of Cyprus (403), relates that when the emperor of Rome came into the city 130 A. D. it was in ruins with the exception of a certain house and a little church on Zion, in the upper pinnacled story in which the apostles gathered, when they came back from the Mount of Olives after the ascension of Christ. This story of Epiphanius is by some considered unreliable, inasmuch as the Pilgrim of Bordeaux does not mention this church. For a long time the Christians were permitted to celebrate the Lord's supper in this hall, but later on they were forbidden to enter at the risk of their life. Dr. F. S. de Hass succeeded once during the midnight, while the guards slept, in entering this building. But he took his life in his hands for he was in danger every moment. He has given us a description of the tomb of David, and adds that, if it is not to be found within the building, it is quite nearby here. The pilgrims are permitted to enter several rooms in this building under the guidance of a Mohammedan. Perhaps the great king of Israel will be found some time in the crypt on Zion? Wonderful things happen in these days.

At a little distance from the tomb of David is the building Dormition. According to tradition the mother of Jesus died here. In 1898 the Emperor of Germany procured this place and gave it to the Catholics, who have now erected a church here. During my stay in the city I went to see this building, which was then being built. From the tower there is a most excellent view of the city and especially of Zion. The Zion gate is quite near by. Now I went to the school of Bishop Gobat. This is located on the southern slope of Mount Zion, not far from the

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tomb of David. The school was not yet in session. The watchman's wife opened and received me into their house. His name was Baz and both of them spoke English fairly well. She gave me lemonade and besides some view cards. This was a God-fearing family and it was a pleasure to be with them for some time. They asked me to call again, but my time was too limited. They took me through the school, showing me the dining room, the recitation halls, the chapel, the students' rooms, and library. Surely this is quite an institution!

The following morning, September 21, I signed the contract for my journeys in various parts of the country. Having done this, I went out again to see the city. This time I went down through Ben Hinnom valley and to the Mount of Evil Council, on the south side of this valley. Here the ruins of the house or villa of Caiaphas are still shown. From here I went to Acel-dama. There I remained a long time, looking into the old tombs. The ridge is quite bare and but little soil is to be seen on the stones or cliffs. A great quantity of thorns and thistles grow here. Because of sin the earth is bringing forth thorns and thistles, and is subject to condemnation. As I was walking along here the words of Saint Paul resounded in my soul, "The wages of sin is death". Think of the opportunities given this man, Judas! He misused them and they were lost. Then when he saw the fulness of his iniquity, it proved to be more than he could bear. Those who had led him astray did not wish to help him in any way. He confessed the innocence of His Master, when he said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." And they said, "What is that to us, see thou to that." (Matt. 27: 4.) Such are the worldly minded, and such they have been all the time. The only consolation that Judas knew was the rope. He went away and hanged himself. A fearful end! To me it seemed that every

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grave, every thorn-bush, and every thistle was telling the story of misused grace. Here I thought of our young people and of the great dangers that surround them. God grant that they may be kept by His mighty hand in His fear and love!

Now I continued my walk down to the place, where the Ben Hinnom unites with the Jehoshaphat. Here is the place where the children of Israel during the reign of the Idolatrous kings, Ahab, Manasse, and Amon, were sacrificing their children to Moloch or Baal-Moloch (II Chr. 28: 3: 33: 6; II Chr. 23: 10). From here I went up the Cedron valley to the place where I had been the day before. Here the English are excavating in the neighbourhood of the Virgin fountain, and on the east slope of Ophel. They are excavating under the supervision of Turkish policemen, and those who were carrying on the excavation, had made agreement with the sultan that should anything be found, they would send such findings to the museum at Constantinople. They were carrying on their work in all secrecy and were searching for the crown of Solomon and his treasures with the covenant ark. May they be successful in their endeavors!

A little distance beyond the pillar of Absalom I went to the right and came upon the road leading to Bethany. Following this road for quite a distance, I turned to the left and went to Bethphage, following the way that the Master went along, when He rode into the city on that memorable Palm Sunday. Among the ruins of Bethphage the Catholics have erected a church. Into this village the Lord sent his disciples to secure an ass, and a foal of an ass, so as to be able to ride into the city. The village is located on a ridge, which is united with two others. On the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives there is a road; and as I was walking along, I thought of Him who so long ago came to this very mountain side and went into the

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city. Passing by the Russian church, we have a good view of the Holy City. From this place the Lord looked down upon Jerusalem, and wept as He saw it. The people were rejoicing and singing hosannahs, but He knew that only a few days hence, they would change them into "crucify him," "crucify him!" Such is the world! Pity him who must depend on the whims and caprices of men! Among them a popular hero to-day, tomorrow an outcast and a fool! Best to confide in a friend, who is the same all the time and constantly faithful. Now we go down the western slope of the ridge to the Stephen gate, enter it and follow via Dolorosa; turning to the right I came to the Damascus gate and to the colony.

September 22 we went to see the Haran esh-Sherif, the temple Place or the Mount Moriah. Into this sacred enclosure no Christian can go without proper escort. At the American Consulate I met my dragoman and some other men and women and among them a missionary from Haifa. The rest of them were also missionaries. Along with us came the cavass of the American Consul and a policeman together with my dragoman. With this escort we went through the city and came into the temple area on the west side. To be sure we felt a little peculiar in entering on such historic ground. During the time of Solomon this mountain was about 900 feet long and 600 feet wide. There are several buildings within this enclosure, but the most important of them is, no doubt, Kubbet es Sakhra or the Cliff-dome. There is no reason to call it the Mosque of Omar. This mosque is located a little to the southwest on a terrace, which is almost square; and at the north and west sides of the terrace there are buildings with cupolas. Here is the mosque, one of the most renowned in the world. The main entrance is on the south side, but we entered the one on the east side. Of course we must put on sandals before we went

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in. There is no need of saying that this is a most beautiful building, and most excellently decorated inside. Here you will find the choicest marble and the best mosaic on the walls and in the roof. In the middle of the floor is the stone that served as foundation for the altar in the Solomonic temple. The stone is about 51 feet long and 39 feet wide. This stone is not mentioned in the Bible. In the legends of Jews and Mohammedans it plays an important role. Here Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac, so the Jews say (Gen. 22: 1-19), and this is the stone that Jacob anointed. (Gen. 28: 18.) The Mohammedans tell us that it rests on nothing. It covers the opening of the well of the souls, and in this well the departed gather twice a week for prayer. When Mohammed went to heaven on his flying steed Burak, the stone wished to follow him, but Gabriel kept it back **and you can see the mark of the angel's hand in the stone.** Above the stone rises the beautiful cupola and around the stone is a kind of palisade. No "heathen" can touch it, but while our guide was busy showing the rest of the members around in the mosque, I transgressed this rule. Below the stone is a room, hewn out of the rock. We went down, of course. Here is a little chapel and I could barely stand straight in this little room. On the floor is a marble plate. When you walk on it, it sounds as if you would hit an empty barrel. Below this is the "well of the souls." No one can remove this marble plate. In the middle of the roof there is a hole and it is likely that this served as a draining pipe for the blood from the animals that were sacrificed here. Here in this chapel, call it grotto, if you so desire, is shown the places where Abraham, Solomon, Eliah, and Jesus have offered prayer. In the mosque, on the north side of the above mentioned palisade is a stone, which our guide was very anxious that I should see. Mohammed had put in 19 nails in this piece of stone. During a certain

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period of time a nail falls away, and when all have gone, then time is no more. Satan succeeded in picking away all the nails with the exception of three, but then Gabriel came as a helper and brought them back. Our Mohammedan guide sat down by this piece of stone and asked that we touch it and in this way we would make sure of our salvation. Of course he would allow us to do that, if we gave him bakschish. A certain lady in our company then said, "My case is clear already." The rest of us could give the same testimony. The Mohammedans are very clever in securing bakschisch from the pilgrims. Now a few more words about this wonderful stone. There is no doubt but that this stone served as a foundation under the altar for the burnt offering in the Solomonic and Herodian temples. The sizes corresponds with the data given in Mishna.

Now we must look at the mosque. Around the cupola within is a long inscription in Arabic, which is directed against the Christian doctrine of trinity. Here it is, "God has no one by His side, Mohammed is His messenger. Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, is God's messenger. Believe in God and His Messenger, but do not say that there are three Gods. Be it far from Him that He should have a Son. Praised be God, who adopts no one as His Son, and who can not have any partakers in His kingdom, or no one by His side, in an humble, created being."

The question is, when was this building erected? Some think that this structure is the one that Julian built here. The style is not Mohammedan but Christian. Others, again, think that this edifice was put up after the reign of Diocletian. As we know he abdicated in 305, consequently before the time of Justinian (527-566), it is likely that this building is from the fourth century. The crusaders changed the building to a Christian church, and Christian services were celebrated here

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for 88 years (1099-1187). At that time it was called the Lord's house (Templum Domini).

Surely this is a very interesting place. What wonderful historic events have not taken place here! Here was the old temple place and here was the Solomonic temple, which was destroyed in 588 B. C. Here Zerubbabel's temple was erected and the prophet spoke of this temple, when he said, "And the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of hosts and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts" (Hag. 2: 9). We may say, that the Herodian temple was a development of Zerubbabel's sanctuary and in the Herodian temple the great Teacher went about preaching, and hence its greatness. Furthermore, one of the disciples of Christ said to Him, as he admired the wonderful structure, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!"

The temple area was almost a square. Solomon's Portico ran along the east side of the open space, and the Herodian on the south side. The pillars along the sides were of Corinthian marble with a roof over them. In this Portico the Lord went about teaching on various occasions, and while doing so, the Jews attacked him. (Jno. 10: 32-39.) When Peter and John went up to the temple at the ninth hour to pray, they found a man, who had been lame from his mother's womb. This man was placed at the gate of the temple called "Beautiful" to ask alms of them that entered into the temple. (Acts 3: 2.) The Apostles healed this man to the great dismay of the chief Priests and Pharisees. Into the Solomonic Porch the people, witnessing the miracle, ran together greatly wondering, and then Peter made a speech to them. (Acts 3: 11-26. The gate which was located opposite the eastern part of the temple proper was called Shushan. The pinnacle of the temple at the

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southeast corner was 326 feet above the bottom of the Cedron valley. On this pinnacle of the temple the tempter brought the Lord and said to Him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written: He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." (Matth. 4: 5-6.) The gate on the south side was called Huldah. The western part of this Porch of Herod was united to the Sion with a bridge. This Porch was a refuge for literary men in the Jewish world. Christ used to come hither to teach, and here lively discussions arose between Him and the Pharisees. The western Porch, running along the Tyropoean valley, had three gates, Shalleketh, Parbar, and the north and south Asuppin. The gate on the north side was called Tedi. The open space between these Porches was called the Court of the Gentiles. Into this Court the Jews brought animals for sacrifices and in this place the money exchangers were carrying on their business. Those, who wished to pay the tribute to the temple, could here exchange their money. The Lord went into this place and found those that sold oxen, sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting there. And when He had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, together with the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, "take these things hence; make not my father's house a house of merchandise." The Saviour went in to clean His temple twice during His ministry, once at the beginning, and once at the end.

When we thing of the present-day church kitchens and how the house of the Lord is changed into a house of merchandise so as to secure money to carry on the church work, there cannot be any question as to what He would do, if He would come

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bodily into our churches and see the lively business they are carrying on. The present time has proved to be very ingenious as to the methods in bringing in money for the church of Christ. All these methods that a worldly and negligent church are making use of is deplorable, and the greatest institution in the world ought not to seek subsistence in such a way. We shall not endeavor to enumerate all these methods, made use of in many churches at the present day, but suffice it to say, that if the church be the greatest institution in the world, it is worth while to sacrifice for it directly without any dubious methods. If we can not give more than five cents to the church of God, we ought to give it in such a way as not call down the wrath of God upon us. Many of the present-day methods are unworthy of the church of Christ and ought to be discontinued. These thoughts came to my mind as I was wandering around here on the temple place or the Court of the Gentiles.

The temple proper was located in the northwestern part of the Court of the Gentiles. It was eight feet higher than this and was 630 feet long and 300 feet wide. The Jews called this rectangular place Chel. Around this there was a palisade four and a half feet high and on this they have written in several languages warnings to the Gentiles not to go further. In case they did so, capital punishment followed. A part of this wall or palisade was discovered by the Frenchman, Clermont Ganneau in 1871. At the east end of this Chel was the Court of the Women. This was three feet higher than the surroundings. This Court had the form of a square with a gate on each side. The one on the east side was, no doubt, the Beautiful gate. The gate to the west, leading into the Court of Israel, was called Nicanor. The women were not permitted to go beyond this gate. In each corner of this Court was a room, open overhead, and the one on the south east corner was used

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for the ceremonies of the Nazarite vow. Here Paul was taken captive by the Jews (Acts 21: 26). Around the walls thirteen treasure chests were placed, where the women could place their gifts to the temple. Hence they called this part of the temple "Treasury". (Mark 12: 41-52; John 8: 20.) From the Tower of Antonia there was a subterranean passage to this Court of the Women and the opening was by the Beautiful gate. Through this passage the soldiers came to rescue Paul from the Jewish mob. (Acts 21: 31-32.) Christ used to go into this Court and teach (John 8: 20), and here He beheld how the people cast money into the Treasury. (Mark 12: 41). Here He noticed how the poor widow gave her mite and declared that this poor widow had cast in more than all the others. She gave only one-fourth of a cent, but she gave so that she felt it and therefore she gave so much. The Lord looks upon the heart.

The Court of the Israelites was ten feet higher than the Court of the Women. Within this, and three feet higher, lay the Court of the Priests. Into this Court the men could not go, but they were permitted to witness the sacrifices over a palisade or fence, which was erected around this part of the temple. Within this Court was the altar for the burnt offerings. This was fifteen feet high and its upper part a square thirty-six feet on every side. Then we come to the real temple, sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. Within this were the altar of incense, the candlestick, where seven lamps were burning, and a table on which twelve loaves of bread were kept. In this room Zacharias received the promise of the birth of a son, John the Baptist (Luke 1). The Holy of Holies was a cube, whose sides were thirty feet. This was separated from the Holy place by a veil eight inches thick. The Roman conqueror, Pompey,

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entered this place and thought he would find a treasure or some object of worship, but found nothing therein.

Let us now go to the southern part of the temple area. There you find the mosque El-Aksa. This is very beautiful and was originally erected during the time of Justinian for a church. It was called the Church of Mary and when the Mohammedans captured the city of Jerusalem, it was rebuilt into a mosque by the Caliph Abd el-Melech (688-692). We went into the mosque, and looked around. In the mosque, to the left, stand two pillars. The Mohammedans declare that those who cannot go between these pillars, have no prospect of entering heaven. Quite near this mosque there is an entrance into the so-called Solomonic Stables. Here is a gate which has been identified with the Huldah-gate. This is now closed up, but it can be seen distinctly. Without doubt our Saviour passed through this gate many times. Having looked carefully at the gate, we passed on and saw the subterranean vaults or arches, which, by the way, may have been "substructures to the Herodian temple." The further north you go, the shorter the pillars become. We saw holes in the pillars and my dragoman told me that the horses of Solomon were tied to these pillars. The Jew who was with us, insisted that the sacrificial animals were tied up here. Who was right? I cannot tell.

Having come up from these subterranean vaults, we walked along the eastern wall. At a certain place there is a staircase, where you can come upon the wall. I walked up the stair and stood a while on the wall; and a most excellent view presented itself before me down in the valley of Jehosaphat, and over the western slope of the Mount of Olives. We continued along the eastern wall until we came to the Golden-gate. The outside of this gate, facing the Mount of Olives, shows that this was a double gate. Now it is closed up and well guarded. How

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wonderful! This gate looks pretty much like a tower and on the inside it is rather magnificent. Staircases led down to the gate and the vault looked like a cellar. About fifty steps to the north of the gate is a little mosque called the Throne of Solomon. The legend says that King Solomon died here.

From here we walk towards the west and find in the north-western part of the Haram esh-Sherif barracks for Turkish soldiers. In the castle near by is the palace of the Turkish Pascha. Here was the ancient Antonia. There was a time, not so very far distant, when none other than Mohammedans could enter this sacred Enclosure. Any one else entering within this must then forfeit his life. Now, we could walk about where we pleased. Our policeman and cavass were walking about at a distance, keeping their eyes on us that no one should do us any harm. We met no one who was inclined to harm us, and we could walk along and meditate in peace. The condition in the time of Paul was quite different. Here on the temple area there arose a fearful tumult, because the Jews believed that Paul had taken with him into the temple the man from Ephesus, Trophimus. (Acts 21; 28-37.) If the Roman soldiers had not come to his assistance, he would have been torn in pieces by the angry mob. He was taken by the Roman soldiers, tied with two chains and the chief captain demanded who he was and what he had done. Paul was now permitted to deliver a speech to the multitude, and he spoke in the Hebrew language. (Acts 22.) From the temple area a stair extended to the fort Antonia and upon this stair Paul was standing as he spoke to them. He finished his speech by declaring that God had sent him to the Gentiles. Then they lifted up their voices and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live." (Acts 22: 21-22.) What a boundless bitterness! They knew nothing of the doc-

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trine of love and tolerance, and yet they called themselves the sons of the chosen race.

Having looked over the Haram esh-Sherif very carefully, we went out west from the Cliff Dome and came through the gate into the Tyropoean valley, on the west side of the old temple wall. Here is the wailing place of the Jews. This is located a little to the southwest from the mosque. To this wailing place the Jews come from all the parts of the world to pray and weep. Here in the valley we found one of the dirtiest places in Jerusalem. Here are Mohammedans from north Africa, who are known by their fanaticism. Here we find an old stone wall, dating from the time of Herod, but the lower part of this is, no doubt, from the time of Solomon. On some of the stones we find inscriptions in Hebrew.

Every Friday the Jews come to this wailing place to lament the condition of their city and people and pray for the advent of their Messiah. It was Wednesday when I was there and there stood a number of young and old Jews with their Hebrew bibles in their hands. Some read aloud and others in a low tone. Some seemed to be earnest in their religious exercises; others were there for fun, as it seemed to me. As we came to the place, we feared that we might disturb them, but there was no danger about that. They seemed to be very anxious that we should come as near to them as possible. There was a murmur and noise, mumbling and lamenting; and who dare say, that some of them do not mean anything by these exercises? I paid attention to a young man who was reading very faithfully in the Bible and as he did so, looked occasionally towards us, as though he wished to say, "Don't you think that we are pious fellows? Can it be that God will not listen to our prayers?" It was rather painful to stand there and look at those poor people. While I was standing there, these words came to me,

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“He came unto His own and His own received Him not.” (John 1: 11.) I also thought of the words of Paul to his people, when he was in the imperial prison at Rome, “For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have been closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted and I should heal them.” (Acts 28: 27.) Here we find a public demonstration of what it means to harden the heart against the grace of God. “For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath.” (Matth. 25: 29.) This is a law in the kingdom of nature. He who does not use properly the gifts bestowed upon him, shall lose them.

A little to the south of the Wailing Place of the Jews they have discovered the gate of the old Prophet. This gate is also called the Barclays gate, because he discovered it. The arch of the gate is located deep down under the ground. This is the old gate that led to Mount Zion from the Hill of Moriah. The discovery of this gate has helped materially to determine the boundaries of the temple area. A little to the north of the above named arch is the Robinson arch. This indicates where the old bridge passed over the Tyropoean valley. Now, having seen all this in the forenoon we went to the American Consulate and our little band was dispersed never to meet again in the land of the living.

Perhaps we might relate a few things regarding the appearance of the city of Jerusalem as we found it inside of the walls. The city is divided into four parts or quarters. In the southwestern quarter we find the Armenians, in the northwestern the Latins and the Greeks, in the northeastern the Mohammedans, and in the southeastern the Jews. A number of Jews

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are living in the New Town, to the northwest of the Jaffa gate. The streets are narrow, dark and dirty. They are dark, because of the many vaults that are built over them, and dirty, because there are no other beings to keep them clean than the dogs. These are found on the streets all over in some hollow or corner. They do not care how the people in the city pass over them. In the day time they are asleep. But wait till the night comes. Then you will hear an endless howling here and there, as they hunt for their food and fight each other when they happen to find some. Here we are reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "And at evening let them (the heathens) return; and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat and grudge, if they be not satisfied." (Ps. 59: 14-15.) But no one is permitted to touch them. When the American colony was established in Jerusalem, they saw dogs jump around on three legs; the fourth was broken off. But they were not permitted to kill the poor animals without special permission of the city officials.

The houses are quite low and uninviting. Along the streets the merchants have their goods for sale and you find it difficult to move. The food stuff, scattered on the sidewalks, looks anything but appetizing, but you must remember that you are in the Orient. The tailors sit along the streets sewing. Where there are no stores the streets look like a labyrinth between rows of houses. Only from the housetops you get an idea what the city looks like. There are no parks in the city of Jerusalem. Inside the walls of the city you will hardly get any fresh air, and there is a constant stench. The people bear the stamp of poverty and distress.

But Jerusalem is a city of memories. Hither thousands of pilgrims come annually, and many have come to live and die here, in order that they might be buried in the sacred soil. Not

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only Jews, but people of other religions have come hither to see the fulfillment of the promises of God. The Holy City has a number of churches and institutions of mercy. Within the walls, and in the New City, there are many churches and hospitals, and there is no city in the world with the same number of citizens that can show forth such a percent of churches and hospitals as Jerusalem. The hospital work is carried on very successfully and many sufferers find a safe refuge with proper care within their walls. What a difference between the Christian and the Mohammedan world in this respect! The Christian physicians are doing a splendid work among the poor and sick in Jerusalem. It is a work that speaks to the heart of the heathens.

In the afternoon we prepared our journey to Samaria and Galilee. I bought some medicine and colored spectacles, because the sunshine in Syria is very bright and it pained my eyes. With these preparations I was ready for the excursion northward.

## CHAPTER XIV

### JOURNEYS IN SAMARIA

I HAD seen a part of Northern Palestine, and what I had seen was enough to take me there again. Perhaps it is proper to mention how such excursions are made. According to my contract with Mr. Aboosh I was to have three horses, one for my dragoman, one for my boy, who brought the baggage, and one for myself. My dragoman had given me a hint that I ought to leave my watch at the colony, because the Beduins might find occasion to attack us, if they saw me carry a watch. But I did not feel like leaving my time keeper at my temporary home, so I took it along. He told me furthermore to take as little money with me as possible and to put it in small change, so that I might give bakschisch. According to the contract he was to see to that, and I let him do so, except in certain cases, when I gave bakschisch myself.

September 22, at 2 o'clock P. M. we were ready for the journey. My dragoman, who had contracted for three horses, could not get them in time, and asked me to ride in a hack to Shechem, where he would meet French Pilgrims, and then we would get their horses. To this I consented, but with the understanding that I would have a chance to see all the historic places along the road. There was some delay, before our coachman arrived with the carriage. He came at last and the owner of the vehicle was with him. In the carriage sat then a pastor, W. R. Miller, from Chicago, Ill. While we were waiting for the dragoman, I told the owner of the team, that this

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would be a most pleasant trip for me, as I was to pass through a country with so many historical memories. Then the Arab retorted, "This carriage does not stop before it makes Shechem. It goes right through." At last Mr. Aboosh came and then the Arab said that he did not wish to have so many in the carriage, and besides the carriage must not stop on the road to Shechem. Mr. Aboosh answered that he had paid for the team for this trip, that he considered himself to have the right to go slow or fast as he pleased, and that he could take one or more persons in the carriage, if he so desired. Then the Arab became very angry and the fire of wrath was shining out of his eyes. There was a hot quarrel. Rev. Miller and I sat and looked at them. Mr. Aboosh was so cool that I became surprised at him. I then found out that this was not the first time he had had to do with hot tempered Arabs. He sat still in the carriage, although the Arab threatened to drive him and us out of the same. After a while he cooled off and we went on.

We passed over the valley of Cedron, which is located a little below the colony, and up along the slope of Mount Scopus, where the army of Titus was encamped. From this place you have the most excellent view of the city and the surroundings. Here you observe better than anywhere else, that the location of the city leans a little towards the east. To the north we see the high Nebi Samwil, or Mizpa, on whose pinnacle a mosque extends its minaret heavenward, and toward the northeast we observe Biblical places all over. Leaving Scopus, we have to the left of the road a little village by the name of Schafat, which is located about two miles to the north of Jerusalem. We are now within the territory of the tribe of Dan. Here the Ark of the Covenant was located for a long time. During the time of Samuel it was brought from Beth-Shemesh to Kirjath Jearim, which is located to the west of Jerusalem. (I Sam. 7:

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1.) From this place the Ark was brought to Jerusalem by King David. During the time of Saul the Ark of the Tabernacle were for some reason brought to Nob. Here lived the priest Ahimelech (I Sam. 21: 90), and here the shewbread was to be found (I Sam. 21: 6); and here too the sword of Goliath was kept. The priest said to David, "The sword of Goliath, the Philistine, is here, whom thou slewest in the valley of Elah, behold it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod: if thou wilt take that, take it: for there is no other save that here. And David said, There is none like that; give it me." (I Sam. 21: 9). Surely we may say the same of the two-edged sword, the word of the living God. The priest delivered to David the hallowed bread and the sword of Goliath. The king found out what the priest Ahimelech had done, because the Edomean Doeg, the chief shepherd of Saul, had seen it and had brought this information to Saul, who at that time lived at Gibeon, a little to the southeast from here. Saul, killed 85 priests, only one escaping with his life. The city was razed to the ground, and all who dwelt therein together with the sheep, oxen and asses were killed. This was a cruel deed.

The Ark was then moved to Kirjath-Jearim and Nob became desolate so that no one dwelt there. Its priests were no more. The next time we hear of Nob is in connection with the warfare of Sennacherib against Judah. The prophet Isaiah says among other things about the conqueror, "As yet shall he remain at Nob that day: he shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Sion, the hill of Jerusalem." (Is. 10: 32.) From the words of Isaiah we draw the conclusion that Nob must have been somewhere between Anathoth and Jerusalem. The last time Nob is mentioned in the Scriptures is in Nehemiah 11:32, where we find that the children of Israel lived after the return from the Babylonian captivity in Anathoth,

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Nob, and Ananjah. There are some who think that they have found Nob in the present El-'Isawye, between Anathoth and Jerusalem, but this village is located in a valley, and there is reason to believe that Nob was seen from Jerusalem, according to the words of the prophet, "He shall shake his hand against the daughter of Sion, the hill of Jerusalem." Jerusalem can be seen from Schafat. When we came opposite it on the road, we left the carriage and walked to the village. There are ruins of an old church there, but we know nothing of its history. Schafat is a very dirty Arab village at present. We saw some women weaving in the village. They had stretched their yarn along the streets, and at the ends of these threads the women were busy plying their shuttles in the hot sun. They asked us to give them bakschisch, of course. The village is very small, containing only about 100 inhabitants.

From here we walked back to the road, continued a little to the north, and then came to a hill around which there were heaps of ruins. This height is located to the east of the road and is called Tuleil el-Ful. According to some geographers this is the Gibeon in Benjamin. It took about fifteen minutes to come from Nob to Gibeon. Gibeon signifies "height" or "hill." This place is doubtless the Gibeon of Saul. The first time we met with this city is under very sad circumstances. A Levite took unto himself a concubine out of Beth-Lehem in Judah. She proved to be unfaithful to him and returned to her father. After some time he went to bring her back, and his father-in-law received him very kindly. On the fourth day they returned homeward through Jebus, i. e. Jerusalem. The man did not wish to lodge over night at this place, although it was late in the evening, because there were no Israelites there at that time. For this reason they continued to Gibeon. Here he met with a wayfaring man from the mountains of Ephraim,

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who lived as a stranger in this place. With him he found lodgment over night. When they had eaten supper, there came wicked men and surrounded the city with the same purpose as the men of Sodom in the days of Lot. At last he sent his concubine out, and they fared so badly with her that she was found dead in the morning. Having arrived home, he cut his wife in twelve pieces and sent these pieces throughout the land of Israel. Then the whole people of Israel from Dan to Beer-Sheba gathered together and now there was a war of extirpation against the tribe of Benjamin. The city was burnt and even the cattle were killed. (Jud. 19-29.)

But the city was rebuilt and the first king in Israel dwelt there. This was the capitol city at that time. Now, is this the right place? How can we be certain about it? The name of Saul has not been connected with any town of modern Palestine, but we find it in the time of Josephus. He describes the march of Titus from Caesarea to Jerusalem by way of Samaria and Gophna, thence a day's march to a valley called by the Jews the "Valley of Thorns," near a certain village called Gabath Saoule, distant from Jerusalem about thirty stadia, i. e. the distance from Jerusalem to Tuleil el-Ful. The agreement with the geography is complete and there is no doubt that this is the place. (Jos. Wars 5: 2: 1.) Yonder is a tower on the top. My dragoman went with me to the height, whence we have a splendid view of the vicinity. To the south we see the Holy City and Mount Scopus in the foreground. From this place it does not look very high. To the southeast is Ananta or Anathoth, a priest city in Benjamin, about three miles distant on a ridge. There was the home of the prophet Jeremiah, the son of the priest, Hilkiah.

A little further to the north of Ananta we see Geba, also a priest city in the tribe of Benjamin. Here Jonathan carried

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on his warlike expedition against the Philistines. (I Sam. 14: 6-15.) The present name of Geba is Jeba.

To the northeast from Gibeah we notice the old city Ophrah. The town is located about five miles to the east of Bethel on a conical hill. This place is mentioned in connection with the war of Saul against the Philistines. (I Sam. 13: 16-18.) Josephus relates that Vespasian during his expedition captured Bethel and Ophrah. (Jos. Wars 4: 9: 19.) When Jesus had resurrected Lazarus from the dead, the Jews resolved to kill him. Then He walked no more openly among the Jews; but went thence unto a country near to the wilderness, into a city called Ephraim, and there continued with His disciples. (John 11: 53-54). This is no doubt the same Ophrah. It was in that section of the country that the Saviour was walking about teaching the doctrine of His kingdom. A little to the southeast from Ophrah we see Rimmon. This is the rock Rimmon to which six hundred men of Benjamin fled after the massacre of Gibeah. (Jud. 20: 45-47.) To the south of this rock, and on more level ground, is Ai. Even this place we could see very distinctly. This was the second city that the children of Israel captured after they had crossed the Jordan, and this was entirely destroyed. (Jos. 7: 3-4; 8: 1-29.) From this place, where we are now standing, we can see Bethel to the northeast. Yonder to the north we see a number of Biblical places on the hills and mountains. As for my part, I was rather surprised at the short distances between the various places. I had the idea that they were farther apart. The hills are without trees; but this must have been a very picturesque part of the country in the days when the hills were covered with trees.

Our next objective is Er-Ram, the old Ramah, which is located on a height a little distance to the north of Gibeah, and only fifteen minutes walk to the east of the main road. At

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three o'clock we are opposite Ramah. This time I did not go up to the village on the hill. Another time I had a chance to see the place at a nearer range. On the west side of the road is Chan el-Charaib, a kind of an inn. A little further north is a high hill. Mr. Aboosh told me that this is the place where Deborah was judging Israel during the time of the Judges. We know from the Scriptures that she dwelt under the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel in mount Ephraim, and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment. (Jud. 4: 5). Perhaps she sat on that hill in the olden times and established peace among the children of the chosen race. It depends upon which Ramah is the correct one.

In a little while we come to a small village called Khirbet el-Atara. There are two ponds and tombs in this vicinity. Here was the old Ataroth-Addar. (Jos. 16: 5). Here was the boundary line between Ephraim and Benjamin. From this place we push on to Ram-Allah, the goal for the day. We saw the village on the hill to the northwest, but followed the road to El-Bireh. Here is a poor district, but plenty of water. Here was the old Beeroth, which has the same meaning, "cistern." This was located in Benjamin. (Jos. 9: 17.) This city was one of the four which deceived Joshua and with which he concluded peace. The murderers of Ishboseth lived in this town. (II Sam. 4: 2). There are piles of ruins here. Some of them date from the time of the crusaders. Tradition holds that this is the place where Joseph and Mary discovered the absence of their child, Jesus. We are now about ten miles from Jerusalem.

When we came to the village El-Bireh we put the horses in the barn; and walking about two miles to the northeast from here, we came to Betin, the old Bethel. The road was very stony, and it was quite hard to get through, but at five o'clock

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we were there. Here is Bethel, a very poor Arab village of about fifty inhabitants. The houses are miserable and dingy looking. Having rested for some time and taken some photographs, we returned to El-Bireh.

Bethel is an old place. Its early name was Lus, and is spoken of in the time of Abraham. When he came from Mesopotamia, he went forth into the land of Canaan to Shechem, and "removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." (Gen. 12: 8.) Here the strife arose between the two men, Abraham and Lot. Here in Bethel the wayfaring Jacob laid himself down upon a stone, as he was on his way from his angry brother, Esau. Here he dreamt about the ladder, reaching up to heaven. (Gen. 28: 10-22). A lonely youth had gone over the threshold of his home and out into the wide world. He left his parents and kindred in his home and departed, but he took God with him on his journey, and it went well with him. As I thought of the young man, sleeping here on this lonely hill, without hearth and home, I reminded myself of those who have been in the same condition, and gone out to make their own way in the world. It is not easy to leave home and go out in the world, but if the God of Jacob goes with our young men and women, they will be protected.

Here the Ark of the Covenant was stationed during the days of the Judges, when Phineas was chief priest (Jud. 20: 18-28), and in the time of Samuel the children of Israel came hither to sacrifice. The first king in the kingdom of Israel, Jeroboam, erected images of calves here and thus Bethel became the center of worship for the ten tribes, just as Jerusalem became the center for the two tribes or the southern kingdom.

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He did not wish that his people should go up to Jerusalem to worship, and hence Bethel became a center for the ten tribes and Dan was the other. This place is often spoken of in the Holy Scriptures. After the captivity the Benjaminites occupied Bethel. It is not mentioned in the New Testament. Here are a great many ruins, and a tower from which one can see the Mount of Olives, and a part of Jerusalem.

Over the naked hills we walked back to El-Bireh, and were met by some ragged and dirty fellaheen. From here we walked to Ram-Allah, about a mile to the west from El-Bireh. Here are schools and a cloister, which belongs to the Latins. The Protestants have schools here also, and the people spoke well of the American institution. I met some of the pupils and they were pleased that they had an opportunity to go to school. Here is a flour mill, and the motive power is gasolene. We saw quite a few empty gasolene cans around the place. The fellaheen use them for carrying water and they are certainly better than the leather bags, and stone jars. Here is a new hotel with excellent rooms in the upper story. In the evening we had an opportunity to observe the picturesque surroundings. Among other places we saw to the southwest Emmaus, Mizpa, and Gibeon.

September 23 our dragoman woke us early in the morning, and we started on our journey northward. We passed through El-Bireh. When we left in the morning the Arab, who owned our team, was there to make up for his rude behaviour the previous day. All was now well and we went on. In a little while we noticed Tibne to the northwest on a hill. Here was the old Timnath-Serah, a city which Joshua received as a possession and in which he died. (Jos. 24: 20.) A little distance to the north of Beeroth we followed the road leading to the left. After awhile we see in front of us a valley. This is the Wady

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Jifna. Near by the road is the ancient city of Gophnah. We are now among the romantic mountains of Ephraim. The mountains are mostly barren, but here and there some dwarf-like trees are found. There are some vineyards along the valleys with watchtowers in them. These watchtowers reminded me of the words of the prophet: "And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city." (Is. 1: 8).

At 8:15 we reached the road along which our Saviour, no doubt, has traveled many times. This was the main road in the Roman times, leading through Samaria. What a sight to see Him walk here along these valleys with His chosen twelve! But we shall by His grace see Him in the life to come. When we arrived at Findjil, a little village on the left hand side of the road, we stepped out of the carriage and commenced our walk to Seilun or Shiloh. Our coachman drove the carriage over the hills to Khan el-Lubban, where we were to meet him. We walked along the road in a northeasterly direction, passing by a village by the name Talmud, which is mentioned particularly during the Crusades. Here we saw some ruins of old buildings. In thirty-five minutes we were at Seilun. We came on a height, which is surrounded by ravines, beyond which other hills are seen.

Here the tabernacle stood for 370 years and hither the children of Israel came from Gilgal. Here they cast lots to ascertain how the land should be divided. On the plains of Jericho they had also cast lots. (Jos. 18: 1-10). From this place Joshua sent three men to investigate the country and they returned to Shiloh. The lots were cast at the entrance of the tabernacle, and then they divided the land between the seven and a half tribes on the west side of Jordan. (Jos. 20: 7-8.) Being exhorted by the elders of the congregation, the six hun-

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dred who had escaped the war of extermination in Gibeah had gone to Shiloh at a feast of the Lord, when the daughters of Shiloh went out to dance. They caught every man his wife and returned to the land of Benjamin. In such a way the tribe of Benjamin was preserved among the others. (Jud. 21: 15-25.)

To this place came the god fearing Hannah with her son to give him to the Lord, and here the Lord called Samuel to do the great work of a reformer in Israel. Here it was that Samuel said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth" (I Sam. 3: 9). Here he grew to be a prophet, mighty in word and deed. Here in Shiloh Eli finished his days, when he heard the lamentable report of the messenger about the unfortunate battle at Aphek. Yonder through the valley he came running with torn clothes, dust upon his head, and told his sad story in the gates of Shiloh. He told the story to the aged Eli, who was ninety years old. Eli listened patiently to the report of the flight of the children of Israel from the Philistines and of the death of his sons; but when he heard that the ark was taken, he fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man and heavy. (I Sam. 4: 18.) Eli was a weak man in many ways. His weakness in the education of his children was a great misfortune for him and his people. He was satisfied with, "Nay, my sons," and let it go at that. But he is not alone in this weakness. There are many Elis in these days and we begin to see it. The Christian discipline of the home, which ought to characterize every family, is not found everywhere in these days, and we are beginning to see the results. Neglect in bringing up our children brings dire results sooner or later.

The ark of God did not return to Shiloh and henceforth this city sank into insignificance.

As we walked along the valley towards the northwest from

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the ruins, we thought of the life and interest of the olden days at this center; now everything is absolutely dead. Perhaps the men of Benjamin came along this very valley, El-Lubban, when they rushed among the dancing daughters of Shiloh and took wives unto themselves so that they might not be eliminated as a tribe in Israel.

In a short time we came to Khan el-Lubban and found a resting place for caravans. We sat down by the well, took dinner, and rested awhile. While we sat there, many camels and sheep came to the flowing well and quenched their thirst with the cool water. Think of the significance of a spring in a tropical country like this! The poor animals drank in abundance from the flowing stream. As we proceed, we notice to the left at the foot of a slope a little village. This is El-Lubban. Here we have the old Lebonah (Jud. 21: 19). Even in this name we notice very little change.

Having passed the plain to the east of El-Lubban, we proceeded in a zigzag way along the hillsides, until we came to the top of the mountain. Here is a splendid view of the large plain of Askar or El-Mukna to the north, of Ebal and Gerizim to the west of it, and of Mt. Hermon far in the background. The mountains here are higher and the valleys are wider than further south in Samaria. Our road winds down the hillsides, until we come down on the plain. As we rode along the plain we passed the ruins of Mukna, and at last we came to the foot of Mt. Gerizim. The road is a little steeper and turns to the left into Shechem.

At the northeast side of Gerizim we leave the carriage and go down to Jacob's well. Greek Catholics, who own the land where the well is located, have built a wall here. We passed through the gate and came, within a few steps, to a church ruin, just excavated. From the ancient church there were two

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stairs leading down into a little chapel, and there we find the well. Each stair has twelve steps. I went down on the southern side and behold, here is the well of Jacob. If we are uncertain in regard to other places in the Holy Land, there can be no question as to this well. Tradition and history unite in pointing to this place. When Jacob returned from Mesopotamia, he put up his tent outside of Shechem, "and he bought a parcel of field, where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money, and he erected there an altar, and called it El-e-lohe-Israel" (Gen. 33: 19-20). The well is mentioned for the first time by the evangelist John. "Jesus left Judea and departed into Galilee. And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there" (John 4: 3-6). It was the sixth hour, when Jesus came to the well—twelve o'clock at noon—and as He was tired of the journey, He sat down at the well, and a woman of Samaria came to draw water. Here that wonderful conversation arose between Jesus and the woman; a conversation which John has left posterity in his gospel. In this conversation we find that Christ had no need of being told what is in man, for he knows the nature and the thoughts of man. Furthermore we find the wonderful pastoral wisdom in this. He begins with questions of everyday life. This the woman understood. From this sphere He leads her into the higher, and she is led to see what she had not seen before. He leads her into the depths of the soul-life and speaks to her of a fountain with water that will give everlasting life.

She asked Him for this water, that she might not need to come and fetch water any more. The woman commenced to speak of her Messiah and then Jesus says: "I that speak unto

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thee am He" (John 4:26). The woman was won for the kingdom of Christ, and went into the city and invited the citizens to come and see a man who had told her all that she had done. They came and remained with Him two days, and Samaria had a visitation from on high.

Here somewhere sat that wonderful prophet from Capernaum. When we came to the well, they were cleaning it. By means of ropes and baskets they were pulling up sand and rubbish that had gathered in it. These baskets women carried away on their heads. A man was at the bottom and filled the baskets. I helped to wind up one basket of sand, and let me add that it was quite a job. We asked a Greek priest who conducted the work, how deep the well is and he said: "It is 65 feet deep now and is, perhaps, 30 or 40 feet yet to the real bottom." I sat down on the southeast side of the well and read the fourth chapter of Saint John. An hour that I cannot forget. The man at the bottom had a light, so that he might be able to see how to do his work. Thus we had a chance to look into the well of Jacob.

Having seen the well, we went out of the chapel into the ruins of the church. It is likely that the ruins date from the time of the Crusades. The Mohammedans tore down the church when they became masters of the country, and during the centuries the ruins have been buried under the sand and gravel that have been swept down the side of Gerizim by the rain. The ruins were covered with soil from two to six feet deep.

Taking the surroundings into consideration, we cannot believe that the woman came from Shechem to draw water, nearly a mile to the west from the well, between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim. There is a village within about five minutes' walk from the well, called Balata. Here stood the oak, under which Joshua set up the great stone, and this oak was by the sanctuary

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of the Lord. (Jos. 24:26.) Early Christian tradition and Samaritan chronicle point to this place, and it is no doubt the right one. The word Balata means oak. In the northeastern part of this village is the tomb of Joseph. In this village is a well that gives an abundance of water, and has done so for ages. Now the question is, why should the woman come so far to fetch water, when she could have gotten it at Balata? If she lived in Shechem she could have drawn all the water she needed right there, because there are all kinds of springs in and around the city. The answer has been that the woman must have valued this water very much, and hence she came to the well to draw water. It seems that it was not customary for the public to draw water at the well even in the time of our Saviour. The expression of the woman would indicate this. She said: "Thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep." (John 4: 11). If they usually drew water at this well, there would have been some kind of contrivance for this purpose.

But there is no need of arguing that the woman came from Shechem. In about fifteen minutes you will reach a town at the south east side of Ebal called Askar. You will note, that there is not a great difference between this name and Sychar. Askar is the Arabic form of Sychar and means "monument." Perhaps the village receives this name, because it is so near the tomb of Joseph. Such changes in the Semitic languages are very common. The distance from the well speaks also in favor of the place. We must, therefore, make a distinction between Shechem and Sychar. But it may be however it pleases with these places, the well and the surroundings are the same. The eyes of the Saviour beheld these mountains and valleys, and here along this road the merciful Master was walking. I found it rather difficult to break loose from this

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place. We went to see the grave or tomb of Joseph, a distance of about 1500 feet from the well.

The eyes of the Saviour beheld these mountains and valleys, and here along this road the merciful Master was walking. I found it rather difficult to break loose from this place. We went to see the grave or tomb of Joseph, a distance of about 1500 feet from the well.

On his deathbed Jacob gave to his son Joseph a portion above his brethren, which he took out of the hand of the Amorite with the sword and the bow. (Gen. 48:22.) The bones of Joseph, which were brought out of Egypt, were buried here in this parcel of ground, which became an inheritance of the children of Joseph. (Jos. 24:32.) When we came to the grave a Mohammedan sat there and read his El-Koran. My dragoman asked for the key, so that we might go in, but the watchman said that it was in the village (Balata). We did not wish to stay until he had brought the key and were satisfied with looking through the door, which was full of cracks. On the floor stood a sarcophagus, but I cannot say whether the bones of Joseph were found in it or not.

Through the village Balata we went westward to Shechem. A little distance from the village the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, come quite close to each other, and if a man stood between them, on the plain, it would be quite easy to hear a man speak on either mountain. Here on the level plain the children of Israel were gathered together in the time of Joshua, when he reminded them of the blessings of the Lord and read the law unto them. Here they heard him say: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Jos. 24:15). Here the people made a covenant with the Lord, and in memory of this covenant they raised a stone by the oak of which we have spoken before. Soon we arrive at Shechem, which is jammed in between the

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mountains. The valley is 1,600 feet wide where the city is located.

The city of Shechem is very old. When Abraham came from Mesopotamia into the land of Canaan this city was in existence. From the valley of Hebron Jacob sent his son Joseph to find out the condition of his brethren, who were watching the flocks here. (Gen. 37:12-14.) Shechem was chosen as one of the cities of refuge on the west side of the Jordan and was a Levitical city. To this place the ten tribes came after the death of Solomon to choose a king, and they chose Rehoboam. (I Kings 12:1.) Here this king lived, while he ruled over Israel, and here was his capital city. (I Kings 12:25.) When the capital city was moved to Samaria, Shechem became to some extent forgotten, but after the Babylonian captivity it looms up again, and is a chief city of the Samaritans. The Samaritans tried by force and craftiness to hinder the Jews in their work on the temple. They succeeded for some time, but after awhile the Jews were permitted to continue with their building. The enmity between the Samaritans and the Jews existed still in the time of our Saviour. You will notice this in the question of the Samaritan woman: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans" (John 4:9).

When we arrived in the city, we registered at the Latin Hospitz, where we had everything as we wished. The monks were very congenial, and did all they could to make us feel at home. Having rested awhile, we went to the high priest of the Samaritans, who lives at the foot of Gerizim in the outskirts of the town. The streets are about as miserable as you can imagine, crooked and dirty and very often there is a stench that is almost unbearable. At last we came to the synagogue, a regular hovel. The high priest was not at home; he had gone out to see some

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sick person at a hospital, but his sons were at home. They received us at the door of the synagogue. In order that our unholy feet might not pollute the rug, the boy rolled it away, and placed chairs on the floor that we might have a seat. One of the boys spoke a little English. I asked him for the privilege of seeing the old parchment roll of the Old Testament. It is known that the Samaritans do not acknowledge any other books than the Pentateuch or the Five Books of Moses. He brought forth a very old roll, but we told him that this was not the oldest, and at last he came with it. It is certainly very ancient, but surely not so old as the Samaritans claim.

I asked the boy how many brothers he had and he said, "Fourteen." I retorted, "Do you really have so many?" Then he said, "Two of them belong to my uncle." The boys brought a photograph of their father and asked us to buy some copies of it, but they charged so much that we were not willing to pay the price they asked. Then my dragoman paid the required *bakschisch* and so we departed. As we did so, I asked the boy how many Samaritans there are at present and he answered, "About 150." This people is gradually becoming extinct, and it will not be long before they are all gone. They are forbidden to marry other nationalities and for this reason their history cannot last long after this.

Going out in the city we came to a mosque, which during the Crusades had been a Christian church, the St John's Church of Shechem. As we looked in we saw quite a few Mohammedans therein. In Shechem the Mohammedans are very fanatical, and the stranger has to be very careful not to arouse their fanaticism in any way. When we passed through the city they looked daggers at us, and we could easily see that it would take but a spark to blaze up into a great fire.

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But we must go up to the top of Gerizim. I engaged an Arab boy and went up. My dragoman did not feel well and did not wish to go up. We followed the road in a southeasterly direction along the sides of the mountain. This was very steep, and the ascent proved to be quite a task. Gerizim is 2,850 feet high, and Ebal, on the north side, is 3,075. At last we came to the top of the mountain. Here we found some shepherds, watching their flocks. Heaps of ruins are found here, and especially on the eastern edge of the mountain. Here stood the temple of the Samaritans, which was torn down by Hyrcanus. Judging from the ruins, this must have been a magnificent temple. Here is a wall of a fortress which Justinian built. Right near the wall of the fortress stands a Mohammedan "veli," or the tomb of a Mohammedan saint. Here we have a most excellent view of the Mukna plain and the whole vicinity even to Perea. Towards the east, at the foot of a hill is Salim, near by Enon, where John was baptizing. (John 3:5.)

I walked around on the top of Gerizim with my Arab boy a long time; there were many things to be seen. Among other things we must note the place, where the Samaritans bring their Paschal lamb for sacrifice. They stick very closely to their religious ideas. When the sun was about to set, I began my descent. **The Arab boy ran among the stones as nimbly as a goat.** At last we are at the hospitz among the monks. I gave the boy a franc and he seemed satisfied. Arabs are very seldom satisfied, though.

There are about 25,000 inhabitants in Shechem at the present time, and most of them are Mohammedans. It is very likely that this city became entirely devastated in the Jewish wars, but was rebuilt. "The Wars of the Jews," by Josephus, was written in the year 75 A. D. and he speaks of this place as the New City, or Neapolis. The Arabs have changed this into Nablus.

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During the night I slept very poorly, because of the Turkish soldiers who had their barracks near our hospitz.

The 24th of September we arose at five o'clock. This was my first day in the saddle, and I was rather curious to see how I would get along with the Arab bronchos. We had our breakfast with our good monks and they prepared dinner for us. At half past six our horses were ready and we went away. But such horses! They were the most wretched animals I have seen, and I rejoiced in the hope that I could exchange them for better ones at noon. We went out of the city in a northwesterly direction through the Valley of Shechem, following the new road that leads to Haifa, passing along hillsides, over ridges and through valleys. At last we came on a ridge, from which we saw towards the northwest the old Sebastje, the ancient Samaria. Sebastje is about six miles from Shechem and is located on an oblong hill.

During the course of time the ten tribes had three capital cities, Shechem, Tirza, and Samaria. While the House of Ahab ruled, Jezreel was considered, together with Samaria, as a capital city. In the kingdom of Israel nineteen kings ruled, and they were all ungodly. This kingdom lasted from 975 to 722 B. C., when Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, came and carried the ten tribes into the Assyrian captivity. The history of this people shows clearly that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14: 34). One revolution followed upon another, and murder and bloodshed belonged to the order of the day. But God is not to be mocked. The same law that holds good in the case of the individual applies also to nations, and where do you see the operation of this law more clearly than among the ten tribes?

While we are in Samaria, we think of the founder of this ancient city of Omri. He lived six years in Tirza, and then he bought the hill in Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver,

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and built on this hill a city and called it Shemer, or Samaria, after the owner of the hill. (I Kings 16:24.) After Omri, Ahab was chosen king and he followed in the footsteps of his ungodly father and did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him. (I Kings 16:30.) During the time of this king the prophet Elijah lived and worked for the upbuilding of God's kingdom among the ten tribes. He was a kind of court preacher, sparing neither the royal family nor anyone else. The king was unwilling to acknowledge that the punishments which the Lord sent were due to his sins, and the blame was put on the prophet Elijah. Such is the human heart, and has been since the fall of Adam and Eve. It was during the time of Ahab that Mesha, king of Moab, was subservient to Ahab. "And Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheepmaster, and rendered unto the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs and a hundred thousand rams, with the wool. But it came to pass, when Ahab was dead, that the king of Moab rebelled against the king of Israel." (I Kings 3:4-5). It is concerning this King Mesha that the Moabite stone treated. Perhaps it is not out of the way to relate something about this stone in this connection. The stone was erected 850 B. C. to glorify the victories of Mesha over the king of Israel.

In the year 1869, the 19th of August, a Prussian traveler, Rev. F. A. Klein, discovered the stone at Dibon, the ancient Diban. It is three and a half feet high by two and a half feet broad and two feet thick with a rounded top. He kept this discovery secret for some time and did not tell it even to the prominent men in Jerusalem at that time. In 1869 a rough squeeze was taken by an Arab for Clermont Ganneau. The Consul Peterman sought to get hold of the stone, but did not succeed, and then he made known the value of the stone to the inhabitants. They made it red hot and poured cold water on it and broke it in pieces, so as to be able to make so much more

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money from the various pieces. They considered the stone to have healing power. Two large fragments and eighteen small ones were recovered. By means of these pieces, together with the two squeezes that were taken, they were able to restore the text of the stone. This is now in the Jewish court of the Louvre at Paris. A facsimile of this stone is in the British Museum. Here is the text:

“I am Mesha, son of Chemosh, king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father was king of Moab thirty years and I became king after my father. And I made this high place of Chemosh in Kerkh as a token of gratitude for the deliverance wrought for Mesha, because he saved me from all that attacked me and caused me to see my desire upon all that hated me. Omri was king in Israel and oppressed Moab many days, because Chemosh was angry with his land, and his son succeeded him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my days he spoke thus. But I saw my desire upon him and upon his house, and Israel perished forever. Now Omri annexed all the land of Medeba, and Israel occupied it, his days and half his son’s days, forty years and restored it to Chemosh in my days and built Baalmeon, and I made in it the Shwh [perhaps reservoir], and I built Kirjathaim. And the men of Gad occupied the land of Ataroth [Num. 32: 3, 34] from of old, and the king of Israel built for himself Ataroth. And I fought against the town and took it, and put to death all the people of the town, a pleasing spectacle for Chemosh and for Moab. And I brought prisoners thence, and I dragged them in the sight of Chemosh in Keriot, and I settled in it men from Maharath [Makeros?]. Chemosh said to me, Go and take Nebo from Israel; and I went by night and fought against it from break of dawn till noon. And I took it and put them all to death, seven thousand men, women and female slaves—for the sacrifice of women belong to Ashtaroth and Chemosh. And I

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took thence Jehovah's Kar [?] and I break them before the sight of Chemosh. And the king of Israel built Jahaz and occupied it, while he fought against me. And Chemosh drove him out before me, and I took from Moab two hundred men, of all its clans, and led them against Jahaz and took it to add it to Dibon. And I built its gates, and I built its tower, and I built the king's house. And I made sluices for the reservoirs for the water in the midst of the city. And there was no cistern in the midst of the city in Kerkh, and I said to all the people, Make for you, each of you, a cistern in his house, and I hewed the timber for the Kirkh by means of the prisoners, taken from Israel. I built Aroer, and I built Beth-bemoth, for it had been destroyed. I built Bezer, for it was in ruins. The men of Diban were all loyal, and I reigned over a hundred in the cities, which I had added to the land. And I built Medeba and Beth-Diblathaim. And as for Beth-baal-meon, there I placed flocks, sheep of the land, and Horonaim, wherein dwelt the son of Dedan, and Chemosh said to me, Go down, fight against Horonaim, and I went down and fought. . . ."

The last part of the text is not very legible. The letters are in Hebrew, and without doubt the very same kind that were used in the days of David and Solomon. This was a very important discovery and in every point it has confirmed the Bible. Here we have a chance to make comparison with the Scripture, and in doing so, we shall find that there is a marked correspondence in everything with the Book. We find that all such discoveries confirm the Bible story in detail. This circumstance, that makes the stones cry out against the unbelief of the times, ought to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men (I Pet. 2:15), but no, these men of the higher criticism will always find some loophole and try to escape, and speak evil of things which they know not. (Jud. 10.)

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From the captivity until the time of Herod, the Sacred history does not speak much about this city of Sebastje. It was Herod that adorned the city with beautiful buildings, and surrounded the same with a wall. He also built a fort here. In the western part of the city he arranged for an open space, and in the midst of this he built a temple to the honor of Augustus. This structure was one of the most beautiful in the country. The name was changed to Sebastje in honor of Augustus.

Very early in the Christian era the Christian doctrine was preached here. Here was a bishopric and the bishop attended the meeting at Nice, 325.

Yale University was just in the act of excavating in the western part of the hill, and we were very much interested in this work. My fellow traveler, the Rev. Mr. Miller, had come from Asia Minor to see the excavation. We were there at half past eight in the morning, and the laborers were busy at their task, but the professor who had charge of the work was sleeping in a tent near by. We did not wish to wake him; otherwise it would have been interesting to meet him and find out something about the ruins. We had a chance to see a part of the excavated ruins, and this proved to be exceedingly interesting. About two hundred and fifty women from Egypt were carrying baskets of sand on their heads. They pay them usually two and a half piaster a day or ten cents. Those who are strong and able to do very heavy work received five piasters a day. Think of it! Ten or twenty cents a day, working under the scorching sun of Syria, and such disagreeable work at that! But they seemed to be happy and marched along with their baskets from the deep shafts along the walls. They do not know any better, and so they are satisfied with their lot. We stood there a long time and watched them as they came in long files from the deep

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shafts along the walls with the baskets upon their heads. A curious sight, indeed!

We had a chance to see the early walls and some of the ruins of the houses. They had uncovered quite an area in the western part of the city. The foundations were built by the founder Omri and his son Ahab. The stones were not very large, but they were well put together. But the most beautiful work was that which Herod had built. There we saw the marble staircase to the temple built in honor of Augustus, and this was very well preserved. The temple was torn down, but we saw some of the walls and foundations. Before the stair we saw a headless statue of Augustus in a box, ready to be shipped to Constantinople. A little farther west there were two round towers, between which the city gate was located. From this gate there were great stairs, leading into the city. When they have dug up the foundations, and seen all there is to be seen, they photograph the whole and cover them up again, because they do not dare to leave them uncovered. The Beduins would then destroy all they could get hold of. Some of the women were busy carrying the sand back again to cover up the parts that had been photographed. Sad, indeed, that these wild sons of the desert should be so inclined to destroy everything. If they could have left this part of the ruins uncovered, the public might have had a chance to see them, but now they are under the sod and cannot be seen at all.

Now we returned to the eastern end of the hill, following the row of pillars on the south side of the ridge. About half of them are visible; the other part is under the ground. Going along these pillars, we came to the middle of the hill. Here they had dug up the ruins of a building, supposed to be the remains of a court house. We could clearly see the place where the judges sat at court. The seats were of white marble, and the

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pillars of very fine polished granite. They could build in the olden times; here we have evidences enough. At this ruin an Arab was placed as a watchman, so that no one might photograph the excavated parts. The poor Arab was really in agony, because the Rev. Mr. Miller took up his camera. My dragoman consoled him that there was no danger, and the Arab said: "If you take photographs I will be dismissed." However, the Rev. Mr. Miller took a snapshot and the watchman did not seem to understand that he did it.

Now we mounted our horses, which some of the boys had watched in the hope that they might get some bakschisch, and as we were on the point of going, the boys cried out in chorus, "Bakschisch, bakschisch," and our dragoman had to give them some. He gave them a few piasters and they became satisfied.

Now we passed along the mountains of Samaria, following old caravan roads, and sometimes we crossed hills, mountains and valleys in the footsteps of jackals and the pathways of hyenas. My dragoman knows Palestine by heart, and is familiar with every hill and valley. For this reason you feel safe in his company. Arriving at a resting place by the name Sileh, we dismounted at a fountain or spring in a hillside. A group of children and women came to the spring to fetch water. Some of them were tattooed and had bracelets of silver around their arms. I became surprised when I saw those slender women carry those heavy jars on their heads. They filled them with water, but were not able to lift them up on their heads without help. Such was life in the olden times, when Rachel came to the well to fetch water in distant Mesopotamia. While we were waiting, Mr. Aboosh suggested that we should take our dinner, and we did so. The monks in Nablous had put up a very good lunch. I got another horse after lunch, but not much better than

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the first. I had to ride this poor animal during my journey in the northern part of Palestine.

We went off in a northerly direction and our next goal was Jenin. Along with me and my dragoman came a "mule-boy" from Jerusalem by the name Hammadi. He was not a boy any more, but was married and his wife lived in Jerusalem. As evidence of the education and intelligence of this man, let me add that he could neither read nor write and did not know how old he was. But that is nothing unusual among the Mohammedans. In the afternoon we came on a ridge, where we had a most excellent view of the plain of Dothan, or as it is now called, Arrabe. We came down to this plain in the southwestern end. I began to feel sick as I rode along the plain. I endeavored to reach Dothan, but it was not an easy matter. My dragoman rode ahead, and I was a little distance behind, followed by Hammadi. I became worse, stepped down from the horse, and sat down on the plain by the wayside. The food that we had brought along from the monks at Nablous and the spring water was, no doubt, the cause of it. At this time the Syrian fever also took hold of me. I could not ride and tried to walk, but could not even do that. Now I tried to drink some water, but could not keep it. We were but a little distance from Dothan and by a strong effort I succeeded in reaching that place, which was located on the hill at the northeast end of the plain. It is called by the Arabs Jubb Yusuf. We are now about twelve miles from Sebastje, and about five miles from Jenin. Water was flowing from the well, and there were a number of trees near by. Now I lay me down under the shadow of the trees, at a little distance from the well. This is said to be the well into which Joseph was thrown by his brothers.

As I lay there I thought of my own situation and that of Joseph. I remembered the story of the young boy who had been

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walking all the way from the Valley of Hebron. His father sent him first to Shechem, but his brethren were not there. He was told that they were in Dothan, and so he came to this place. And as the brothers saw him, they said: "Behold this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and east him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams." (Gen. 37:19-20).

In this village on the hill the prophet Elisha used to live. During his time war broke out between the king of Damascus, Benhadad II (920-890 B. C.), and the king of Israel, Joram. The prophet informed Joram about all that the king, Benhadad spoke in his bedchamber, and when he found out that Elisha was the man that gave this information, Benhadad sent horses and wagons and a large army, and the town of Dothan was surrounded. Just think of it! A whole army is sent out to capture a single man! In the morning an army was besieging the place and the servant asked: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" Then the prophet answered: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Then the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The army was stricken with blindness, and the prophet brought them to Samaria, about twelve miles from here; and although they were his enemies, he set bread and water before them, that they might eat and drink and go home to their master. (II Kings 6:8-33.) The old prophet went at them in a Christian manner, heaping coals of fire upon their heads. Indeed, great things have happened here on the hills of Dothan. Now there are only a few houses here, where poor fellaheen live. We saw a few men sitting there among the fruit trees; others came to the well to water their sheep and cattle.

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This place was forgotten during the course of centuries, and no one seemed to know where it was located. But in the year 1852 Van de Welde and, in the same year, Robinson happened to hear the people in the vicinity speak of Dothan, or Dothaim, and in this way the lost city or town was discovered. Dothan is mentioned in connection with the warfare against Judea. In this connection Betulia is also mentioned. It is very near Dothan and is now called Sanus.

Having rested by the well among the trees at Dothan, I recovered, and endeavored to continue the journey to Jenin, about five miles to the northeast. But now my "mule-boy" became sick and I did not know what to do. What could my poor dragoman do with two sick men, out here in the wilderness? Sometimes I rode and sometimes I walked, leaning against my horse, and sometimes I sat down to rest. Surely I was on the point of giving up. Sometimes we followed a poor road, and at other times, again, we departed from it, so as to come by the most direct route to our destination. We saw the minarets beyond the hills towards the northeast, and I thought we were near the goal, but it took some time ere we came to the town. We came into a valley and my dragoman showed me a little ravine where six or seven men, some years ago, shot one another down to the last man. This region is known to be very insecure for travelers. Bloody feuds have been fought here between sheiks. We succeeded in getting through safely, though. A little distance outside the town we saw how the women carried gravel in baskets on their heads to repair the road. Surely the lot of woman in the Orient is very hard! We rode into the town and put up at the German hotel, recently built. Here is a fountain that gives an abundance of water, and there are many orchards around the village.

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Jenin is located on the boundary line between Samaria and Galilee, in a valley where the mountains of Samaria cease and the plain of Jezreel extends towards the north. Jenin is the old En-Gannin, i. e. Orchardwell (Jos. 19:21), and was a Levite city (Jos. 21:29). Josephus relates that it was located on the boundary line between Samaria and the plain of Jezreel. He calls it Genaea. From the well in this village a brook runs down into Kishon, and this brook is enlarged by some other springs on the plain to the west from here. The orchards were in a very good condition, and here we saw some palm trees. The town has about 3,000 inhabitants, and some of them are Christians. The people at this place are known for their inclination to steal, and our "mule-boy" was on the lookout, so that no long-fingered Arab would annex some of our belongings during the night.

When I came to the hotel I could scarcely walk, and as I came into the bedroom in the second story, I threw myself down on the bed, unable to take off my clothes. My dragoman helped all he could. I took some medicines that I had brought along from Jerusalem, and towards midnight I fell asleep. At one o'clock at night I awoke and was much better. I awoke my dragoman and told him I could continue my journey in the morning. He was surprised at my speedy recovery, and I was not any less surprised myself. We arose at half past seven. I tried to take breakfast, but could not eat very much. At half past seven we were in the saddle and went out of the town. I thanked God who had restored me so that I could continue.

## CHAPTER XV

### FROM JENIN TO TIBERIAS

THE 25th of September we rode out on the plain of Jezreel. In this early hour of the morning the sun was very warm, as it rose over the Gilboa Mountain in the east, and I prophesied a very hot day. A little later in the forenoon a breeze blew from the northwest over the plain, and this made our journey a little more pleasant. We are on the historic plain of Jezreel. Let us remind ourselves of some of the events that have taken place here in southern Galilee. But before we do that, let us try to describe this wonderful plain. It has the form of a triangle whose base extends from Jenin to the hills below Nazareth, and is about fifteen miles long. The north side, which runs along the hills of Galilee, is twelve miles, and the southern, running along the hills of Samaria and Carmel, is eighteen miles long. In the west there is a bay, extending to Haifa. From the base of the triangle there are three bays extending eastward. These are separated by the mountains of Little Hermon and Gilboa. The highest point of the plain is at Jezreel, and is 600 feet above the sea level and 1,300 feet above the Jordan. This plain is called once in the Bible "the Land of the Valley" (Jos. 17:16). It is also called the "Valley of Megiddo" (II Chron. 35:22; Zach. 12:11). When the Greek language was spoken in this country, it was called Esdraelon and Stradela. Josephus calls it the Great Plain (Bel. Jud. 3:1); the Arabs call it the "Pasture of the Children of Amir" (Merdj ibn Amir). During the summertime this plain is dry and affords no difficulty

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in crossing it, but in the winter it is impossible to cross certain parts. The soil is very rich and gives good returns. In the summertime it is full of cracks, and in the rainy season these become filled with water. This plain is almost desolate and only a sixth of it is under cultivation. The Beduins put up their tents here in the summertime and feed their flocks and cattle.

In the early morning we saw two gazelles running over the plain and heard two shots. This reminded me of the word of the psalmist David, "The hind of the morning," or the hind, hunted in the morning (Ps. 22:1). After a little while we observed some villages on Gilboa. One of these is El-Fukuah, whence this range of mountains has its present name, Jebel El-Fukuah. Another village is Jelban, which reminds us of Gilboa. This mountain is spoken of in the Holy Scriptures only in connection with the story of the death of Saul and his sons.

While my mind was engaged with the history of the unhappy Saul, we came to Zerín, the old Jezreel, which is located on a little ridge, whose height is about 100 feet. The history of this place extends back to the time of Ahab, when he located his capital city here and built the ivory house (I Kings 22:39). Sometimes he lived here and sometimes in Samaria (I Kings 20:1-2; 22:10). Here the vineyard of Naboth was located, the vineyard that the ungodly Jezebel procured for her husband Ahab. When the king went down to take possession of the vineyard, Elijah, the Tishbite, met him and said: "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine" (I Kings 21:19). And thus it happened according to the word of the prophet. In this old place there is a tower, from the top of which there is a splendid view of the plain. Was it, perhaps, in this tower the watchman stood, when he observed the messenger, who came from the unruly people on the other side of Jordan (II Kings 9:17)? Some think so. But

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this tower is very likely of a later date. To this place it was that the prophet Elijah went before the carriage of Ahab, when he came from Carmel to escape the rain (I Kings 18:45-46). Here the ungodly Jezebel had to pay for her transgressions. When the son of Ahab, Joram, was visited by the king of Judah, Ahaziah, the newly-anointed king, Jehu, shot him with an arrow between the shoulders, so that the arrow passed out through the heart, and he fell down in his carriage.

When Jehu came to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it, and she painted her face and looked out at the window. But at the command of the king the eunuchs threw her down, so that the blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses, and he drove over her. And when he had come in, he did eat and drink and said: "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." And they went to bury her: but they found no more of her than the skull, the feet, and the palms of her hands. Wherefore they came again and told him. And he said: "This is the word of the Lord, which He spake by His servant Elijah, the Tishbite, saying, In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel: and the carcass of Jezebel shall be as dung upon the face of the field in the portion of Jezreel; so that they shall not say, This is Jezebel" (II Kings 9:30-37). God is not to be mocked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The slaves of sin too often forget that the "wages of sin is death."

Zerin is now a miserable place, but was once upon a time a very important town in the tribe of Issachar. Here we have a most excellent view over the plain westward. To the southwest we see the ruins of Taanach and Megiddo. Only a pile of pieces of jars and walls of houses together with sepulchres, cut out in the rocks, are to be seen here at present. Below the old village is a mosque. Perhaps this was a Christian church at

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one time. About four and a half miles to the north of this place is Megiddo. Here the German Palestine Fund has made excavations. Megiddo is now called El-Lejun. In this plain it was that Sisera and Barak fought for the supremacy. Deborah, who judged in Israel, sang a song in honor of this warfare.

We are still at Zerin and ride down the slope on the north side of the village to the real plain. Here we follow the foot of Gilboa, until we arrive about a mile eastward at the northeast side of the mountain. Here is a fountain which flows from the mountain and forms a large pool. Right by the spring is a grotto in the mountain. This is the spring Harod, which is now called Ain Jalud. We rode right over this pool of water and came into the grotto. A number of people were sleeping here. We sat down for a little while and found a most excellent protection from the rays of the sun. The water is very good, and I do not blame the Arabs for gathering here in the summertime. The water was not very cold, but very clear. To this well Gideon came with his warriors. When the Lord wants to do great things, he finds small and insignificant means. He came to Gideon, as he sat under the terebinth at Ophrah, and said unto him: "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour." Now Gideon did not consider himself a mighty man, neither did he think that the Lord was with him, for he said: "Oh my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us, and where be all His miracles, which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord hath forsaken us and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites" (Jud. 6:12-13). He saw only suffering and distress, and a people rejected by reason of its sin. But the Lord said: "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have I not sent thee?" (Jud. 6:14). Gideon had no power in himself, his family was poor in Manasseh, and he was

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the least in his father's house. But in this his weakness he was strong, and he relied on God's promise with his 300 warriors and went out against the Midianites, Amalekites and others, who were encamped in the valley, numerous as grasshoppers.

The plain of Jezreel extends to the north from the spring. It is not very wide at this point, and on the north side of the plain is the Hill of Moreh. The Midianites were encamped on the plain, towards this hill. Gideon drove the Midianites to the other side of the River Jordan, and the land had peace for forty years. On this plain Saul pitched his camp against the Philistines by the well in Jezreel, when he fought his last battle (I Sam. 29:1).

Resting in the grotto a little while, we went out, mounted our horses, and were off in a northwesterly direction over the plain. Our first goal is Solam, the ancient Shunem, on the southwestern slope of Djebel Nebi Dahi, or Little Hermon. This was a very interesting goal, because Shunem is often spoken of in the Bible. It is located within the tribe of Issachar, three miles from Jezreel, and five miles from Gilboa. There the army of Saul encamped. During his last night on earth he went to the witch at Endor, which place is located on the northeast side of Little Hermon.

Towards the southwest we see Carmel about twelve miles away. You can see almost the whole range at this place. To yonder mountain a woman went from Shunem to bring the prophet Elijah. The prophet used to be a guest at the house of this woman, while he was wandering along among his people. This woman had a son who died. And she came to the prophet that he might resurrect him. Elijah came and aroused him from the dead. From Shunem was the beautiful Abishag (I Kings 1:3), and from this place was the Shulamite, the bride of Solomon (Songs of Sol. 6:13). The village is at present almost hidden

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between trees and cactus hedges. We came to the northwestern outskirts of the village, where we stopped to rest and take dinner. Owing to my experiences during the past day, I was very weak, and felt pleased to rest awhile. As to my dinner, I must say that this did not amount to much. At half past two we started for Nain, which is located on the western slope of this mountain. As we were turning towards the northeast around the slope of the mountain, we met four robbers on horseback. They had all kinds of weapons. Two of them had long spears, and these we noticed first on the other side of a hill. When they came nearer to us, we observed that the two others each had a gun and cartridges in a belt around the waist. Besides this all four had pistols and knives, and their faces were covered up to their eyes. My dragoman rode ahead, I came next, and then my "mule-boy," Hammadi. I understood immediately what kind of people they were, and I wondered how our meeting with them would turn out. Mr. Aboosh hurried his horse, and so did I. When they came in front of the dragoman, they begged for tobacco. He answered, "I have none," and rode right ahead. When we came behind a little hill, where they could not see us, Mr. Aboosh turned around and asked, "Do you know who they were?" I answered, "Robbers, no doubt." He replied, "Yes, of the worst kind." He furthermore said that they did not dare to attack us, because they thought that I was an Englishman, and they have great respect for them. We considered ourselves lucky in getting away from those rascals.

Here we have a splendid view of the plain in every direction. To the northeast we notice the beautiful Tabor, to the northwest the whole range of the mountains of Galilee extends before us, while Carmel is seen in all its majesty towards the southwest. On the hill towards the northwest is the goal for the day, Nazareth. We have seen this town all day, ever since we left Jenin.

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Away back in the rear towards the north the mountains of Galilee are extending their majestic ridges. On the plain are quite a few Beduin tents.

My dragoman had sent the "mule-boy" directly from Jezreel to Shunem. Now he thought of sending him over the plain to Nazareth; but when he saw all those Beduin tents, he did not dare to do that, but told him to follow us all the way. The black tents, made out of goats' skins, were scattered over the plain. It must have looked something like that in the time of Midian, when Gideon drove those wild hordes back to Gilead and liberated Israel. Towards the north there were a number of Beduins also; and as we had to go that way, I wondered how we would be able to get through their ranks. Among such people you are never sure. Riding about half an hour, we came to Nain. This village is at present a miserable-looking sight, and I could hardly understand how human beings could live in such hovels.

This little village has become world renowned because of what the great Prophet from Nazareth did here, when he passed through Galilee on his missions. The Evangelist Luke informs us that the Lord Jesus, having delivered His Sermon on the Mount, went into Capernaum, and there he healed the centurion's servant (Luke 7:10). The following day He came to a city called Nain, followed by his disciples, and much people, and here at the gate He resurrected the widow's son (Luke 7:11-16). The Master came across the plain of Jezreel, passing by Mount Tabor and up the hillside to this place. The city had then only one gate, facing north, as it does now, but perhaps it was located a little farther towards the north then. Here the Master spoke those powerful words, "Young man, I say unto thee arise," and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. Here life and death met each other and life conquered.

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Nain means "beautiful," and here is a beautiful view towards the north and west, but this place has been made more beautiful through the visit of our Saviour. Towards the north, in the hillside below the village, there are a great many tombs, hewn out in the rock. Perhaps it was into one of these they meant to lay the son of the widow. As we left Nain, we rode a little to the northeast to be able to see Endur, the ancient Endor. This place is located on the northeast slope of Little Hermon. Here the witch was living to whom Saul came in his dire distress (I Sam. 28). The houses are made out of sunburnt clay, some of stones, and they all look as though a witch might find a suitable place here yet. We rode out on the plain and went towards Tabor. This place is one of the renowned mountains of the land and is 1,300 feet above the plain. Towards the west from this mountain there is a ridge that connects it with the hills of Nazareth. As we passed over the plain, on the southwest side of it, we had a chance to look at it very carefully, and surely Tabor is beautiful; in the Scriptures it is also an emblem of beauty. "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name" (Ps. 89:13). Along this mountain the boundary line between Issachar and Zebulun extended from southwest to northeast (Jos. 19:12-22). Tabor is mentioned six times in the Old Testament, but not in the New. Gideon asked what kind of men they were, whom they killed on Tabor, and they answered: "They were all like you, each one looked as a king's son" (Jud. 8-18). Hosea, the prophet among the ten tribes, cried out to this people, because they had fallen away from their God: "Hear ye this, O priests; and harken, ye house of Israel; and give ye ear, O house of the king; for judgment is towards you, because ye have been a snare on Mizpah, and a net spread upon Tabor" (Hos. 5:1). The prophet has reference to the idolatry which Jeroboam instituted in the kingdom of the ten tribes at Bethel and Dan

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(I Kings 12:32). From this statement it becomes clear that idolatry was practiced even upon Mount Tabor. In his prophecy concerning Egypt, Jeremiah says: "As I live, saith the King whose name is the Lord of Hosts, Surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come" (Jer. 48:18).

We are familiar with the fact that not only the Jews, but other Oriental peoples, built fortresses on mountain tops, so that they might be able to defend themselves better against the attacks of enemies. For this reason it is very likely that a town was built here on the top of this mountain. But we have no information about a town here before 218 B. C. Josephus relates that he built walls on the top of Tabor. This work lasted forty days. He also speaks of the people that lived there in his day, or about 67 A. D. Vespasian conquered them, since they could not hold out very long, as there was no water except cistern water. Other water must be brought up from the plain (Jud. Bell. 2:20:6:4:1:8). On the top, which is somewhat cut off, are quite a few ruins from Roman times, and also from the time of the Crusades. The Latin Christians have an altar there, at which their priests say mass every year. The Greeks also have an altar, and have religious exercises there on certain occasions.

Mount Tabor has become renowned by the legend that the transfiguration of Christ took place here. This is said to be the "holy mount" which the Apostle Peter speaks about (II Pet. 1:18). Some of the early church fathers believed that Tabor was the Mount of Transfiguration, and among them we have Augustine, who speaks about the "Saviour's tents on Tabor." But there are so many and binding evidences against this mount being the Mount of Transfiguration that we shall have to give up this idea and seek it elsewhere. According to

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the New Testament there are strong reasons to believe that the Mount of Transfiguration is Hermon. The only thing that speaks in favor of Tabor is a tradition from a very late date, and this is by no means unanimous.

We rode over Jezreel towards the southwest side of the mountain and passed by the Beduins who had put up their tents there. We hurried the best we knew how, and came by them without any trouble. As we draw near the hills of Nazareth, we notice to the right of us a little village called Deburieh. This is the old Daberath (Jos. 19:12; 21:28), a Levite city, not far from the boundary line of Zebulon and Issachar.

When Rameses II came through these regions about 1325 B. C., he captured several cities in this part of the country, and among them Dapur is mentioned and another one, Shalama. Dapur is now Daberath, and Shalama is now Solam, or Shunem. Daburieh is now a little Arab village of no significance. Riding to the south of this place, we continued until we came to the foot of the Hills of Nazareth. Right there is a village called Iksal, the old Kesulloth, or Chisloth-Tabor (Jos. 19:12, 18). Near this place is a part of an old caravan road. This is, no doubt, the old main road that the Egyptians followed, when they made their warlike expeditions to Assyria and Babylon. When the Assyrians and the Babylonians went down to Egypt, they came along the same road. Here is the old "Via Maris," as it was designated during the Middle Ages, or as it is called in the Book of Isaiah, "the way of the sea" (Is. 9:1). Think of the caravans that have passed by here along this plain and by this ridge! Here the armies of Egypt have marched along to the Euphrates, and from the Euphrates to the Nile. Palestine has been likened unto a bridge between two worlds, and this illustration is very striking, because through this country thousands upon thousands have gone to foreign lands, carrying merchandise or marching

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along as warriors with weapons in their hands, and with garments rolled in blood. Let us not forget that the soil of Palestine has been drenched in blood time and again.

We are now passing through Iksal, a very rickety little village. The houses are made of sunburnt clay, and everything looks dilapidated. As we rode along a very dingy street, children and women came out of their huts and looked with astonishment at the strangers. Here I observed how the women sat by the mill, grinding grain of some kind. The poor people looked very miserable. At last we are at the foot of the mountain, or ridge. Here we stopped awhile and beheld the surroundings and the village particularly. Then we began our wanderings along the steep hillsides. The road winds along the side of the ridge in a zigzag manner, and is so steep that we cannot ride, but are obliged to dismount and lead our horses. At last we came upon the top of the mountain, and had a most excellent view of southern Galilee.

Think of the battles that have been fought on this plain, below us towards the east and southeast! We have alluded to the battlefield of Gideon and Barak. Here we must remind ourselves of the battle fought by Napoleon, who won a complete victory over his opponents, who led a larger army into the battle than he did. When Napoleon I had conquered Egypt, he went up to Palestine and captured Gaza and Jaffa, and intended to capture Acre, but did not succeed. That very year he won a complete victory over the Turks on this plain of Jezreel. The engagement is called the "Battle of Tabor," and was fought the 10th of April, 1799. An officer marched down from the hills of Nazareth to attack the enemy with an army of only 3,000 soldiers. The enemy numbered 15,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry, but nevertheless this officer drew up his army against them. The Turks rushed onward as a prairie fire over the plain, but

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were met with a murderous fire near El-Fuleh. For six hours the little army held out against the superior forces of the Turks. Then Napoleon came with an army of 3,000 soldiers, and from that time the battle did not last long. He drove the Turks in wild flight over the plain. How peculiar that Napoleon should come to this ancient battleground and try his strength against the Turks!

We stood a long time and looked intently at this most excellent view. There is Tabor to the east, Little Hermon to the southeast, and Gilboa a little farther on to the right. The mountains of Samaria form the boundary line to the south, and in the southwest Carmel protrudes its majestic ridge. I felt very tired after the day's travel, but this proved to be so interesting that I forgot all and tried to impress this Biblical view in my mind. From the pinnacle of the ridge we rode westward, crossing another ridge, and as soon as we had come up on the top we beheld Nazareth before us, quite near. The whole day I had seen it on the top of the mountain, but now I had come so near that I could view this childhood home of the Saviour at close range. We rode into the city from the southeast and saw some threshing floors outside of the town. Nazareth is located on a ridge, and faces to the southeast. This ridge extends from northeast to southwest, and is covered here and there with shrubs and some trees.

It was on a Saturday that we came to this historic place. It was half past five o'clock, and we therefore did not have time to see much of the town; and besides, I did not feel very well. We went to the northwestern part of Nazareth, left our horses in the keeping of Hammadi and registered at the Hotel Victoria. Here we remained over Sunday. From my window I had a splendid view of the surroundings, and rejoiced to behold those very views which the Saviour had looked at so many times. As

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I was very tired, I went to bed rather early in the evening. The wife of the hotel-keeper informed me that the Syrian fever was playing havoc in Nazareth and Haifa, and added that she also had been quite sick. From her description of the fever I drew the conclusion that I had that sickness also, and I soon found out that *abu rukeb* was not to be played with.

I could hardly comprehend that I was in Nazareth, and while I awoke in the night, I wondered if it was true that I was in the place, "where He had been brought up" (Luke 4: 16). During the night I did not sleep well. This fever makes itself manifest by a severe itch and then certain pimples on the body. Sunday I had to stay at the hotel all forenoon. At eleven o'clock a missionary, the Rev. Mr. Carpenter, called on me. He spoke of his work and of its difficulty here in Syria. The field in Nazareth is very hard and requires a great deal of patience. That was the experience of the Saviour in His days. Many of the Mohammedans are very kind and courteous, but they are the most difficult to be won for the kingdom of Christ. He said that the strongest opponents to the Gospel are often won for Christ's kingdom, while those who are so very kind and give their assent do not accept the invitation and become saved. Christianity in Palestine is on a very low level, said the Rev. Mr. Carpenter, and he spoke the truth, as far as I had been able to find out. The Church of England is working very diligently in various parts of Palestine, and the work has not been in vain. It is well known that all Turkish countries are very hard fields for the Christian missionaries. The heathenism, which we call Mohammedanism, is very hard to conquer for Christ and His kingdom, and yet it might be that our Christian heathenism is still worse.

We are in Nazareth, the childhood home of Jesus, or as the Arabs call it, En-Nasira. Here are about 11,000 inhabitants, of

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whom only 2,000 are Mohammedans, the rest are Christians. Of these, two-thirds are orthodox Greeks, a third is Latin, Moronites, United Greeks, and Protestants. The people of Nazareth do not permit Jews to live within the boundary lines of the city. The people here, who are known to be rather quarrelsome, are engaged in agriculture, commerce and other industries. The women of Nazareth are known for their beauty. This I had occasion to observe at the well of Mary, near by our hotel. Nazareth is divided into three parts. The Latins live in the southwestern part, the Greeks in the northern and northeastern, and the Mohammedans in the eastern part. As you observe Nazareth from the plain of Jezreel, you notice a great many white houses. Nazareth is surrounded with a certain glory; it is one of those quiet places, towards which the soul is longing, so as to have a chance to meditate and pray.

This place is not spoken of in the Old Testament. It is through Christ that Nazareth has won distinction. The Evangelist Luke informs us, "That the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary" (Luke 1:26-27). Then came the mandate from the Emperor Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, every one in his own city, and Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (Luke 2:1-4). This done, they returned to Nazareth to dwell there. In this way the prophecy was fulfilled, which says that he shall be called Nazarene (Matt. 2:21-23). This place must have been very insignificant, inasmuch as Nathaniel asked Philip: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John 1:46). Here the great Teacher spent His childhood days, separated from the

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noise and tumult of the world, helping his father in his occupation as a carpenter.

At twelve years of age he was permitted, according to the Mosaic law, to follow his parents to the feast of Passover at Jerusalem. His experience in the temple we remember from the Gospel story. He went along with His parents to "Nazareth and was subject unto them, and He increased in wisdom, and age, and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2:51-52). Here in the humble home of his parents He was brought up for His great mission. It seems rather strange that He should spend so long a time in this secluded part of the land, before He appeared before the world. But even in this His example is of the greatest significance to us. Here He spent thirty years of His life, before He came before Israel with His great message. In our days some go at it quite differently, when children, moved by the Spirit, go forth to teach and preach. It is not easy to harmonize such procedures with the example of the Master. Paul has given us a wholesome rule to follow, when he says: "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil" (I Tim. 3:6). If there is anyone who needs to be prepared for his profession, it is the messenger of the Lord Jesus Christ. When the Saviour was about thirty years old, he came from Nazareth and was baptized by John in the Jordan (Matt. 3:13). After His baptism he returned to Cana in Galilee, and attended the marriage feast (John 21:11). At Passover He paid a visit to Jerusalem and cleansed the temple, whereupon he returned to Galilee through Samaria, and at the well of Jacob spoke to the woman of Samaria. Proceeding northward He came to Nazareth, and went into the synagogue and stood up to read. At this time he delivered His sermon on Isaiah 61:1, and applied these words upon Himself and said: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Luke 4:21). Be-

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cause of this sermon they drove Him out of the synagogue, and out of their city, and led Him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong. The inhabitants of Nazareth could not stand the truth, and tried to get rid of such a witness. Christ now moved to Capernaum, and after this it is called "His own city" (Matt. 9:1). After some time He returned to Nazareth, and spoke in the synagogue, and many were astonished at His teachings and said: "From whence hath this man these things? And what wisdom is this which is given unto Him that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands?" But after awhile they remember that He was the carpenter, the son of Mary, and take offence at His humble ancestry. Jesus marveled because of their unbelief.

Jesus is often called the Nazarene. Furthermore, it was in the name of Jesus Christ the Nazarene that the Apostles performed their miracles (Acts 4:10). On the cross Pilate wrote, "Jesus of Nazareth, king of the Jews," and when Saul of Tarsus, trembling, fell to the ground outside of Damascus, and asked: "Who art thou, Lord?" the Lord answered and said: "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." Nazarene was a nickname, given to Him by His enemies, and His followers were called Nazarenes. God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise (I Cor. 1:27).

It would seem that Joseph was dead at the time when Jesus was crucified. The mother of Jesus did not return to Nazareth, but remained with the Apostle John (John 19:27). She is supposed to have died at the home of John in the year 48. The brethren of Jesus also, as it seems, left Nazareth. To begin with, they did not believe in Him (John 7:5), but afterwards they received the doctrines of Jesus (Acts 1:14). From church history we learn that Christians were not permitted to live in Nazareth before the time of Constantine. Several churches are mentioned

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in this city—the church father, Hierome, speaks of the Church of Annunciation, and another church, built on the place where Jesus was brought up.

In 1187 Saladin captured Nazareth. The Mameluk Sultan devastated it entirely, and no one lived there in 1263. The city became uninhabited till 1620. The Franciscan monks were then permitted to erect the Church of Anunciation, but it was not complete until 110 years afterwards.

During the last century Nazareth has been visited by a throng of pilgrims, and they are on the increase. I felt thankful that I was permitted to see this place, and having been in this city about a day and a night, I must try to go out to see the historic places. We visited the church of Annunciation. This temple is located in the middle of the town, and is supposed to be erected on the spot where the angel greeted the Virgin Mary with these words, “Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.” (Luke 1: 28.) Along the walls of the church are carpets, in which illustrations from the life of Christ are embroidered. Below the altar is the Grotto of Annunciation. On a marble stair we come down to the Angel Chapel, where we find two altars. The one is dedicated to the honor of Jehoiakim, the father of Virgin Mary. The other altar is hallowed to the honor of Gabriel. From this chapel we go down into another, and here we find two pillars. At one of these the angel is said to have stood when he came with the greeting to Mary, and hence this pillar is called the Pillar of Gabriel. The other is called the Pillar of Mary. Right opposite the entrance is an altar, on which these words are written, “*Hic verbum caro factum est,*” i. e. “Here the word became flesh.” The walls in this chapel are covered with marble.

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The early tradition is to this effect that the house of the Virgin Mary stood on this very spot. The Empress Helena is said to have discovered the house of the Virgin and built a church on this spot. When Palestine was captured by the Moslems 1291, the house of the Virgin Mary was carried, the 10th of May, to Raunitza in Dalmatia and, three and a half years later, the 9th of September, 1294, to Loretto, in the neighbourhood of Recanati in Italy, where it is now found under the designation, "Casa Santa," and hosts of Catholics make pilgrimages to this place annually. This is nothing but a monk legend, pure and simple.

To the right of the altar in the Annunciation church is Joseph's chapel. Behind the church, in the neighbourhood of this chapel, is the kitchen of the Virgin Mary. The monk who showed us around in this church, said, "This was no kitchen; it is only so called." Of the house of the Virgin Mary there are only two pillars left, and they are the ones which are in the Annunciation Chapel.

From this church we walked to the shop of Joseph, a little to the northeast from the church, and in the Mohammedan quarter. Even this shop belongs to the Latins. This place is surrounded by a wall. A chapel in the neighbourhood, which was then used temporarily, was also visited by us. In this little church we were shown a painting, portraying Christ helping His father as a carpenter. From here we went to the Armenian church. This is supposed to be located on the very spot where the synagogue was located in which Jesus spoke to the citizens of Nazareth. From this synagogue He was driven out, and brought to the edge of the mountain, on which their city was built. Now the question is, Where is this precipice located? Not far from the church of the Maronites is a very steep cliff. This cliff must have been still higher two

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thousand years ago, because during the course of ages a lot of rubbish and sand must have filled in the place below this rock. But the place is within the city at this time, and the Scriptures say that they drove him out of the city. In all likelihood the city did not extend so far as it does now, and this cliff at that time, therefore, was located outside of the city. That is what the Greeks believe. The Roman Catholics cling to another tradition. According to this the right place is to be found an hour's journey to the southeast of the city. This hill, or brow of the hill, is visible at Nazareth, and to the right of this hill is a valley that leads down into the plain of Jezreel. The Roman place has not much evidence in its favor. But be this place where it may! This action on the part of the people of Nazareth is an evidence against them, and shall continue to speak during coming ages of their enmity and bitterness against their greatest Son. As we came back to the hotel, we heard a noise and saw a gathering of people down the street. In the midst of this gathering we saw a veiled woman, led by some maidens. This woman was a bride, just married, and on the way to her future home. This group of women was followed by a band of men and women, who were singing and beating the drum. It was a very happy throng. Here and there along the streets their friends came out with soft drinks, which her maidens gave her of which they themselves also tasted. Mr. Aboosh and I followed along, and came to the home of the couple on the hillside, at the end of a street. When she came to the house, she took a piece of dough, and put it on the upper doorpost. In this way she wished to preserve herself and her husband from evil tongues, and make sure that her home would be a happy one. After a little while we heard a noise down the street, and went down to meet the throng. And behold, there comes the bridegroom, accompanied by a great crowd with

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swords and staves. They do this to assure him that they will stand him by in his future life as his friends. To me it did not look very friendly to see them swing their swords and scream at the top of their voices. When the bridegroom came, he was expected by the bride and the crowd that followed her. I then thought of the words of the Saviour, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps." (Matt. 25: 6-7.) This event gave me a little insight into the home life of the Orient of today, and I valued this experience very much. They are real hours of joy to these children of nature. Without doubt the Saviour, as He walked along these streets, saw such events many a time; and the Master in His childhood days would often come along and partake in the doings of His people. He was present at the marriage feast of Cana, blessed those present by His presence, and changed water into wine.

Having seen all this, I felt very tired, and returned to the hotel to rest. In the evening I went to take supper with Rev. Carpenter, and I spent the evening in his home. It is very refreshing to meet with such sanctified characters. A splendid family. We spoke of the mission work in Nazareth and he said again that it is a hard field. But he had seen some progress and this kept up his courage. Having returned to the hotel, I went to bed, but my sickness kept me awake a great deal of the night. But the very thought that I was in Nazareth gave me so very much comfort that the night did not seem long. Now the question was, whether I should dare to continue my journey in the morning or not. At 8 o'clock I went out to observe the life at Mary's fountain. My hotel is near by, and I had passed by this well many times. The well is on the east side of the street, and the water is brought here through a subterranean duct at a little distance in the hillside. A

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church is built over this well. It is called Gabriel's Church, and is owned by the Greeks, who believe that the angel Gabriel revealed himself to the Virgin Mary at this well. From the tower of this church I had occasion to listen to the most peculiar chime that I had ever heard. This is the only fountain in Nazareth, and, no doubt, the Virgin Mary had come many a time to fetch water for her home, just as the women of Nazareth are doing now. At the well I stood a long time, watching them, as they were talking and laughing, while they were filling their jars with water. To this spring Christ and His mother came and He, perhaps, brought home many jars filled with fresh water. Think of the opportunity of seeing Him here by the fountain! The very fact that He had walked along these hills and in the valley below has thrown a glory over the place that shall never pass away. It was great to be permitted to stand at the well and to drink of its flowing streams, but it is greater to have His word, the living water, and it will be still more glorious to see Him as He is, in the mansions above. Although my sickness somewhat hindered me from enjoying my visit in the childhood hometown of Jesus, still I found this one of the most interesting places in Palestine. There was a certain stillness and sweet Sabbath rest in and around the city among the hills of Galilee, and my spirit was drawn with a mysterious power to Him, who through His sojourn here has made Nazareth a memory for ever. O Memorable place, hallowed by the residence of the Godman, thou hast a glory which will at all times stand forth for the Christian soul! My visit was altogether too short, only two nights and a little more than a day, but I received memories here which shall be with me as long as I am in the land of the living.

September 27th in the morning we continued our journey. At first I wondered whether I would be able to continue my

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travel through the northern part of Galilee. The Lord strengthened me, however, and I could continue without much difficulty. At nine o'clock in the morning our "mule-boy" brought our horses to the hotel and we went away. We passed by Mary's fountain to the right and Gabriel's church to the left. My dragoman told me, while riding by, that they had a lawsuit regarding the well. Two persons owned their various pieces of land, side by side, above the spring. They found that the original spring was on the land of one and then passed through the land of the other, right near the boundary line, and the question was this: To whom does the fountain belong? This water has thus become a "water of contention" (Ex. 17: 7). We followed the street leading by the home of the missionary Carpenter, and ascended the hills to the north of Nazareth, and came at last to a top in order to take a good final look at the birthplace of Jesus. And truly nature has lavished with a liberal hand on the surroundings of this location. We are on the way northward, and I would never have a chance to see this panorama again at such a near range, and for this reason I found it difficult to tear myself loose from this place. Down in the valley and up on these hills His holy feet have walked around, and here He grew up a Saviour and Redeemer for the whole human race. Here He also helped his foster father in his work as a carpenter. Here, then, He went about, tending faithfully to His work, until He was called to appear before Israel. How wonderful is this Son of man! What an example did He not give in everything! Let me see Him by the carpenter's bench and every honest calling will be sanctified for me; let me see Him grow up under the kind and guiding hand of His parents, and the youthful days in the home will have a special meaning for me. The glory of Christ in His private life presented itself vividly here in His birthplace; and as I was

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meditating on these things on the ridge above Nazareth, I could scarcely leave this historic and memorable location. Here on the hill, you will notice various institutions of mercy, built by a merciful Christian world, instigated by His love.

But let us continue. We cannot stop any longer. Our road led us in a northeasterly direction. Over this pathway the Lord wandered many a time, and I cannot describe how I felt as I was riding along the hills and through the valleys. After half an hour's ride we came to a village, called Er-Rene. To the right of the road was the well Ain-Cana. A little before ten o'clock we saw a little village on a hill to the northwest, called Medjed. This is the old Gath-Hepher, the hometown of Jonah (II Kings 14: 25). According to Jewish and Christian tradition the prophet is buried here. Jonah was thus from Galilee. The learned Scribes and the Pharisees in Jerusalem forgot this when they, at the suggestion of Nicodemus, that it was proper to find out what Christ had done, answered, "Art thou also of Galilee? Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." (John 7: 52.) The learned also make mistakes.

From here we have to ride half an hour, and then we are at Kafr Kenna. Here is, according to ecclesiastical tradition, the Cana of Galilee, where Christ changed water into wine. The valley which surrounds it is covered with beautiful orchards, and to the southwest from the village is a spring. We went there, and our horses drank with contentment from the fresh water. A number of Arabs stood by and watered their flocks and camels.

John the Evangelist informs us that Christ was here twice, and he was, no doubt, here many times, because Cana is only four and a half miles distant from Nazareth. Those who like to make use of beverages, have contended that it is not

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wrong to use wine, because Christ changed water into wine. But we remember that Christ said at one time, "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares" (Luke 21: 34). The wine used in Palestine for ordinary purposes is not of the same kind as is used in this and other countries. It is not fermented to such a degree. Furthermore, the very fact that the Lord was present at the marriage is a guarantee that they did not use the wine to such an extent that they became drunk. Under no circumstances would He contribute to anything of the kind. On another occasion when Jesus was here in Cana, a certain nobleman, whose son was sick, came to Him from Capernaum. This nobleman was in the service of Herod Antipas, and had heard that Jesus had come back from Judea into Galilee. When he asked Him to come down, for his son was on the point of death, Christ said to him, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Then the nobleman joined in, "Sir, come down, ere my child die," and then Christ said, "Go thy way; thy son liveth" (John 4: 46-53). And he believed and went home to find his son well again. The nobleman and his whole house believed in Christ, as a result of this experience.

We rode into the village at the western end and reached the place, where Christ is said to have changed the water into wine. The Franciscans have a convent here and nearby is a church, which is supposed to be built on the spot where Jesus performed His miracle. Nearby is a Latin chapel and they also contend that it is built on the place where the miracle was done.

We did not stop very long in Cana, but went right on in a northeasterly direction. Just as we came out of the town, we were met by some Christian women, who placed some crochet

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work on the saddle, and insisted that I should buy some. I did so and then they wished me to buy more.

Within about twenty minutes we came into a long wide valley. Here we had a good view of Carmel, Tabor, and the mountains in northern Galilee. We saw villages here and there on the mountain ridges, and we met some teams and carriages going back and forth. It was very desolate among these mountains and valleys. We sat down in a valley under some fruit trees to eat our dinner, which we had brought along with us from Nazareth. Even now I was very weak, but had reason to thank the Lord that He had permitted me to go so far on my way. About two o'clock we continued our travel. From the place where we had rested, there is a road leading down to Tiberias. We sent Hammadi directly down and with my dragoman I went to Kurun Hattin, or the "Mount of Beatitudes." We arrived there at 2:45 P. M. It was a very difficult job to ascend this ridge, because there were piles of stones obstructing the way. This hill is about 100 feet above the surrounding land, 1,000 feet above the Sea of Gennesaret, and about 500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. We dismounted from our horses and led them up on the ridge. This looks just like a camel's back at a distance. Here we have a most excellent view of the northern part of Galilee, and no wonder that I was hurrying up with a beating heart. I shall never forget the view that met my eyes. I stood speechless for a long time at this most interesting and historic panorama. There are Tabor and Carmel towards the south; towards the southeast the mountains of Gilead heave their majestic mass skyward, and it is like a world in itself to behold this charming mountain range beyond the Jordan; look down into the Jordan valley and there you see that historic river like a crooked snake winding down its hollow; just to the east of us is that sea, of which we have

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read so much from our childhood days, and along the shores we observe the ruins of Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, and many other places. Down through the Dove valley we see the plain of Gennesaret, on the other side of the sea we have Gamala and Gadara, and in the northeast Safed rests on the hill, so clearly in view. Further on towards the northeast in the background Mount Hermon raises its snowwhite head towards the blue and clear sky. Think of the events that have taken place within the limits of the horizon from this very place. Down there is the smiling sea of Tiberias and on its rippled surface there are some sails, filled by the afternoon breezes. Tiberias is close by the shore right to the east of us and hidden underneath a hill. Here I sat down on a stone to read the Sermon on the Mount. Meanwhile my dragoman lay down to sleep on another stone, and our poor horses were moving around to eat whatever they could find between the stones. I had never read this, the most excellent sermon delivered on earth, with such commentaries as here. And yet I could not believe for a moment that the Saviour delivered this sermon on this ridge. But that did not disturb me in the least; the main thing was the locality and the wonderful surroundings. This was the best commentary for me at this time. I sat there for a long time reading and this was one of the happiest hours of my Palestine journey. I endeavored to impress this wonderful view in my mind, and if I close my eyes now, I can see the views around this historic sea and its surroundings.

We descended from the mountain or Kurun Hattin (Hattin's Horn) on the southeast side, and went down the hillsides to Tiberias. In doing so, we crossed the plain, which leans quite a good deal towards the east, and which was the battlefield of the powerful Saladin and the army of the Crusaders, led by the weak king of Jerusalem in 1187. This battle was fought

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here. This king, Guy de Lusignan, time and again manifested that he was unworthy of his calling. His whole army was almost annihilated. The Christian army fought bravely, but had to give in to the superior power. The king withdrew to the top and here he was cut down by Saladin himself, because he had been on the point of killing the mother of Saladin in the neighbourhood of the Jordan. The Knights, who partook in this battle, were sold as slaves, and the greater part of the army was killed outright. This was a decisive battle and ended the power of the Crusaders in Palestine. The report was that the Christians had brought the cross of the Saviour along in the battle, that cross which the Empress Helena is supposed to have found in Jerusalem 326.

On this leaning plain thousands of soldiers found their graves and still their bones are being turned up by the fellaheen, when they plow their fields here. A little to the east of this plain we saw a number of Beduin tents. Their cattle were grazing around the tents, but they themselves kept inside so as to hide themselves from the rays of the sun. We passed right by them, but they did us no harm. We went back and forth in a zigzag way down the slopes towards Tiberias. Soon we saw the city of Tiberias. Just as we drew near, we saw a wagon from the city, drawn by two horses. It was rather a surprise to see this vehicle in that country. We reached the city at five o'clock in the afternoon. Here we put up at the hotel Tiberias. I am at the shores of the sea of Galilee once more, and I rejoice to be here.

## CHAPTER XVI

### AT THE SEA OF GALILEE

AS soon as we had a little rest, we went down to the shore in the neighborhood of a round tower in the northeastern part of the city to bathe. We received permission from the Scotch missionary to use his bathing place, and here we spent a most delightful time. I rolled around in the warm water of Tiberias like a wild boy, and I could hardly realize that I was swimming in the water of Gennesaret. A greater part of the day I had been riding under the burning sun of Syria, it was a most excellent recreation to cool off in the billows of Tiberias.

The city of Tiberias was founded in the year 14 of our era by Herod Antipas. This town is located on the west side of the sea, and at an equal distance from each end, and about half an hour's walk north of Hamath or the warm springs. The Tetrarch, Herod Antipas, who lived at Sephoris at first, moved to this place, which he called Tiberias in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. Now this became the capital city but the Jews did not wish to move into this place, because where the town was located, there was a cemetery, and they considered it to be at variance with the Jewish law to come in touch with dead bodies and graves. Josephus informs us that King Herod built houses with his own money, and gave the people lots on the condition that they would move into this place. A great many graves were moved away, and in this way they prepared a place for the city. From this information it becomes evident that

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Tiberias was located on a new place, and not on an old site, as some have contended. In the New Testament this place is mentioned three times. "Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias," and on the other side of this sea, in the wilderness towards the northeast of the same, he fed five thousand men (John 6: 1-13). From Tiberias other boats had come near by the place, where they did eat of the bread (John 6: 23), and the Apostle John relates that Christ revealed Himself after His resurrection at the sea of Tiberias (John 21: 1).

Josephus informs us that King Herod had here an income of 200 talents annually, and we know that Herod's steward, Chuza, the husband of Johanna, lived at Tiberias.

This king lived a very immoral life. Josephus relates that Herod feared the great influence of John, and for this reason he put him in prison and there took his life (Jos. Hist. 18: 5: 2).

When Jesus of Nazareth came in this vicinity, Herod observed with anxiety His growing influence among the people. Some of the Pharisees came to Jesus and asked Him to depart from this part of Galilee, because Herod planned to kill Him. Then Jesus answered, "Go ye and tell that fox, Behold I cast out devils, and I do cures today and tomorrow, and the third day I shall be perfected" (Luke 13: 32). Herod wished to have Jesus leave this vicinity, and told Him this through the Pharisees, but Christ perceived his cunningness and hence He called him a "fox".

Now the question is this, was John the Baptist beheaded here at Tiberias or at Machaerus? From the story in the gospel it seems to be clear that this event took place at the last named place, because there it was, no doubt, that Salome danced before the company, and there he was immediately beheaded, and his head was brought forth on a charger. King

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Herod Antipas was, no doubt, in Machaerus because of the preparations for the war that had been declared. According to Josephus, John was beheaded at Machaerus. This king, Herod Antipas, was afterwards banished to Lyons in Gaul in the year 39. The Emperor Caligula wished to show mercy towards Herodias for her husband's sake, but she answered that she wished to share the evil as well as the good day with him. She followed him afterwards to Spain where she died. King Agrippa and the other governors selected Tiberias as the capital of Galilee and Peræa. When the Romans in the year 66 began the war against the Jews, this city was one of the largest in the country. The people in Tiberias joined themselves to Josephus, but they soon fell away from him and joined the Romans. Josephus, who at the time was at Tarichæa, a city at the southern end of Tiberias, gathered all the boats he could find in the sea—230 in all—and went to Tiberias. When the inhabitants saw him, they laid down their weapons and begged for mercy. In this town Emperor Vespasian later killed the prisoners of war that had been shut up in the arena.

Contrary to his promise and assurance he killed some and sold the rest of the 37,000 prisoners as slaves. Here the Syne-drium met, after a temporary residence in Jabniel, or Jamnia, a town on the Mediterranean in Philistea. From this place they moved to Sephoris in Peræa in 163 and 30 years later to Tiberias. Here a very prominent Rabbinical school, which exercised a great influence in the Jewish world, was established. After the destruction of Jerusalem Tiberias became the centre for Judaism, and here Jewish science flourished. Here the Talmud saw the light.

Here in Tiberias the Massoretic punctuation of the Old Testament text was made in the sixth and seventh centuries. It is known that the Hebrew alphabet does not have any

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vowels, but only consonants. The Massorets placed the vowels under the consonants in the text and added the accent. These Rabbis went through the Hebrew text and established the pronunciation according to the tradition among the Rabbis. This is the pronunciation that is used by the Jews and Christians in the study of the Hebrew Bible. At the time when this was done by the Rabbis, the Hebrew language had been dead for centuries, and these men have rendered a great service to the world in this respect.

Christianity came to Tiberias rather late. This happened during the time of Constantine the Great. Here a bishopric was established and its Bishop Johannes attended the meetings at Ephesus in 449 and at Chalcedon in 451. The king of Persia, Chosroes, raptured Tiberias in 614, and then Caliph Omar in 637. In 1837 the whole vicinity was severely shaken by an earthquake and 700 people were killed. At that time the walls tumbled over and only certain parts of them are now standing. On the west side the wall is best preserved, and here a gate is located. We rode in through it. The Jews consider Tiberias as one of their Holy Cities; the others are Safed, Hebron, and Jerusalem. In a certain sense Tiberias stands first, because the Jews think that Messiah, according to the prophecy in Isaiah 9: 1-2, shall reveal himself first at this place. By prayers the arrival of their Messiah can be hastened, and the prayers in Tiberias are especially effective. This city is now called Tubarje and has about 5,000 inhabitants. Here is a seat for a Kaimakam. Of the inhabitants 2,800 are Jews, 1,000 are Mohammedans, and 250 are Christians. Tiberias is located on a plain, which leans towards the sea and is surrounded by hills. Along the slope to the west of the town we saw a number of graves. The houses are built very close to each other and the streets are very dirty. The town is located 614 feet

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below the level of the Mediterranean sea, and in the summer time it is fearfully hot here. Within the city are some palm trees and this gives the place a picturesque appearance. Because of the uncleanness, fleas and other creeping insects thrive in this place, and it is supposed that the king of the fleas lives in Tiberias. The most beautiful buildings in the town belong to the Scotch Mission. Here we met the Missionary, Dr. Thorrence. He has labored faithfully here for many years. He was very kind and helpful in many ways, and told me that the field is very hard and downtrodden. Near our hotel, Tiberias, on the north side, is a fort. Every evening the Mohammedans fire several cannon shots, whereupon the muezzin in the minarets exhort the Mohammedans to prayer. Close to the hotel is a Latin cloister, and near this is the place where Peter caught such an abundance of fish (John 21). My visit at Tiberias was very interesting, and I felt very much refreshed, although I was not free from my abu-rukeb.

We spent several days near the sea at this place. It is called Gennesaret or the sea of Galilee. In the Old Testament this sea is called Chinneret, perhaps for the reason that it has the form of a harp, which in Hebrew is called **chinnor**. Its length from north to south is 13 miles, and its width from east to west is somewhat less than 7 miles. It is about 150 feet deep, and the water is very clear. On the east side the mountains rise to the height of 2,000 feet. There is the ancient Gaulanitis, the plateau of Bashan. On the west side there are also mountains. On the south side the Semach plain extends along the Jordan and here it descends into the Ghor or **cavity** as the Arabs call this valley. On the northwest side is the plain of Gennesaret and towards the northeast is the plain of El-Ebtehah. The vicinity is very romantic, even if we find the sea, at first sight, surprisingly small, on account of the decep-

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tion of the eye regarding distances. Towards the north Safed is perched on a mountain, 3,300 feet above the sea, and in the background rises the giant Hermon, at the northernmost boundary of Galilee, 9,600 feet high. The blue surface of the sea, the shores so full of memories, the smiling hills all around, whose sides echo the events of past days, the blue sky, and the mountains in the distance—all this reminds the tourist that he is at the shore of the sea of Galilee. And yet the shores are so desolate. Now it is not as Plinius said in his day concerning this sea, that “it is surrounded with delightful cities.” We must not forget that in Galilee there were not less than 204 cities or towns in olden times.

If we now leave Tiberias, following the shore on the west side, walking south we come within half an hour to Hamath, or the Warm springs. They are situated quite near the shore, and there are three of them. The first of them is the Great bath and was built by Ibrahim Pasha 1833. The New bath was opened in 1890, and near by is the Old Southern bath. The water is sulphurous and is good for rheumatism, and diseases of the skin. On the west side of the sea were the following cities: Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Dalmanutha, Tiberias, Hamath, and Tarichea. Of these Tiberias, Tarichea, and Hamath are left. The last mentioned are miserable villages with only a few inhabitants. On the east side of the sea were Bethsaida (Julias), Gamala, Gerasa, Hippos, and Gadara. Most of them are no longer in existence. Only ruins are left, and Beduins now feed their flocks and cattle, where thousands of people lived in the time of our Saviour.

The sea afforded of old, and still offers, good fishing. We are reminded of this by such names as Bethsaida (fishhouse), Tarichea (fishcannery). The Jews found in this water both clean and unclean fishes. The parable, which the Lord uses in

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Matthew (13: 47-48), points to this. About ten or twelve cities were located at the shores and boats were necessary for communication. The boats were used, not only for fishing, but also for the transportation of passengers and trade. During my first evening in Tiberias I secured a boat and went out to fish, but at that time we received nothing. We brought along two Arabs to row and we went out quite a distance, but made no use of the sail. The billows rolled towards us from the northeast and our boat was thrown about on the waves. The further we rowed out, the larger the billows arose, and I wondered how they could have such power, especially as there seemed to be but very little wind. On this little sea storms arise very quickly, for the following reason: The sea is imbedded in a hollow between the mountains, and during the day the air is warmed in this cavity. The warm air rises and the cold current from the mountains takes its place, hence a constant wind which stirs up the water a great deal, especially in the evening. This I had occasion to observe several times. Such a storm is spoken of in Matthew 8: 24, when the billows went over the ship.

It was a real pleasure to be out on the billows of Genesaret. I felt as though I had been carried to another world, when I reminded myself of what has happened on and around this historic sea. Here on this lake the Master was walking, and on these shores He was standing or sitting, when He taught the multitudes that unparalleled doctrine, which has been carried out in the world by thousands of faithful witnesses. No wonder I felt thankful to God, who had permitted me to behold those very hills and mountains that the Master looked upon and to take a boat ride on that very sea upon which the Saviour's feet have walked. No matter in what direction I might look I was certain that He had seen all this, and the

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echoes of his words shall resound between these mountains and over this sea until time is no more. That excursion on the sea I shall never forget. Returning to the hotel, I went to bed quite early, because the journey from Nazareth to Tiberias had been quite strenuous. In the evening I observed how a group of Jews gathered around a heap of stones near the hotel. They gather together every evening for prayer.

September 28th, in the morning, we began our journey northward. The road follows the shore, and in some places it is very poor. After awhile we come to a valley, which leads into the sea, and in the neighborhood are a spring, parts of an aqueduct, and some ruins. Here was once the city Dalmanutha. This place is mentioned only in Mark 8:10. The Lord went through Decapolis, and on the other side of the sea He fed 4,000 men. Returning, He came across to Dalmanutha. Matthew tells the same story, but he uses Magadan instead of Dalmanutha. In this valley shepherds led their flocks to pasture, and now and then we met Arabs, either riding or walking. On the other side of Dalmanutha the road leads over a hill, which projects to the shore, and a new road is cut out here in the ridge. In about one and a half hours from Tiberias we came to Wady Hamman or Pigeon valley, which extends towards the southwest from the sea to Kurun Hattin. Along this valley the road went up towards the southwest in former days. On the south side of this valley there are some very high cliffs with a great many caves in them. In these the Jews have found a sure refuge in times of war and persecution. Even robbers have tried to escape here the avenging arm of the law. At certain times fierce combats have taken place by these cliffs. It is claimed that six hundred persons kept themselves here at one time. It was not an easy matter to fight the robbers in these holes in the mountain, where they were very well pro-

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tected and fortified. The cliffs are more than 1,000 feet high, and nearly perpendicular, and are now called Kulaet Ibn M'an, but formerly they were called Arbela, from the city which was situated on the top. The ruins are now called Irbid. The historian Josephus writes how Herod the Great fought the robbers, who during his time had taken refuge in these holes. This happened decades before Christ appeared in Galilee. The king came here with an army. He let down his men to the holes by means of baskets and boxes. By means of iron hooks, forks, fire-brands, and other means he endeavored to drive them out of their holes, but they did not wish to surrender. Some killed themselves rather than to deliver themselves to the soldiers of the king. Some of them threw themselves down the cliffs and thus committed suicide. Before the eyes of the king an old man killed his wife and seven children, and having thrown them down the cliff, he committed suicide by jumping down the same way. Herod abjured him to spare his own wife and children, but he rather wished to see them die before his own eyes, than to deliver them to Herod. By means of this drastic measure the king succeeded in subduing the robber-league in this section.

In this valley the Lord wandered many a time, because the road passed through towards Nazareth and by Kurun Hattin, the same way that we had come the day before. Among those cliffs the pigeons still built their nests and play as they have done for ages. This valley has its sad and pleasant memories as well. We stood a long time and looked up this gorge and thought of the past. Not far from here is El-Mejdel, the ancient Magdala. This village is located at the southern end of the plain Gennesaret by the sea. Here Mary, called Magdalene, used to live. Magdala is mentioned only in Matthew 15: 39, where we read that Jesus, having fed the four thousand

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men, came into the coasts of Magdala. Luke informs us that when Jesus went about from city to city, from village to village, proclaiming the gospel in his kingdom, He was ministered unto by certain women, whom He had healed of evil spirits and infirmities, and one of these was Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils (Mark 16: 9). She had received much and she loved much for this very reason. This woman held out at the crucifixion until all was finished. She was there when the body of Jesus was taken down from the cross and buried. Early in the morning she was at the sepulchre, and she was the first one that received a greeting from the Master that He lived. She was the first one to see Him after His resurrection. Since the fall woman has borne a heavier burden, as a consequence of sin, than man, but now in the beginning of the new era the Redeemer came to her with the greetings of peace and good will. And woman has also given proof of her loyalty to the cause of Christ and willingly devoted herself to the cause of that institution, which He founded, the Christian church. On the whole she serves more faithfully in the church than man. Here in Magdala we are reminded of these things.

This village is not of much importance at present. There are only a few hovels of sunburnt clay, covered with straw, and the whole looks very uninviting. On a little plain to the southwest of this place the Beduins were threshing. A little girl carried water in a jar from the sea to water some bushes and flowers near a little hut. In this village with all its dirt and filth there is no Magdalene any more. If there were a few of them, Magdala would look quite different.

We are now going to pass over the plain of Gennesaret. This is three miles long, somewhat over a mile wide, and covered with thorns and thistles together with shrubs and smaller trees. Because of this it is very difficult to get through,

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if you turn from the way. This plain is designated by the Arab El- Guweir, or the Little Ghor, which means hallow. This plain is very fruitful and there is a most excellent climate here. There are several brooks that run over this plain all the year round, and along the banks of these brooks oleander, fig, and other trees grow in abundance. Josephus describes it thus, "The land which is located right by this lake has the same name as Gennesaret. The nature of this plain is wonderful as well as beautiful. Its soil is so fruitful, the climate so agreeable and suitable that the inhabitants plant all kinds of trees; the walnut especially, which requires a cooler air, thrives well here. There are also palm trees, which grow best in warm regions. Figs and olives thrive here, and they require a milder climate. This country does not only bring forth fruits, such as grapes and figs during ten months of the year, but other kinds of fruits, which ripen at the same time, the whole year round. Besides this excellent climate this land can boast of a rich spring called Capernaum (Jos. Bell. 3: 10: 8)."

This plain is spoken of by Matthew, who relates, that after Jesus had returned from the desert place, where He fed five thousand men and walked upon the water, He came together with his His disciples across the sea and landed at Gennesaret (Matt. 14: 34). Mark tells us that they came to the land of Gennesaret, and landed there (7:53). Here was a veritable paradise formerly as far as the vegetation was concerned, but how differently this plain looks now! We rode along a path-way by the shore. In the sea the oxen and cows of the Beduins frisked about and had a good time, enjoying themselves in this refreshing water. The hills rise around this plain towards the west, and this makes it look all the more romantic. It took just an hour to ride across this plain from Magdala to

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Chan Minje, on a hill at the northern end of the plain. At the foot of a ridge there are some ruins, and some think that Chinneret, was located there. This city was found within the boundaries of the tribe of Naphtali, and perhaps the sea and the plain received their names from this city. But Jerome says that Chinneret has been identified with Tiberias, and perhaps that was the tradition at that time. Chinneret has not really been found, and there is no certainty as to where it was located.

In this neighborhood is the Ain et-Tini, i. e. Figwell. According to tradition this is the site of Bethsaida, the hometown of Peter, Andrew, and Philip. The Apostle John tells us "That Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter" (John 1: 44, 12: 21). Bethsaida means fish-house, and this would seem to indicate that the inhabitants were engaged in fishing. Now the question is, Are there one or two places having this name? Some authors hold that there is only one, and that is Bethsaida Julias, on the other side of the Jordan. According to this explanation Jesus and the disciples came across to Bethsaida from the northeast side of the sea in such a way that they followed along the shore and thus came to Capernaum and Bethsaida on the other side. But if we more closely investigate the testimony of the Bible and the geographic situation, we will find that it will be quite necessary to accept the idea that there was also a Bethsaida on the other or western side of Gennesaret. A look at the map will show us that you can hardly speak of going across the sea, when you at the same time adhere to the idea that Jesus performed the miracle on the northeast side of the lake in the neighborhood of Bethsaida Julias, on the east side of the Jordan. It would be altogether improper to speak of going across, when it really would be following the shore. But if we give proper heed to the wording of Mark, the thought that Bethsaida was located on

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the western side of the sea will have weighty support, because we find that Jesus, having performed the miracle by feeding the 5,000 men with five loaves and two fishes, on the east side of the sea in a desert place (Mark 6: 32), constrained His disciples to get into the ship and go to the other side over against Bethsaida, while He sent away the people (Mark 6: 45). Now if Jesus and His disciples were on the east side of the sea, it is improper to speak of a place which is on the same side, as if it were on the other side. Furthermore, we read that when they had passed away, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore (Mark 6: 53; Matt. 14: 35). From this it becomes clear that we must look for Bethsaida in the neighborhood of the land of Gennesaret, and this makes it very probable that Bethsaida was located near Chan Minje.

Here there is a high ridge which reaches to the sea, and on this is a heap of ruins and fallen walls. But these ruins are, no doubt, from a later date, since the pieces of jars and other things found here give evidence of this. This hill is called Tell el-Oreme, and when this is crossed, we come into a valley where a fountain gives an abundance of water. On this plain is Et-Tabiga. The water flows to the sea by means of an aqueduct. It is lukewarm and salty, and of sufficient power to drive a mill, which is very primitive in construction. This spring, whose water is gathered in a round tank, is really called Seven springs or Heptapegon. Perhaps this Ain et-Tabiga is identical with the well Capernaum of which Josephus speaks.

At the western end of the plain at the foot of the hill the Roman church has built a "hospitz" and there the tourists may have lodging.

This locality is very beautiful, and under the hand of man it has been made still more attractive by the plantations around the cloister. According to the findings of some authors

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this is the place, where the sermon on the mount was delivered. According to Matthew He went up into a mountain (Matt. 5: 1), and Luke relates that He came down and stood in the plain (Luke 6: 17). Did He deliver two sermons on the mount or only one? There seems to be reason to believe that when He gave the sermon which Matthew tells about, He was on a mountain, and when He preached the one spoken of by Luke, He was standing on the plain. These circumstances can be harmonized very well here at Bethsaida, where there is a plain, and right near by is a ridge or a mountain. On Tell el-Oreme is a place large enough for a great multitude, and this place fits much better into the story of the Evangelists than Kurun Hattin, so far away from Capernaum and the sea. The distance from Tell el-Oreme to Capernaum is suitable also. Luke says that when He had ended all His sayings in the audience of the people, He *enters into Capernaum* (Luke 7: 1). We do not believe that the Evangelist would have used such language, if Capernaum had not been so near. Kurun Hattin, the Mount of Beatitudes of the Middle Ages, is too distant from Capernaum; it is over ten miles from this city. I believe that it was on this ridge that the wonderful Teacher delivered that unparalleled sermon. At the shore of Gennesaret he delivered many a sermon and he did not lack hearers, who came from the cities and the villages around the shores of this sea. Here He healed and taught, and here it was comparatively easy to get an audience among the thousands who lived here.

When we came down from the mountain, Tell el-Oreme, we intended to take a rest near Tabiga, but we found no suitable place where we could have a desirable shade, and hence we determined to continue to Tell Hum. This place is about half an hour's distance from here along the seashore. Along this road

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the Master had walked many a time, and as I was riding along, I thought of Him who had traveled in the self-same place tired and weary. I rejoiced that I had a chance literally to follow in His footsteps.

At last we came to Tell Hum. These ruins are surrounded by a stone wall, within which there are about eight or ten acres of land. We went to the uncovered ruins right by the shore. Here we found some cars on rails. They have used them in their excavations. Tell Hum was buried under the soil and rubbish for centuries, and no one knew where to find it. Now is Tell Hum Capernaum? The Christian and Jewish traditions say so, and so, too, the Mohammedans tell us. Later investigations also testify that here is the place where the ancient Capernaum was located. This tract of land now belongs to the Franciscans, who have built a kind of hotel here, where the traveler may find lodging. This is at the northern end of the ruins. At the shore they have planted some fir trees and this makes the place look inviting and cozy, but the slopes all around are barren and desolate. Capernaum is not mentioned in the Old Testament, but the Evangelists speak about it several times. It has become renowned as the home-town of Christ. Matthew applies the prophecy in Isaiah 9: 1 on this city and surroundings. When Jesus heard that John had been put in prison, He returned to Galilee; and, leaving Nazareth, "He came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Naphthalim; That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up" (Matt. 4: 12-16). On this shore, where the great caravans went by, and

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where multitudes of people went back and forth, He had His home. Peter and Andrew also had their homes here, and it was on this shore that He called them to the great task to spread His teachings throughout the Roman world. Matthew, or as he is also called, Levi, was called as he was sitting at the receipt of customs to follow the Master. Here He performed many miracles; here He healed the centurion's servant (Matt. 8: 5); and the nobleman's son was restored to health through a word of the Lord, who at that time was in Cana (John 4: 46). Here He healed the mother of Simon's wife, who was sick of a fever (Mark 1: 30); here He healed a man sick of palsy (Matt. 9: 7), and in the synagogue here in Capernaum He drove out the spirit of an unclean devil (Luke 4: 33). Here He took a child and placed the same in the midst of them and gave them an object lesson in humility. Here He spoke in the synagogue and the Apostle John has given us this sermon (John 6). The city of Capernaum must have been quite large, because here the Roman government had a garrison of troops stationed. Here was a custom house. The centurion had high regard for the Jews and had built a synagogue for them (Luke 7: 5). This is the synagogue, which they have discovered, and which has become a binding evidence that this place is Capernaum. For a long time I went around and observed this ruin, and especially did I study the ruin of the synagogue. The floor is well preserved, and perhaps these are the very stones upon which His blessed feet have trod. In this synagogue He spoke many a time. Here are broken pillars, scattered helter skelter, but from these we draw the conclusion that this must have been a magnificent building. The walls are, of course, torn down, but you can see the foundation and parts of the stairs. These are very well preserved and there are two of them, one at the southwest and the other at the southeast corner. As I was walking around among

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the pillars on the floor, I thought of Him who taught here and spoke of the bread of life, and I believe that this is the very place. As I was moving around here, I observed that there is a passage from the synagogue to the wharf. As to what this passage was used for it may not be so easy to tell, but some believe that it served as a passage for the people from the landing place to the synagogue. As I was walking around here the monk was watching me, as though he had falcon eyes, so that I should not take any pictures of the ruins. Josephus tells us that he was wounded in the war and was taken to Capernaum and then to Tarichea (Vita 72). But he did not tell us where the city was located. The Bishop Ephiphanius at Salamis on the island of Cyprus, (403) writes that a church was erected at Capernaum, and Antonius (570) says that "the house of Peter had been changed into a basilica." Later investigations have made it clear that around the walls of the synagogue are other walls surrounding them. Perhaps these outside walls are the ruins of the church, spoken of by Epiphanius and Antonius? The inside building was 74 long and 56 feet wide. When Wilson made investigations among these ruins, he found on a block of stone a vessel like the jar of manna. This may remind us of His sermon in the synagogue, in which He mentions manna, and the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die (John 6: 49-50).

Here it was that the greatest of men went about and taught. Outside of this city He sat in a boat and taught, and the echoes of His teachings have been carried around the world and are read in palace and hovel. Let us, briefly, remind ourselves how He went around this country, while He had His home here in Capernaum. Within a short time He met with opposition, and going out of town, He taught by the seaside (Mark 3: 7-12). Then He went up into a mountain and spent

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the night in prayer, and then chose His disciples. Then He delivered, as we believe, on Tel el-Oreme, His sermon on the mount (Matt. 5: 7). From Capernaum He made quite a few journeys. First of all He healed the centurion's servant, and then He went to Nain and resurrected the son of the widow. During this journey He received the messengers from John the Baptist, became a guest in the house of a Pharisee, in which a woman, who was a sinner, washed His feet. Returning, he healed one possessed by an evil spirit, and the pharisees declared by reason of this that He drove out the evil spirits by the power of the devil. Again He meets with opposition in the city and goes out to preach by the sea side. From the shore He crosses the sea and goes to the land of the Gadarenes, and during this journey He rebukes the storm and the sea becomes quiet (Mark 4: 35-41). On the southeast side of the sea he cures two possessed by evil spirits, and drives the spirits into the swine.

When Jesus returned from Gergesa to Capernaum, He resurrected the daughter of Jarius (Luke 8: 56). His next journey He made to Nazareth, but here He was opposed and rejected. For some time He went about in Galilee, and when He returned to His own city, He was informed that Herod had beheaded John the Baptist. Then He left Capernaum and departed to a place near Bethsaida Julias, on the other side of the Jordan (Mark 6: 31-32). Here He fed five thousand men with five loaves of bread and two fishes. In the evening He sent away the disciples, and as they were on the sea, he came to them going on the water. That morning they landed at the plain of Gennesaret, then they returned to Capernaum, and here He gave His sermon about the bread of life. Another time He went out to the coast at Tyre and Sidon. Here He healed the Syrophenician woman's daughter, and from this place He returned to the east side of the lake and came through

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Decapolis, to the southeast of Tiberias. Here He performed a miracle, healing a man who was deaf and dumb, and fed four thousand men (Mark 7: 31-37; 8: 1-9). From here He crossed Gennesaret to Dalmanutha, and went from there to Bethsaida, where He healed a blind man (Mark 8: 22-26). From here He travelled along the valley to Caesarea Philippi, whence He returned to Capernaum.

From this story of the Evangelist we find how busy He was at work while it was day. These shores have echoed the blessed words from His lips. What city has had such a chance to find the way of life as Capernaum! And still He found no repentance! No wonder that He exclaimed as He did, reminding Himself of all the spiritual privileges that the people of Capernaum enjoyed," And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day" (Matt. 11: 23). But the other cities had also received grace for grace, and had not repented, and for this reason he exclaims regarding some of them, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes" (Matt. 11: 21). These cities have also vanished from the face of the earth; men with the spade in the hand have been searching for them, and in these last days they have become certain as to where they have been located. Not more than four places have been pointed out as Capernaum. One is Chan Minje, near Tell el-Oreme, the other one is Et-Tabiga, a little to the northeast from here, and which place they now consider to be Bethsaida, a third one is Ain Medauwerah, at the western end of the plain of Gennesaret, and the fourth place is Tell Hum or the Hill of Hum. After careful investigations they

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have settled down on this place, and this is the correct one, no doubt. The name, which is composed of Cephher, which means village, and Nahum, which means consolation, thus means the "village of consolation," and how expressive for a place, where the Son of God has been teaching.

The time allotted to me for Capernaum was altogether too short, but we must go on. The dragoman blows his whistle and that means "go on!" Like a dreamer I had been walking about among these ruins, and I could hardly conceive that this was the place, where our Saviour had His home and where He was teaching and performing mircleles!

## CHAPTER XVII

### IN NORTHERN GALILEE

NOW we are ready to go northward. But there is another place I must mention before leaving. I mean Chorazin. According to Hierome it was located two miles from Capernaum along the sea. About two miles from Capernaum some ruins have been found called Kerase. Is this Chorazin? Some believe it; others do not. Thompson in his, "The Land and the Book," Vol. 11, page 8, says, "There is no place that rivals Kerase." But this is not in accordance with the truth, because Brocardus (1283) writes, that "Jordan falls into the sea between Capernaum and Chorazin," and according to the map of Marino Sanuto (1308) Chorazin was located to the east of the sea of Gennesaret. According to another author, Menkes, there was a village east of Jordan by the name Quarzin. This location seems to correspond with the description of Wilibald, who relates that on his journey about the sea from Tiberias He came first to Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida, and then to Chorazin. It is difficult to determine which is the right place. According to the general opinion Kerase is the right one. Quite recently they have found the ruins of a synagogue with Corinthian pillars, and a road leads from this place to the ancient caravan highway, which passes through these sections. The road from Capernaum leads us in a northwesterly direction over the hills and by a Chan, where some Arabs are tenting with their camels. After an hour's journey we came, at about twelve o'clock, to an old Chan, Djub Yusef, i. e. the Chan at the

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well of Joseph. Here we stopped for dinner, but it was very warm and no water was to be had. Near this Chan, on a ridge, is a well, and the Mohammedans hold, that this is the well in which Joseph was put by his brothers. Such an assertion shows a gross deficiency in the knowledge of the Scriptures, but we must remember that it is the Mohammedans that make such an assertion. Here is the main road and a great many Arabs are riding back and forth. Some greeted us very kindly with their "marhaba", a word of greeting, which means about the same as "good day." Along a stony road we proceeded in the hot sunshine, and came in about an hour to a crossroad, where the road to the left leads to Safed. The road to the right is the one we shall follow. Within about half an hour's ride from here we would come to Safed. We followed the road along hills and valleys with the Jewish colony, Roschpina as the goal. This village is also called Djaune. This colony is located on the northeast side of the Safed mountains and to the southwest from the waters of Merom. We came here late in the afternoon and resolved to stay here till the next day.

From this place there is a most excellent view towards the sea of Galilee, and along the valley of Jordan towards the northeast to Lebanon. Here you see Hermon as a real giant at the northern boundary line of the land. In Roschpina we rode up along a very steep street and lodged at the house of a Jew, who kept a kind of hotel. The buildings of the colony, which are scattered around on the side of the mountain, are made of stone and are white. Towards the northeast is the plain, where the Jews have their vineyards and their grain-fields. In this colony the people also have a number of mulberry trees and cultivate the silkworm and raisins. Our Jewish host was very kind and gave us a very good room, but here we had no peace on earth because of flies and mosquitoes, which

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kept us all the time on the warpath. Besides these there were a number of geese and chickens in the neighborhood. Now and then during the night they gave us some of their melodies, and we had to listen, because they were so near.

The 29th September we arose early in the morning, and at half past five we were in the saddle, ready to go to Caesarea Philippi. My poor "mule boy" was battling with his fever and could not come along. My dragoman was my only companion. We rode towards the northeast down the slope, until we came to a road which passes along the west side of the waters of Merom. The Arabs call this lake Bahrat el-Hule. It is about three miles long and two wide. This is the water of Merom, of which we read in the book of Joshua (11: 5-7). Here the kings of the Canaanites marshalled their armies against the children of Israel, and here Joshua came suddenly upon them. This happened at the time, when Israel conquered the country, and divided the land between the various tribes. This lake is only from ten to sixteen feet deep, and forms a triangle, whose base faces the north. The river Jordan flows in at the north end and runs out at the southern end. Along the shores, and on the north side there grows a certain kind of grass, from six to twelve feet high. It is called **babir** or papyrus-reed by the Arabs. On this marsh near the lake are various kinds of wild animals, such as wild boars, panthers, and buffaloes, that move around in this bog. The middle of the lake is free from weeds and here the Jews from Roschpina and Jesud Hamaala, another Jewish colony, located on the west side of the sea, do their fishing. We had a chance to taste this fish from the water of Merom, and it was quite good. There is an abundance of fish in this lake.

The valley where we rode, is about two or three miles wide. To the east we have the mountains of Gaulanitis and on

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the west side the ridge of Naphtali. These mountains are not very high, but fall almost perpendicularly down into the valley. North of the lake the land is called Erd el-Hule or the Land of Hule. Having passed by the lake, we came to more elevated land. Here, along the fields, the Arabs sat with their guns in their garden lodges. These lodges are made of poles with a straw roof, which gives protection from the sun. When I saw these lodges, I thought of the words in Isaiah, "And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city" (Is. 1: 8). This valley is occupied by the Ghawarineh-Arabs, or as the word implies, the Arabs in the Ghor or "cavity." Besides tilling the soil, they tend to their flocks, hunt, fish, and weave carpets of straw. The land is rich and gives good crops. When we had gone quite a distance along this valley, we came to a fountain, called Ain el-Betala. Further north there is a still larger spring, called Ain el-Melaha, which gives water enough to turn a mill. Here we watered our horses and rested awhile, watching the Arabs, who were tending to their herds of cattle, and cultivating cornfields. We rode along during the whole forenoon until we came to the foothills; here we turned a little towards the northeast. The road is exceedingly stony, and streams of water poured forth between the stones along the pathway. Here we saw, along the sides of Lebanon and Anti-lebanon, many villages and cities. At last we came to one of the tributaries of the river Jordan, Hasbani. This river we followed for quite a long while. The country is barren and desolate. We saw very few human dwellings along the road. We did not see a single human being for a long time, and the whole vicinity bore the stamp of desolation itself. Part of the time we followed an old Roman road, which must have been a regular highway in the olden time, but now there are only

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pieces of it fit for use. Here is the old Via Maris of the ancient world, as it was called during the Middle Ages. We followed Hasbani for quite a distance and came at last to an old bridge which the Romans have built. This bridge has the peculiar name of Djisr el Rhadjar. It is made of stone, of course, and almost ready to fall. When we came to the bridge we stepped down from the horses, and led them across, because we feared that the horses might not dare to go over this miserable looking structure. We came over safely and went in a northeasterly direction to the old Dan. The river Hasbani follows the valley up to the northern end of the land of Canaan, to the village Hasbeya. A smaller branch of this river, a tributary of the Jordan, goes up to Rasjeja, but it is dry in the summer. The well of Hasbani, which flows all the year round, is 1630 feet above the level of the sea. This branch of the river is about twelve miles long. On the other side of the river was an abundance of stones and the road was exceedingly bad. We rode along about half an hour and came to Tell el-Kahdi, the ancient Lais or Dan. The road led us onward, over hills and valleys, until we came to the river El-Leddán, which flows into Hasbani river a little further down. The country is very suitable for pasture, and there we saw many Beduin tents.

When we came to the river El-Leddán, the middle branch of the Jordan, we went into a little grove by the river where the road passes and there we sat down to take dinner. We are now at the fountain of the Jordan; and just a few fathoms from the place, where we sit down to rest and have dinner, this spring bubbles up from the bowels of the earth. It is claimed that this is the largest spring in the world. We found a very good place among the trees, and the clearest water gushed forth under the branches of these trees. Along the banks of the river trees and bushes of various kinds are growing. The river gushes forth

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at the foot of a low hill. On this hill lay the old Dan, that is now called Khadi, which in Arabic means "judge." The Hebrew word also means "judge." The spring pours its water into a pool, and from there it flows southward. Here is Dan, located at the northern boundary of the ancient Palestine. The expression from "Dan to Bersheba" means from the northernmost end of the land to the southernmost. To this part of the land the Danites went from their little lot northwest of Jerusalem to possess the land. This place became sadly renowned for the idolatry in the time of Jeroboam (I Kings 12: 92). Here he put up an idol in the form of a calf, so that the children of Israel might not need to go up to Jerusalem to worship. Further on in history Dan is mentioned among the cities which Benhadad, the king of Syria, sacked.

Nature is very grand in this part of Palestine. When we came to the river, two Circassians were resting there. They had each a horse, and weapons along with them. They were soldiers in the service of the government. The Circassians are Mohammedans, and have lived in Circassia for some time, but have been driven out of their country and a colony of them live in the vicinity of Amman, on the other side of the dead sea. While they were resting here, they went through their religious exercises. On a large stone on the bank of the Jordan they spread their mantles and said their prayers. Before a Mohammedan says his prayers, he washes his hands and feet, and, if he has a chance, his whole body. Having said their prayers, and rested awhile longer, they continued their journey, bidding us good bye. Here we enjoyed a refreshing rest, and the water, bubbling up from the earth, seemed to cool off the air. For this reason we enjoyed ourselves very much here.

At about one o'clock we went on and came to Caesarea Philippi, about three miles from here. The road was very bad

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and we came there about three o'clock. We rode into the village on the dingy looking streets, along which the most miserable looking huts were erected. At last we came to the lodging place, which was located in the middle of the town. There are only about 150 inhabitants in this ragged looking village. We stopped over night at the house of a man, whose name was Abu Samusa. He kept a kind of a hotel. But I declare you have never seen such a hotel before. We stepped down from the horses in front of a yard, which was a kind of a court to the house itself. At the east end of this court was the dwelling place, and a stair led up into the upper story. In front of this story there was a little platform, and in the corner there was a certain roof, giving protection from the rays of the sun.

Now within the said court were sheep, asses, horses, geese, chickens etc. and in the midst of these animals the lady of the house was sitting in a kind of crib, baking bread on a piece of board which was placed on the ground. She baked the bread in an oven that looked like a churn, dug down in the ground. At the bottom of this oven I saw some coal. She smeared her dough along the side of this churnlike oven. The bread was thin and the cake was about ten inches across. Many times they have to use manure of cows to heat the oven with.

When we came into the upper rooms we lay down on the floor to rest. There was no chair, no bed, no table, and no furniture of any kind. Carpets were spread on the floor, but we had reason to fear the insects, and we did not rest there very long. After a while we went out to take a look at the village, whose inhabitants are all Mohammedans, and who live in the most wretched huts and in utmost poverty. It was quite different in the olden times. Caesarea has a history full of vicissitudes. The early name of this place was Baal-Gad. Here this god had his home. He was the god of fortune. In the Old

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Testament this place is mentioned only once, namely in the book of Joshua (Jos. 11: 17; 12: 7). Joshua captured the country even to Baal-Gad, in the valley of Lebanon, below mount Hermon. Some have supposed that by Baal-Gad is meant Baalbek in Coelosyra, but when we read, "at the foot of Hermon," there can be no doubt as to where it was located. While Joshua was conquering the kings of Canaan, subduing the country, he pressed forward to the northern boundary, overcoming the Giblites, and all Lebanon, toward the sunrising, from Baal-Gad under mount Hermon unto the entering into Hamath (Jos. 13: 5). From this it becomes clear that Baal-Gad is Caesarea Philippi. The city is not mentioned in the Scripture from the time of Joshua to King Herod, and then it is called Baneas, which name it received from the god Pan, who was worshiped in a hollow, at the foot of the mountain, where the Jordan flows out of the mountain. King Herod built a temple here to the honor of Augustus. Josephus says the following about this temple: "When he (Herod) had brought the emperor to the sea and returned home, he built in his honor a very beautiful temple of the most white stone to be found in the land Zenodorus, near the place called Panium. This is a very beautiful grotto in the mountain, under which there is a great cavity in the earth, and the grotto is very steep and full of water. Above it hangs a great mountain, and under the cavern the springs of the river Jordan rise. Herod adorned the place, which was already a remarkable one, still further, by the erection of this temple, which he dedicated to Caesar (Jos. Hist. 15: 10: 3). Philip, the son of Herod, beautified the city, and he was the one who called it in honor of the emperor, Caesarea. This country the emperor Claudius gave to Agrippa II in the year 52 A. D. When Titus had captured Jerusalem in 70, he went to Caesarea by the sea, and then to Caesarea

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Philippi, where he remained for some time. Here he threw some prisoners of war to wild animals and others he compelled to kill each other, as though they were enemies (Bell Jud. 7: 2: 1). The old name of the place has been kept, but when the Arabs came to power they called it Banias. The Arabs cannot pronounce the letter *p*, and cannot say Panias. This city is spoken of only once in the New Testament. In Matthew 16: 13 we read that the Lord Jesus, when he came to the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, asked His disciples, saying "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Six days after this confession Jesus brought His disciples up into a high mountain and was transfigured before them. We have already given some reasons why we believe Hermon to be the Mount of Transfiguration, and only wish to add that when we came to the village in the afternoon, we saw one of the tops of the mountains right behind the ancient city, and my dragoman cried out, "On yonder top our Saviour was transfigured."

The report is that the woman, who suffered for twelve years, and who was healed by the Lord, was a heathen from this city (Matt. 9: 20-22). Eusebius writes, "Outside of her house you see on a high pedestal a statue made of bronze of a woman in a praying attitude, and a little above this there is a statue of a man with a white mantle, stretching out His hand over the woman, and below, at the very pedestal, grows a certain plant, which reaches up to the edge of the cloak, and this plant is a remedy for all diseases. This represents Christ according to the report. This monument still exists, and during a visit in the city, I have seen it with my own eyes (Eusebius

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Church History). Julian the Apostate (361-363) removed this statue and replaced it by his own. This was knocked to pieces by lightning. God is not to be mocked. The Christians put this statue of the Saviour in one of the churches in the city, and Wilibald (735) saw it and also the healing herb. Constantine established a bishopric at this place and its bishop attended the meeting of Nice in 325 and Chalcedon in 451. In 1188 Saladin captured Caesarea Philippi, and ever since that time this place has been under the scepter of the Mohammedans. The village built upon the ruins is one of the most miserable you can imagine. But the ruins are immense, and here you find pillars, walls, gates, and old foundations; and all this gives you an impression of what Caesarea Philippi was in the time of its glory. The village is built on a ridge between two valleys. Here is an abundance of water, and as a consequence there is an abundance of trees and bushes in and around this place. The location is, as far as the sights are concerned, one of the grandest you can see. From here there is a splendid view of Galilee and the east Jordanic country. My dragoman went with me and we started out to look over the ruins. We saw first of all the cavern in the mountain, at the foot of Hermon; and here it is still opening its jaws, but now it is not so large as it was formerly. We saw no water in it, but below the opening there is a stream of clear water. I drank from this fountain and must say that it tasted as good as any water that I have ever drank. Around the opening of the cavern there are certain niches cut out in the stone, and here the idols were placed. Below these niches there are inscriptions in Greek, but these are not all legible at present. Below one of them we read, "This goddess is dedicated to the deity Pan, a lover of the goddess Echos, of the son of the priest Victor Lysimmachos." Greeks who came here, found this region like the watered val-

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leys of Arcadia, and so they dedicated this place to the god Pan. He was a god of the forest, who was wandering on the green fields, by the murmuring brooks, and during the cooling hours of the evenings he would play beautiful tones on his flute. In the northern part of the place there are the ruins of the castle of the city. The present village is mostly built within the walls of the ancient fortress, and the old city is located further south. At the place, where the spring gushes forth, there is a pile of stones, and they are the ruins of the ancient temple. These ruins tell us, better than words can, how heathenism will fall and crumble.

Above the village is the fortress Kalaat Kubeibe or the fortress of Banias. As we approached the village, we saw this dark structure on the mountain side. It is located about 1000 feet above the village, and about an hour's journey from there. This is the strongest fortress of Palestine. It is built of very huge stones and must have been quite a protection for this part of the country. Right by this fortress the road leads to Damascus. Who built this, when it was done, and against what enemies will, no doubt, for all time to come be open questions. Immense cisterns are hewn out in the mountains, and in these the rainwater was gathered. Other kinds of water could not be obtained at this altitude.

Walking about for some time, we came to the southern part of the town and observed the stone bridge crossing the Saare valley. At the northern end of the bridge is a gate, and this looks as though it might fall any time. This gate dates from the Roman times. Returning to our lodging place, we saw some stores, and I confess that I have never seen such structures.

Now time for supper is drawing near, and we went to Abu Samusa's residence. On the floor the hotelkeeper placed a

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tray, and he and Mr. Aboosh helped each other to bring forth the necessities of life. The supper consisted of bread, which the lady of the house had baked as we came in, a watermelon, some fish, which my dragoman had brought along from Roschpina, and thick, sour goat's milk. We sat down by the tray on the floor. That this tray was not clean I do not need to tell. I had seen how the bread was prepared, and that was enough for me. I was hungry and tired. As fortune would have it, we still had some of the bread which we brought along from Roschpina. That the sour goat's milk was far from clean I can assure you, but what was to be done? I looked up towards the roof, closed my eyes, and took my reason captive, and so I let the sour goat's milk go down. Necessity has no law, and this you will experience when you travel among the Beduins.

After supper we lingered for some time before we went to bed. We determined to lie down on the platform outside the door, because we suspected that there would be a desperate warfare with the fleas, lice, and other insects. We had not rested long after darkness set in, before a number of people rushed out, and the reason was this, that robbers had come near the village, and stolen the corn, which the inhabitants had placed there in heaps outside of the village. After some time they came back, but not before we had heard quite a few shots. After this there was no sleep. In a few minutes there was a regular concert among the animals just below our platform; the asses, horses, sheep, chickens, and what not joined in most heartily and there was a roaring noise. I had never heard such a concert before, and who could sleep amidst such a choir of singers. And towards midnight came Abu Samusa and his wife, and had their midnight meal. You may wonder why? The reason was this. We were there in the month called Ramadan or the month of fasting, and no faithful Mohammedan

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will eat anything this month during the daytime, but during the night they may eat as much as they please, and if I can judge anything about the meal, our good host made up for the loss by taking a good square meal. The mosquitoes, fleas, and other creeping things did all they could to keep us awake, and there was practically no sleep that night. We had a regular picnic during that night!

The following morning, September 30th, we arose at four o'clock. Our hotel keeper had gone up earlier that morning, milked the goat and boiled the milk. This, together with a piece of bread, constituted our breakfast. It was dark on the platform where we sat, and there was no light. This helped me to get rid of my scruples regarding the nature of the milk. At five o'clock we are again in the saddle, riding along the streets of Caesarea Philippi, and down the hillsides towards the waters of Merom. My dragoman reminded me what a suitable place this was for robbers. Here they could steal to their heart's content, and get away without being caught. We were lucky, though, and saw no one who wished to molest us.

We rode onwards as fast as we could down the hills and over the valleys. My dragoman was somewhat puzzled about the road, but in a few minutes we observed a Beduin riding ahead of us in the tall grass. He was going the same way as we and he knew the place where we could cross the Jordan river. At last we came to the old road on the other side of the Jordan, at the base of the mountains of Naphthali, and returned after a very strenuous trip, during which our horses were on the point of giving up, to Roschpina, where we arrived at 12 o'clock hungry and tired and almost exhausted. Here we remained till the following day to recuperate. To be in the saddle seven hours at one time is not the easiest thing in the world. Our poor Hammadi was still sick, and my dragoman

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telegraphed to Jerusalem for another boy, who was to meet us in Tiberias.

The 1st of October we were out early in the morning, and rode towards the southwest to Safed: The road is very poor and so steep, that we could not ride, but had to lead our horses. Many Arabs went along in our caravan, and it was interesting to see how the asses moved along the steep mountain sides with their heavy burdens. Outside of Roschpina we noticed how some girls carried fresh cow manure to a place beyond the village. There they plastered it on a stone wall, so that it would dry; later this was used for fuel. When we reached the top of the mountain, we had a splendid view of the whole vicinity, and especially of the river Jordan, the waters of Merom, and the mountains of Naphthali in the north.

Soon we came to Safed. This city is located on the western edge of a mountain ridge, and here we have a most excellent view in all directions. Down in the hollow are the Sea of Galilee, Tabor, and Little Hermon towards the southwest, and the Jordan valley and the mountains of Moab in the southeast. Safed, which has 15,000 inhabitants, of which half are Jews and part of the rest Christians, is located higher than any city in Galilee. Here was a fortress, which was destroyed by the earthquake in 1837. This city has three sections, or quarters, as they are called,—Mohammedan, Christian, and Jewish. Whether this town was located here in the time of the Saviour, cannot be determined. The claim is that Christ had in mind Safed when He said, "A city built upon a hill cannot be hid," but He might have had in mind some other town in Galilee.

This is one of the holy cities of the Jews. To this place they have come from Poland, Galicia, Rumania, and Russia. Here these poor Jews live and are, to a great extent, supported by Jews in foreign countries. Here is a seat for a Kaimakam,

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and he is subordinate to the Mutezarif in Acco. Here the Scotch Presbyterians have a mission station, and a Mission Society in London is carrying on mission work here. The climate is very good on this mountain. It is necessary that they have a good climate to counteract the filth which is found in such abundance in the city, along the streets and lanes. I had never seen a dirtier section of a city than the Jewish quarter in Safed. If they kill a hen, they throw the feathers, entrails, and the bones on the streets, and you can imagine how the streets look. It is next to impossible to describe them. We went to the market place and observed how the Mohammedans carry on their trade. We bought some fruit, but I could not eat it, owing to the filth.

Safed is not spoken of in the Bible, nor in the Apocrypha, but Josephus relates something about it in his "Wars" (2:20:6), where he calls it Sef. During the Middle Ages this place comes into prominence. The Mohammedans and Christians fought some bloody battles for the supremacy of this place until 1266, when the Mohammedans captured the city and this section of the country. In the sixteenth century a Jewish school was established here and this surpassed the school at Tiberias. To this place many Jews fled, when the Holy City was captured and destroyed, and here they were permitted to live in peace. The Jews believe that their Messiah shall reveal himself first of all at the Sea of Tiberias and rule there for 40 year. But this city is not what it was once. The Mohammedans and the earthquakes have helped to despoil it, and the prominent school of the Rabbis is no more.

About half an hour's ride to the west of Safed there is, on the eastern slope of Djebel Djermuk, a village by the name of Merom. To this place great throngs of Jews go as pilgrims during the Purim festival. In the neighborhood of this village

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are graves, where the great teachers in the Jewish world are slumbering, such as Hillel, Schamma, Simeon ben Zachai, and others.

We did not stay very long at Safed, although this is in many ways, a most interesting place. To this city there are nothing but pathways. How strange that you cannot drive a carriage to such a large city. Here we met Professor Macalister. He and his guide had gone over the mountains of Naphthali by the ancient Cedesh, which is located on these mountains, a little to the northwest from the waters of Merom. He had gone directly to Safed and stopped over night here. We now went down to Tiberias together.

While we rode through the city, we observed certain paintings on the houses in the form of armed candlesticks; and inquiring what this meant, I was informed, that they paint such pictures on the walls to prevent slander and backbiting. An easy thing to get rid of in such a way. Here we saw some beautiful buildings, such as the English and Jewish hospitals, etc.

The road down to the sea of Galilee is very steep, and we had to walk down the hillsides. We came at last to Chan Minje, and passed across the plain of Gennesaret. Here we observed how the Beduins walk about with their guns, and I pity the one who has to travel alone over this plain. While we were riding along the road, Prof. Macalister gave his theory as to why he believed that the Israelites had been able to conquer the Canaanites in this northern section of Galilee at Dan. The malaria, caused by the climate in this region, makes man careless and less inclined to fight. Such a drowsy set of people it was comparatively easy to conquer.

Passing by Magdala and Dalmanutha we saw shepherds driving their flocks to the sea to water them. The day was

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warm and the way along the shore exceedingly poor. We arrived very tired at Tiberias at one o'clock in the afternoon. Here we rested for some time after this very tedious journey. At five o'clock we went out with the dragoman on the sea and brought along two men to row. Although the boat was quite large, it was tossed as a ball on the billows. We did not catch any fish either, but returned empty handed. The heat was oppressive, but on the sea we did not feel it so much. After a while we went ashore and to our former bathing place to bathe; then we returned to the hotel. The evening we spent in meditation on the great events that have taken place here.

When the sun had set, the moon arose in the east over the hills of Bashan, and threw a weird light over the whole vicinity. I took my bedclothes and went up on the roof to sleep. Here it was very cool and the view was the best. The evening was the most perfect one could wish. Perhaps the night was such, when the great Teacher went out among the mountains on the northeast side of the lake to pray. We recollect that He often spent the night in prayer to His Father. I felt as though I was surrounded by the gracious Spirit of my Saviour, and with the night breezes I was greeted from His own city with a "peace be unto you!" It was certainly beautiful to be permitted to spend the night by the shores of the memorable sea, so rich in events from long ago. This is one of the most interesting places in Palestine, and I shall never forget the days I spent by this sea.

The next day my dragoman took sick with a high fever and the physician advised him not to continue the journey, before he became better. I determined to stay with him. The following night I watched him all night, because he was very weak. My plan was to go from Tiberias to Djerash, Amman, and Petra, but the sickness of my dragoman canceled our plan.

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The third of October, which was Sunday, my dragoman was much better, and at 12:12 we started on a little steamer from Tiberias to Samach, the railroad station at the southern end of the sea. Now we passed by the old places, which we have endeavored to describe, and at six o'clock we are at Haifa.

No matter how many times you see these old Biblical places, you see them again with a great deal of interest. I found it very difficult to depart from Gennesaret and its surroundings. Often I turned back to impress this historic body of water and its surroundings upon my mind. Farewell, thou memorable sea! I am so thankful for the privilege of walking along thy border, bathing in thy billows, and meditating among the ruins of the cities on thy shores!

My poor dragoman was sick all the way, and as soon as we came to Haifa, we went on board a British steamer, *Menzale*, which during the night brought us to Jaffa. At 5.20 the boat anchored outside of the coast. The landing proved to be very easy. I showed them my tesquere and that was sufficient.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### EXCURSIONS TO MIZPAH, EMMAUS, GIBEON, AND RAMA

HAVING brought my dragoman home to his residence, I spent the rest of the day at the American colony, attending to my correspondence. The 5th of October I planned to visit the Biblical places to the northwest from Jerusalem, and I was compelled to get another dragoman. Mr. Aboosh arranged matters so that a Christian Arab now became my guide to these places. He was a member of the German Lutheran church in Jerusalem, and his name was Nicola Aweis. He took the place of my dragoman and he was a very good substitute.

At seven o'clock in the morning Mr. Aweis came to the American colony with three horses and a boy to take care of them. Our first goal was Nebi Samwil. We rode out along the valley of Jehosaphat towards the northwest, and we had gone about 20 minutes when we came to the tombs of the Judges. Here we dismounted and came nearer to examine these graves. I went into the one that was cut out in the best manner and found that the first chamber, which was about 20x20, had a number of small niches along the walls. Through smaller openings in the walls you can enter into other tombs in the hill, and underneath the floor in the first chamber there is a room.

From these tombs we rode on through valleys and over hills. To the west of Jerusalem we saw Ain Karin, the birth-place of John the Baptist. Further west is Kulonie. Riding

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on about one and a half hours we were right opposite Nebi Samwil. This time we did not go up to the top, but continued to El-Kubeibe, the old Emmaus. Before we came to this place we rode on the northeast edge of a very deep valley. My dragoman said to me, "This is the valley, where the two disciples were walking along, when Jesus drew nigh and spoke to them." This was not a very good road to come along. Sometimes it was so steep that we had to lead our horses. We saw two heights northwest from Jerusalem, where the Crusaders had built fortresses, which were now crumbled to pieces. In two and a half hours we came to El-Kubeibe, which is located on an incline on the south side of Ajalon's valley. We went to the cloister. The monks received us very kindly, and we had dinner with them. This place, which consists of a few hundred inhabitants, is about three score furlongs distant from Jerusalem. This distance corresponds to the story in the Bible. Josephus writes that there was a certain Emmaus three score furlongs distant from Jerusalem, and the Emperor Titus gave this to 800 soldiers (Bell. Jud. 7: 6: 6). We are not informed where this place was located. Now there is a place called Emmaus at the western end of the valley of Ajalon, below Bethhoron, but this place cannot be the right one, because that place was 160 stadia from Jerusalem. One of the Crusaders, Fulcher from Chartres (1125), writes, "the following morning the army of the Crusaders broke up from Nicopolis, and had Gibeon, which is fifty stadia from Jerusalem, on the left side, and drew nigh the city." Even then Emmaus was called Nicopolis. All this evidence points to El-Kubeibe.

I believe that this is the right place, and that it was to this village the disciples went, when the unknown man came nigh and told them, how Christ must suffer and enter into His glory. Surely this was a peculiar stranger, and no wonder that the

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disciples, when He pretended that He wished to go further, constrained Him and said, "Abide with us for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight" (Luke 24: 29-31). I read this Scripture lesson here in Emmaus, and thought of those two disciples. The same Saviour was present there and I could firmly believe this consoling fact. While the monks were preparing dinner, we went out and observed the peculiar herbs and bushes found in their yard. Then a monk brought us into a church, which looked very old. There were quite a few monuments in this church, and we looked them over very carefully. At ten minutes past twelve we started out again, and our next goal was Nebi Samwil, or Mizpah. At half past one we were at Mizpah. Towards the west we saw the Mediterranean sea and the plain of Sharon, in the northwest we observed Upper and Lower Bethhoron, which are located on hills close by a deep valley. Near by in the valley on a hill is Gibeon, and near this, the plain on which Joshua fought the armies of the Amorites. Further north we see Ramallah, Beeroth, and towards the northeast Ramah and Ophrah on their heights; on the other side of the Jordan we observe the mountains of Moab and in the southeast, Jerusalem, and beyond this, Beth-Lehem. This place is 100 feet higher than Jerusalem and here are immense ruins from bygone days. The Crusaders have left quite a few monuments. Mizpah, which means watchtower, was a gathering place for all the tribes on the west side of the Jordan, and is spoken of together with Gibeon and Ramah (Jos. 18:26). Upon this height the tribes gathered together from Dan to Beersheba, when the crime was

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committed at Gibeah in Benjamin (Jud. 19). During the course of time this was a place where prayer was offered (I Macc. 3:46). Here in Mizpah Samuel judged Israel, when he had arranged for a meeting with the people. In Mizpah, Bethel, and Gilgal he judged Israel annually. Here a king was chosen for Israel (I Sam. 10: 17-19). King Asa (916-919) fortified this place, having gathered stone and logs from Ramah. The prophet Hosea is rebuking the priests of Israel and the house of Judah, because they have become a snare on Mizpah, and a net upon Tabor (Hos. 5: 1). From this we can draw the conclusion, that idolatry was practised at Mizpah also. When Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem, he arranged to have a governor over the land of Judah, and Gedaliah, who lived here at Mizpah, was chosen. He was killed by a certain Ishmael (II Kings 25: 22-25). From this grand hill we looked over the vicinity very carefully, and then descended into the valley, where Gibeon is located. This place is quite near, and is now called El-Djib. This village is built on a hill, which is surrounded by a plain or valley, and towards the west a larger plain extends westwards towards the vale of Ajalon. On this plain Joshua fought in the memorable combat with the Canaanites. During this battle Joshua prayed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon staid, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies" (Jos. 10: 12-13).

Gibeon was one of the capital cities of the Hivites. The Gibeonites were satisfied to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation, and for the altar of the Lord, even unto this day, in the place which he should choose (Jos. 9: 27). Here was the tabernacle in the time of David and Solomon, while the ark was brought from Kirjath-Jearim to Jerusalem (I Chr. 16:39; 21:29; II Chr. 1:3-4). To this place

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Solomon came and sacrificed 1,000 burnt offerings, on an altar, located on a height. Here in Gibeon he had a dream, in which God promised him wisdom, which he asked for, and besides this he received riches and glory, which he did not ask for (I Kings 3:4-15). At present Gibeon is a little village with low houses, made of clay and stone. We rode by this place on the east side, and continued in the valley towards the northeast, passing hills and valleys, and in the afternoon we came to Ramah, which is located about fifteen minutes walk to the east of the road which goes from Jerusalem to Bethel and Nablous.

When we came to Ramah, which is located on a hill—Ramah signifies “height”—we rode through this dingy village, consisting of only a few houses. Around the top of hill are a number of graves and caves in the rocks, and the whole gives an impression that this must have been quite a town in bygone days. We came to a house called Samuel’s. In front of it sat half-naked Arabs, and poverty and misery was imprinted upon their whole appearance.

Ramah is also called Ramathaim Sophim, which really means the “Double Height of the Suphites.” Suph was one of Samuel’s forefathers, and came from Bethlehem or Ephratah. After him this place is called “Land of Zuph” (I Sam. 9: 5). Here Samuel was born, and here he established a prophet school. Here he lived, and Ramah is therefore called “his own city.”

Opinions differ as to where the ancient Ramah is to be sought. This city is mentioned not less than fourteen times, and all in the first book of Samuel. Some have contended that Samuel’s Ramah is Nebi Samwil, while others believe that it is Er-Ram. But according to this opinion, it is rather difficult to explain how Samuel could come from Er-Ram to Gibeah and on that road pass by Rachel’s tomb. A third group hold that

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Ramallah is the Ramah of Samuel. Now this Ramah is located about seven miles north of Saul's Gibeah. A fourth group, on the other hand, think that Herodion or the Mountain of the Franks is the right Ramah. There are others who have pointed to other places, but with very little reason or historic ground. According to the very best authorities we can explain away the difficulties, if we consider Er-Ram for Samuel's Ramah. The view from this place is excellent in every direction, and it was a treat to be permitted to behold the historic surroundings. Standing there I thought of the godfearing mother, who with her son went up to Shiloh to give him to the Lord. This story tells us what a mother in the fear of God can do, when she has opened her heart and become a helpmate in the hands of the Master.

From Ramah we continued in a southeasterly direction, and came near Anata, the Anathoth of Jeremiah. As we rode along, we came a little distance to the west of Anata, and had a good view of the little village towards the northeast of Mount Scopus, and three and a half miles from the Holy City. Here Jeremiah lived and here was his home from his earliest days (Jer. 1:1; 29:27). From here we rode up to Mount Scopus, and went back into the city along the western road, stopping at the Jaffa gate, where the "mule-boy" took care of the horses.

CHAPTER XIX  
JOURNEYS IN PHILISTIA

**M**Y dragoman was still sick, and as I could not have Mr. Aweis with me on my intended journeys, because he was to go with another tourist, I engaged another man, who also was to act as my guide under the contract with Mr. Aboosh. His name was Mr. S. Johnson, a captain who had been in America for some time, and was a Jew by birth. The sixth of October at seven o'clock my new dragoman came to the American colony with three horses and a merry little boy by the name of Ibrahim. This boy was a lively chap, and although he was not quite twelve years old, he was well at home in his business. At this time we rode through the new town, which extends towards the north-west from the Jaffa gate. This part of Jerusalem has grown during the last few decades, and it is still growing, because a throng of Jews is moving in from various parts of the world. Here, particularly, you will notice that the Jew is returning to the land of his fathers. Here they buy lots and build houses, and the development has been very rapid. But the street, which we followed, proved to be very dingy looking. Our road led us westward from Jerusalem over the hills, and in half an hour we arrived at Ain Karin, the birthplace of John the Baptist, according to an ancient tradition. The place is rather small, and there is nothing particularly to see, except a church, in whose crypt the birth of the forerunner of Christ is said to have taken place. In the vicinity of this place is the spring called Ain Karin, or the Well of Mary. This place is visited by great

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throngs of Roman and Greek Catholics, who as pilgrims come here from time to time.

A little to the northwest from here is Kulonie. In the adjacent valley David is said to have fought the giant Goliath, but this tradition is rather weak. According to the very best authorities, the right place is pointed out to the southwest from Jerusalem, and to the west of Bethlehem. When we came up on the ridge to the west of Kulonie, we had a most excellent view of the vicinity. Towards the west, to the south of the road, is the town of Kirjat el- Aneb, supposed to be the old Kirjath Jearim, located about seven miles west of Jerusalem. Kirjath Jearim, which means the "wooded city," was one of the cities of the Gibeonites, situated on the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. Six hundred of the relatives of the Danites came up and encamped at Kirjath Jearim, in Judah, and hence this place was called the "Camp of Dan."

The children of Israel brought the ark of the covenant from Beth-Shemesh, at the foot of the mountains of Judah, to this city, and here it remained, with the exception of the interval during the time of Saul, when it was at Nob, until the eighth year of the reign of David, when he brought it up to Jerusalem. Thus the ark was here during the time of Samuel, during the greater part of Saul's reign, and during eight years of the reign of David—in all 70 years. Here on the hill, to the west of the town, in the house of Abinadab, his son Eleazar was sanctified to keep the ark of the Lord (I Sam. 7:1). Here Israel went around on these hills, waiting for the Deliverer and their liberation from the hands of the Philistines. This village is now called Abu Gosh, from the robber chief who had his headquarters here at the eastern end of Wady Aly, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. He died in 1818. We passed by his sepulchre at the north end of the village. Among other things of interest

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we might mention a church ruin dating from the time of the Crusaders. When we came up on the hill, we had a splendid view of the plain of Philistia, Sharon and the Mediterranean Sea. Here we met a caravan of camels, loaded with grain for Jerusalem and the surrounding towns. The Arabs greeted us in such a friendly way, "Schalom aleichem," or "Peace be unto you!" Surely this was a very kind greeting from these fellaheen here on these mountains, and I reminded myself of the men who in the early days of our era went about and said, "Peace be unto this house!"

Having passed by the caravan, we descended into a valley, and as we came down the road, we saw a well. Such cisterns the pious Mohammedans build along the caravan roads, and in this way they wish to make sure of Heaven. Every now and then these cisterns are filled with water, so that the thirsty and tired wanderer may find a refreshing drink, while he is hastening along to his goal. This is a worthy thought, and anyone who has been in the Orient knows what it means to find water along the way.

We came at last to the end of the wady. Here is the gate of the "valley." At this end of the wady and on the left hand side is a café and a resting place, and here we stopped to take dinner and rest in the shadows. We are now in that part of the Holy Land called Shefelah, or the foothills. This place was very disagreeable, and for this reason we did not go into the house, but remained outside all the time. Having rested a little after dinner, we continued, and Captain Johnson had to pay four piasters for the water which we and the horses had used. Following the way, we soon came to another valley, which runs down on the plain. This is the Ajalon Valley. Here is the Lower Bethhoron. A little farther east is the Upper Bethhoron. Here was the main road in the early days, and here the ancient

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warriors went back and forth. Solomon built Bethhoron the upper, and Bethhoron the nether, with walls, gates and bars (II Chron. 8:5). The Jews have won great victories in this part of the Land of Promise. When Joshua broke up with his warriors from Gilgal he marched all night and won at Gibeon a glorious victory over the Canaanite kings, and pursued them on the way to Bethhoron and subdued them. Here in this vicinity Judas Maccabee won a decisive victory over the Syrian general, Nicanor, who fell here, and somewhat later he won a victory over the general of Antiochus Epiphanes, Seron, 165 B. C. Here Cestius Gallus suffered a humiliating defeat in the beginning of the Jewish war, 66 A. D. This war closed with the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews in the exile that is lasting yet. The ancient towns are recognized in the two villages, the Upper and the Nether Beith-Ur. A little way farther on we came to a road which led towards the right and turned behind a hill. Here at the foot of the mountains of Judah is the old Nicopolis. This village is often spoken of in Josephus and in I Maccabees. This town was burned by the governor of Syria, Varus, 4 A. D. We are not able to determine whether it was rebuilt at the death of Christ or not. Emperor Vespasian built a fort here, so as to be able to guard the road to Jerusalem. This fort was erected in 69 A. D, and from this place the fifth legion, which the Emperor Vespasian at the command of Titus stationed here, went up to Jerusalem to besiege this city. A Christian writer of history, by the name Julius Africanus, rebuilt this place and called it Nicopolis, 223 A. D. Here is a fountain whose water had healing qualities, because Christ, according to the ancient legend, washed His feet in it after His wandering Easter day. Julian the Apostate stopped up this fountain.

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We follow the road and see towards the right a hill, where there are some ruins. This is Latrum. Here the Crusaders built a fort. Here was the home of the penitent robber who was crucified with the Saviour. Farther north on the same hill is a convent and a church, and the cattle of the monks are wandering around the hills and the valleys. To this place we follow the Valley of Ajalon, and here on the plain it ends.

We are now on the wide plain and see to the left of us quite a distance ahead Tell el-Djasar, on a hill. Here was the ancient Gezer, of which we have spoken before. The plain of Sharon lies before us, extending towards the northwest, and towards the southwest is the plain of Philistia. Right ahead of us is Ramle, whose white houses glimmer between the green leaves. This is the goal for the day. At half past three we were there. The hotel was closed and the hotelkeeper was away. There are very few tourists at this time of the year. Quite near it was a Jewish inn; here we were well received, and stopped over night, but the place was not very clean. We had no other choice and did the best we could. When we had rested awhile, we went out to see the bazaars, and found them rather insignificant and very dirty.

Here at Ramle is a mosque that used to be a Christian church during the time of the Crusades. When we returned to our lodging house, my dragoman bought a hen, which he left to the lady of the house to prepare for supper. In the evening we attended a festivity, arranged by Jews who came together at the inn. They were dressed in rather odd suits and read responsively in their Hebrew Bibles and other books. When I had seen the Jewish program to the end I went to bed, but slept very little that night for my bed was not very good. In the morning of the 7th of October at seven o'clock we were ready

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to depart, and the first object of the journey was Ashdod, which at present is called Ashdud.

Riding along the plain for some time, some Arabs joined us, and my guide was very pleased, because he knew that the places we were to pass were by no means safe. We might be attacked any time. The prairie here in Philistia is very rolling, and the Beduin robbers would have a safe retreat in these valleys. Our Arab companions followed us for some time, and then they turned to the left. Here we met caravans and the camels were very heavily loaded with grain, which they were bringing to the larger cities. We met quite a few women who were tattooed very much, and they had large veils which did not, however, resemble those used by the Turkish women. The women here in Philistia have a round, hollow piece of wood with brass rings in it on the forehead, and these rings extend down to the nose. They have besides, some silver coins hanging from the ears, and bracelets of various kinds decorate their arms. The garments remind us very much of those used in Egypt.

At a little distance from Ramle, or Arimathea, is a Russian Jewish colony. Here is another one of those Jewish colonies, which have been established of late, and which will, no doubt, mean a great deal for the future of Palestine. This colony is in a very good condition. They take good care of their plantations, and here they can bring in most excellent crops, the soil being very rich. Here we saw orange groves, vineyards and other plantations; and these gave us a very good impression. Our road brought us nearer and nearer to the coast, and at half past ten we came to the ancient Jabniel, or Jamnia, at present called Jabne. This village, which is located on a ridge to the east of the road that passes from Jaffa to Gaza, consists of clay huts with roofs of grass. There are about 5,000 inhabitants here

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and they live in poverty and misery. Under some trees that gave a good shade we settled down and had our dinner. Near by our resting place there was a well, and a horse was working along and drawing up water by means of a wheel. Such arrangements we saw very often here in this land of the Philistines. This city was really a boundary town between Judah and Philistia, and is mentioned already in the time of Uzziah. Then this place belonged to Philistia, but Uzziah went forth and warred against the Philistines, and broke down the walls of Gath, and the wall of Jabneh, and the wall of Ashdod (II Chron. 26:6). In this connection the name of this place is somewhat changed. Josephus says that Jamnia was located within the tribe of Dan. Here was a garrison during the time of the Maccabees, and Georgias as the highest commander won a complete victory over the Jewish troops, who lost two thousand soldiers, and fled to the boundary line of Judah (Jos. Hist. 12:8:6). On the north side of the town runs the River Rubin in the Wady Rubin. This river flows into the Mediterranean Sea, a little to the northwest from here, and here was a harbor which was called Majuma. The word is Coptic and means harbor. To the south of the river by the sea are some parts of this harbor, which is now called Minet Rubin. During the time of the Maccabees this town of Jamnia was a place of some prominence. When Judas Maccabeus had found out that a dastard treachery had been perpetrated against the Jews at Jaffa—when about two hundred persons had been persuaded to board a ship and were taken out into the sea and drowned—he went down to the harbor of Jamnia and burnt the ships and the houses at the wharf. The fire was so great that it was seen at Jerusalem, a distance of two hundred and forty stadia (II Macc. 12:9). This took place 164 B. C. We read in the Talmud that the great council of the Jews, or the synedrium, moved to Jamnia, before Titus com-

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menced to besiege the city of Jerusalem, and in this way these men escaped the fate of the people of this doomed place. During the time of Gamaliel the Younger (116) this place, Jamnia, came into great prominence. This man was the grandson of Gamaliel (52), the teacher of Saint Paul, and is buried here. His tomb was shown here in the fourteenth century. But the Rabbinical School, which for some time had a great name, became dissolved by the Romans. Very early Christianity came to these sections. At the meeting of Nice a bishop from this town was present, and even in the days of the Emperor Justinian, Jamnia had a bishopric. This place has had the same fate as so many other towns in the Turkish Empire. The government is too poor. Otherwise there are resources here and the people in this part of the Holy Land could thrive and flourish. These prairies are as good as they are anywhere, and great crops could be harvested here. The harbor, which was considered to be one of the best on the Syrian coast, is at present in a very poor condition, but could be rebuilt and an extensive shipping to foreign lands could be established. Here at Jamnia, which is located 170 feet above the sea, is a most excellent view of the plain of Philistia, and the mountains of Judah towards the east. Directly east of here is the agricultural colony Akir, the ancient Ekron, one of the mighty cities of the Canaanites.

After resting a little while, we continued our journey along the main road over this naked and dry plain, and at three o'clock we came to Ashdod. Here and there along this lonely and desolate way we met Arabs who rode on camels, and on the hills there were some who tended their flocks. The sun was very warm and it was no wonder that this plain was dry and scorched. To me it was a question as to how the poor animals could get anything to maintain their life on these barren heaths. Ashdod, which was called Azotus during the time of the Greek and

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Roman supremacy, is a very old city, and was one of the five great cities of the Philistines. It is located on a ridge near a sandhill, brought hither from the shore by the windstorms. The old place was located on the same place, but deeper down. When the Philistines had taken the ark of the covenant from the Israelites in the time of Samuel, they brought it from Ebenezer to Ashdod, and placed it by the side of their god, Dagon, in their temple. Dagon was the idol of the Philistines, and its front part looked like a human being, but the hind part was like a fish. In the morning they found their god thrown down upon his face with hands and head cut off. The hand of the Lord was heavy upon them and they were constrained to bring back the ark to the land of Israel; and so they brought it back to Beth-Shemesh, at the foot of the mountains of Judah. But of this we have spoken before. The worship of Dagon continued to the time of the Maccabees (Macc. 10:83; 11:4). This city, which was given to the tribe of Judah, was not taken before the time of David. When the land was divided, Philistia became an independent country.

Sargon, the king of Assyria, sent Tartan to Ashdod, and he captured it (Is. 20:1). The city remained in the hands of the Assyrians until the king of Egypt, about one hundred years later, having besieged this place for twenty-nine years—the longest siege in the history of the world—captured it. After the captivity Jewish men married women of Ashdod. Nehemiah contended with them and rebuked them, cursed and smote them, plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying: "I shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves" (Neh. 13:23-25). Ashdod was plundered by Judas Maccabeus, and was burnt by his brother Jonathan. Under Pompey it became a Roman province, and was rebuilt by Gabinius (Jos. Hist.

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14:3:3). Herod willed this town to his sister Salome (Jos. Hist. 17:8:1).

The deacon Philip during the persecution in Jerusalem came hither and preached in all the cities until he came to Cæsarea (Acts 8:40). Later on in the history of the Christian church there was a bishopric here and its bishop attended several synods of the oecumenical church. We came here quite early in the afternoon, and as I did not feel very well, I determined to remain here till the next morning. We rode through the miserable looking streets, until we came to the southeastern part of the town, and here we put up at a certain hotel. The hotelkeeper was not at home just then, but his Arab servant received us very kindly, and killed a chicken for supper. He gave us a room in the upper story, but we could not rest because of the flour mill that was running in the neighborhood. The houses are all only one story high, with roofs of grass. The town gives a very poor impression, has 2,000 inhabitants, and nothing particular to show the tourist. Even this place is about three miles from the sea, and would not be worth while visiting, if it were not for its ancient history.

In the morning, October 8th, I arose at 6 o'clock and did not feel well. I had a severe headache, but there was no physician and consequently nothing else to do but to go ahead. We left Ashdod at seven o'clock in the morning, and as we rode along the awful looking streets, we saw how the people were sleeping along the houses in all kinds of rags. The plain which we crossed on our way to Gaza was quite rolling, but the soil appeared to be very rich. There would be homes for thousands of people if this soil were taken care of. I understood better than before why the Philistines had established themselves so well here, and why the Israelites fought so valiantly to get possession of this plain. While we are riding along to our goal, Gaza, we wish to recall

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something about Philistia. It is bounded on the west by the Mediterranean Sea, the east by the majestic mountains of Judah, on the north by Sharon, and on the south by the boundary of the land of Canaan. The whole of this level plain is one of the most fruitful parts of the land of Palestine.

But whence did the Philistines come? They possessed the land long before the Israelites came into Canaan. In regard to this question opinions thus far have been divided. There seems to be reason for the belief that they came from some of the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, and that they for some time lived in Lower Egypt. Later on they moved up to Philistia, drove away the Canaanites and made themselves masters of the country and thus settled there. Because of this they are called Philistines, which means simply immigrants. They must have immigrated before the time of Abraham, because "he made a covenant at Beer-Sheba with Abimelech and Phichol the chief captain of his host, and they returned into the land of the Philistines. And Abraham sojourned in the Philistines' land many days" (Gen. 21: 32, 34). The Philistines were Hamites, and their history is closely connected with the children of Israel. From the Bible we find how much they had to do with the Israelites, both during the time of the Judges as well as in the time of the Kings. Very bitter feuds were fought, and it seems that the fire of hatred did not quench until after the Babylonian captivity. When the Israelites returned from the captivity they intermarried, and this seems to prove that there was an end of the long enmity between them.

As I was meditating on these things we came to a well. Up there in a peculiarly constructed house sat an Arab—perhaps we had better call him a Philistine—and was tramping up water from a well by means of a water-wheel. The water flowed in a large reservoir. We led our horses to this and they drank with

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relish, and so did we. We continued along the plain, but we became very thirsty again, and then we saw in the distance one of those houses which pious Mohammedans erect to merit Heaven. This well was by the wayside, and we hurried our horses on and came at last to this cistern, but it proved to be one of those broken "cisterns which give no water." Thirsty and despondent we rode on until about eleven o'clock, when he came to a chan or an inn. Here we lay down in the shadow under some trees, and took dinner, which we had brought along from Ashdod. At one o'clock we were in the saddle again, and rode along the great plain. The nearer we come to Gaza, the nearer the road leads us to the sea, and extended ridges run from north to south for some miles. At about five miles from the city of Gaza I commenced to be sick and feverish. The last three miles seemed to be almost endless, and it looked to me as though we would never reach our goal. At last we noticed some houses between the trees; in a few minutes some minarets stuck up their points among the palms and trees, and in about a quarter of an hour we were at the largest city in Philistia, Gaza. We watered our thirsty horses in a cistern in the middle of the city, and then we went to the southwestern part of the town to the English mission station. How happy I felt that I had the privilege to be in a hospital and under the care of a Christian physician! I thanked God with my whole heart that such a privilege was my lot.

My sickness kept me in bed, and here I was compelled to remain for five days. Most of the time I was sick and could not be up and about. The 11th of October I arose at six o'clock, but that good and kindhearted Doctor Sterling forbade me to go, and I did wise in obeying him, as I was yet very weak. I sent my dragoman, Captain Johnson, to Jerusalem, and determined to stay here at the hospital for some time.

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The 13th of October I felt somewhat better, and went out to see the town. Gaza, which means "fortress," differs from many other cities in this country in this respect, that it has a successive history, which extends back at least 1500 years B. C. This place is spoken of in the Tell el-Amara tablets, which date from the fourteenth century. The city of Gaza is about three miles from the sea, and had a very good harbor formerly. In Genesis 10:19 we read of the boundary lines of the Canaanites from Sidon to Gaza. Joshua did not capture this place. Judah did so, but it remained for a short time in the possession of this tribe (Jud. 3:3). Samson has done a great deal to make this place famous. When he was caught in the network of Delilah, and when the Philistines got hold of him they brought him to Gaza, put out his eyes and made him grind in the mill at the prison.

The prophets declared severe punishments for this city. Jeremiah exclaimed, "Baldness is come upon Gaza" (Jer. 47:5). "But I will send a fire on the wall of Gaza, which shall devour the palaces thereof" (Am. 1: 7). These prophecies have been literally fulfilled. Gaza was located along the main road between Egypt and Syria, and great armies marched along this place. Among the generals we may mention Alexander the Great, who in the year 332 marched down to Egypt. He besieged this city for the space of five months and at last it was compelled to give up. In the New Testament Gaza is mentioned only in connection with the story of the deacon Philip and Ethiopian eunuch. The angel of the Lord told Philip to go from Samaria and down to the road leading from Jerusalem to Gaza. It is rather difficult to ascertain which one it was, as there are two roads that lead down from Jerusalem to Gaza. One of these roads went down to Ramle

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and then to Gaza; the other went by Bitir and then down over the plain of Philista to Gaza.

Christianity came very early to this place, but the spirit of Heathendom ruled supreme for a long time after that. Gaza has about 20,000 inhabitants. There are no walls around the city. In the middle of the town on a high ridge is a mosque, whose minaret is visible far and wide over this plain. About 2,000 Christians are found here; the rest are Mohammedans. The moral condition among the people is very poor and the standard low. Doctor Sterling informed me that there is not a single day in the year in which he is not called upon to attend some one who has been shot, cut with a knife, or struck in some way. Such is the spirit of heathenism.

Gaza is one of the southernmost cities in Philistia. From here it is not far to the boundary line. My plan was to go over the desert a day's journey to Beer-Sheba, but I was altogether too weak to do this, besides, my dragoman could not secure horses and carriage, and I was too weak to ride. This stretch of the country is not very safe either. One can easily fall into the hands of the robbers. At the suggestion of the Doctor I determined to return by way of Jaffa to Jerusalem in a carriage. During my stay in the hospital I had received such good care and kind treatment, that I found it very difficult to depart from my good Doctor. Commending myself in the hands of the Lord, I went away at six o'clock in the morning of the 14th of October. A young Christian Arab, Elias Jashan, who had been at the mission station during the summer, returned with me, and he took good care of me during the return. The day was somewhat cool and a fresh wind was blowing over the plain. We made good time because our Arab coachman drove like Jehu. About halfway between Gaza and Ascalon a road turns to the west and about two and a half miles from this

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cross road is the Ancient Ascalon, a city by the sea. In the prophetic books this town is spoken of very often. To this place Samson came, slew thirty men, took their clothes, and gave them to those who had guessed his riddle correctly. In this city there was formerly a temple, dedicated to the honor of the Syrian Venus, Decerto. In a moment of temptation she was deceived, then she threw herself down from a cliff in the city, and was changed to such an extent, that she received a woman's face and the body of a fish. She brought forth a daughter, whom she laid in a dove's nest on a cliff. The doves brought food to the child and it grew up, received the name Semiramis, and became the queen of Assyria. King Herod was born in this city. It is now desolate and no one dwells there. There are quite extensive ruins of theaters, temples and cloisters.

At half past nine we were at Ashdod, and here we rested for some time on the outskirts of this village at a well. At eleven o'clock we drove on again and came to Jamnia, and having gone a little further north we rested again, because the horses were almost ready to give up. Having followed the road along the coast for some time we came to Jaffa at half past four. Here we registered at Hotel Hardick, which is located right opposite Thomas Cook & Son. This is a very good hotel, and besides it is very reasonable as to prices. A Christian spirit seems to be prevailing here. The names of the Apostles were written on the doors, and to me this was very agreeable. This seemed to me to be a very good idea. Just think of the advantage of being permitted to travel among Christian people and to come under Christian influence! There is a marked difference between Heathenism and Christianity; and if some one is inclined to deny this, let such a one travel among heathens and he will see it clearly.

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The following morning I was at the station with my student Jashan and bound for Jerusalem, where he was to attend the College. Again I had the privilege to see the old Biblical places and even this time I observed them very carefully. It is very strange with these holy places. There is a certain power of attraction in them. At noon my train pulls in at the station in Jerusalem, and within half an hour I am at the American colony in my room. I thanked God, who had given me strength so that I could return. My journey in Philistia was finished. My friends in the colony were concerned about me, and had intended to send a man to help me return to the Holy City. Here in the colony I received excellent care, and in a few days I felt better. During this journey I had found out that it is so very good to meet with Christian people who can extend a helping hand in the hour of need. What would this world be anyhow, without the love of Christ, poured forth in the hearts of men! It is no pleasure to be sick anywhere; and especially when you are far away from hearth and home, you feel it all the more.

## CHAPTER XX

### TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON

WHEN I returned from my journey in Philistia, I was informed that a certain Dr. J. E. Floreen from America wished to meet me. I sent word to him and asked him to come to my room, which he did; and behold, there stands Dr. Floreen from Salina, Kansas. I was very much surprised to find him here, especially as I had not heard that he intended to travel in the Holy Land. We were well taken care of by the good people in the colony, and had an enjoyable time together in their reception room. We determined to go together out in the city, which we did. In the forenoon the following day, which was Sunday, October 17th, I attended the services in the German Lutheran church. The pastor delivered a plain and edifying sermon on the text for the day. Quite a few were present at the service. This was my last Sunday in Jerusalem and also in the Holy Land and I felt rather lonely at this thought. From the church I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and from there to the American consulate, whence I had a ride to the colony. I was very weak as yet and could not stand much walking. Having rested for some time, Dr. Floreen, Mr. H. L. Larson, and I went out to see some of the holy places in the city. We went to the Damascus gate and by the "Gordon Golgotha," which we observed very carefully. We have already noted that this place does not have any evidence in its favor. Then we went through the Damascus gate, following the street that leads down the Tyropaeon valley, and

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when we came to the Via Dolorosa, we turned to the left and walked along this street towards the Stephen gate. We must now go through the Mohammedan quarter, and came upon one of the four hills on which the city is built,—namely Bethzeta. Going down the street for some time, we came to a chapel on the north side of the street. This belongs to the Sisters of Zion, who have charge of a girls' school here in the Holy City. Here is an arch built over the street. It is called the "Ecce-Homo arch." Near this place Pilate stood when he said about the scourged and thorn-crowned Master, "Behold the man!" When we came into the chapel, we observed that their altar board consisted of a wall, which looked to be very old. From this wall the arch, which we had seen on the street, extends, and the legend is to this effect, that the Saviour walked beneath this arch when He carried His cross to Golgotha. One of the sisters brought us down into a chapel, which is beneath the floor. Some years ago, as they were digging under this floor, they found another, made of stone. This is said to be the Gabatha, on which Pilate was sittinig, when he condemned Christ to the cross. In the floor there were certain peculiar inscriptions; and regarding these our guide, Mr. Larson, said, "Here the Roman soldiers were playing dice in their leisure times." When we had looked through this chapel, we went out on the street again. At a little distance to the west of the Stephen gate, we turned to the left, and came to the "White Brethren," Les Frères Blancs. They work among the Africans and belong to the Roman church. Here we were shown the pool of Bethesda. The good monks led us down to the water, which was quite deep. I put my hand into the water, and found it quite lukewarm. I came down to the water on a stair along the north side of the dam. Was it here at this dam that the Savior walked along, when he attended the Purim festival

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in Jerusalem, and healed the man, who had been sick for eight and thirty years? The location seems to be the right one. The dam is not far from the Stephen gate and according to the ancient testimonies the Sheepgate was located about on the same place.

At this dam there were five porches, and in these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had (John 5: 1-5). Here the Lord found a man who had been sick for eight and thirty years, and him He healed, so that he took his bed and walked. We know the complaint of the Jews against the merciful Master and the outcome of the same.

When we had seen the pool, we came up again and saw the ruins of an ancient church from the time of the Crusades. Near the pool is a museum and this is worth while seeing. It belongs to the White Brethren. A French monk showed us the old relics of various kinds. Quite near here is the church of St. Anna, the sister of the Virgin Mary. Tradition says that her house was built on the spot where this church is located. From this place we walked to the Stephen gate, and looked into the temple place, and then went back to the colony. Then we observed the various stations which indicate some event in the last wandering of Christ to Golgotha. There are fourteen such stations. It is clear that nothing definite can be determined regarding these places. They are fabricated by the Catholics and have no historic value.

Our wanderings in the city that Sunday afternoon were very interesting, and we were very well satisfied with what we had seen. As we were to rise early in the morning, we went

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to bed quite early. Monday morning at 7:30 Dr. Floreen, Captain Johnson, and I sat in the carriage which was to bring us to Hebron. We passed by the Jaffa gate, where a great throng was going back and forth in the morning, went down into the Gihon valley, and passed the English hospital for eye diseases. Behind this rises the Mount of Evil Council, and to the right we have the railroad station. A little further on and we come on the plain of Rephaim. Here we have a very good view of the whole vicinity. At the southern end of this plain there is a well, called Bir Kardismu. It is said that here the wise men from the Orient again saw the star which was concealed for some time. Another tradition points to this place as the location where the Virgin Mary rested on a rock. To the south of this plain there is a mountain ridge called Mar Eljas, and on this ridge is a convent by the same name. Credulous monks think that this is the mount where the prophet Elijah enacted his drama, and that he was on this mountain, when the Lord gave him a cake, baked on the coal and a cruse of water (I Kings 19:6). When we came on the top of this hill, we saw Beth-Lehem in the distance on a ridge surrounded by oleanders, fig trees and vineyards. To the right we have Tantur on the slope, leaning towards the east. This belongs to the Order of Malta. Here is a hospital, supported by the Order of Saint John. After a little while we come to a cross road, where one of the ways leads to Beth-Lehem, the other to Hebron. On the west side of the road is the tomb of Rachel. The Arabs call it Kubbet Rahil. When the patriarch Jacob came from Mesopotamia on the way to Ephrat, Rachel brought forth a son, and, having done so, she died. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon the grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Gen. 35:19-20). These events took place here by

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the roadside. The place has come into the possession of the Jews of late, and is considered holy by the Mohammedans, Jews and Christians. There have been some additions to this tomb now and then, and it is quite large at present. A considerable cupola is extended over the western wing, and there is a court on the eastern. This was built by Moses Montefiore in the beginning of the year 1840. Some have wondered whether this is the right place or not, but the above quotation from the Bible does not leave any doubt as to the correctness of the place. Some have believed that I Samuel 10:2 and Jeremiah 31:15 gives proof to the supposition that the tomb of Rachel was located to the north of the Holy City, but we have not been able to find any ground for such reasoning in the above Scripture passage. In the first quotation we find that the tomb of Rachel was located at Zelzah at the boundary line of Benjamin, and this is another evidence for the genuineness of the place. In Jeremiah the Scripture passage has reference to the Israelites in the Babylonian captivity. Just as Rachel lamented her children, because they were no more, so the children of Israel lamented because their children were carried into captivity. According to our idea there is nothing in these Scripture passages which is at variance with the supposition that the tomb of Rachel on the way to Beth-Lehem is the correct one. Ramah signifies height, and both Beth-Lehem and the tomb of Rachel are located on the top of the mountains of Judah. Here lamentation and weeping were heard during the captivity as well as in the days of Herod. We lingered a little while at the tomb, and observed that there is a cemetery nearby. The Beduins in the desert of Judah bring their children hither to inter them. Every month Jewish pilgrims come to this tomb to pray and to lament the death of the old mother in Israel.

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From this place we ride along the road which brings us to Hebron. A little further on we see Beth-Djala, the old Zelzah, which we have referred to above. Here was the burial place of Kis, the father of Saul. Here they buried Saul, Jonathan, and seven others of the house of Saul (II Sam. 21: 13-14). This parcel of land was located in Judah, but belonged to Benjamin. As we intended to visit Beth-Lehem on our return to Jerusalem, we followed the road and came to the pools of Solomon, a few miles south of Beth-Lehem. Here we left the carriage and went down to the Pools, which are located to the east of the road. Nearby the Pool there is a square building, which looks like a fortress. There are three Pools and they are located in a valley, facing the east. This is called Wady Urtas. Each Dam is located a little higher than the other. There was an aqueduct from these Dams to Jerusalem and this city was supplied with water from this place. These water works are still to be seen along the hillsides towards Jerusalem. It is considered that the passage in Ecclesiastes has reference to this, "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees" (Ecc. 2: 6). In the rainy season these pools are well filled, but in the summer time there is but little water in them.

This was the case while we were there. Very near the upper pool is a spring, but it is locked up from the public. Some have supposed, that this is the spring which Solomon refers to in the Song of Solomon, where he says, "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed" (Songs of Solomon 4: 12). When the door to this spring is opened, there flows a clear stream of water forth. We were walking a long time around these pools, observing them and the vicinity. These Dams indicate that in the time of Solomon remarkable works of engineering were performed. It was

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very interesting to see these great reservoirs. They are mute witnesses of what the ancient times could bring forth.

From here you can travel down the valley and in twenty minutes you will arrive at Artas, where a very beautiful convent for nuns has been erected. Further on towards the east the mountain of the Franks raises its bare top heavenward. It looks like a cone and is about four hundred feet high above the surrounding country. On the top are ruins of walls and several towers. In the Scriptures this mountain is called Beth-Haccerem. "O ye children of Benjamin, gather yourselves to flee out of the midst of Jerusalem and blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-Haccerem; for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction" (Jer. 6: 1). Josephus tells us that Herod the Great built a fortress here. The fortress was called Herodion, and a stair with two hundred steps led to the top. When Herod died in Jericho, he was brought up to this place, a distance of two hundred stadia, and according to his own wish was buried here. This took place in the year 4 A. D. (Bell. Jud. 1: 33: 9). The name Franker mountain dates from the last part of the seventeenth century. This mountain is now called El-Fureidis, which means the little paradise. We now continue on our journey from the Pools of Solomon and find very few places of particular interest along the road. On a hill to the right of the road we see the ruins of Beth-Surs. Here was a fortress in the time of the Maccabees, and here the Jews fought bravely for their independence. Right opposite this hill we find a well by the name of Ain Delwe. A tradition points to this place as the spot where Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch (Acts 8). This does not seem to be the right place, though, because there would be no reason for the Ethiopian eunuch to go this round-about way to Gaza. Towards the northeast we see the ancient

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Tekoa. Here lived the wise woman, in whose mouth Joab laid the words which compelled King David to allow Absalom to return to Jerusalem, after he had been a fugitive for three years in Syria. From this place came the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd. Tekoa, now called Tekua, is located on a hill and serves as a watch tower for the community. Further on to the left of the road we see the tomb of Jonah on a high hill in a village called Halhul. We have had occasion on our journey to remind ourselves that the home town of Jonah is Gath-Hepher in Galilee, and here in Judea his tomb is located.

As half past nine we arrive at the spring Ain Arub. In all likelihood this spring is very old and must have been here in the time of Abraham. Not far from this spring is the house of Abraham, Ramet El-Chalil. In a little while we come to Chirbet En-Nasara, where the road turns to the west, to the oak of Abraham. The road to this oak is very bad, and as I was quite weak, I asked my coachman to drive me to that place; and he promised to do that, of course with the understanding that I would give him bakschisch. In about twenty minutes we arrived at the plain of Mamre, at the very old decaying oak. About it is a fence of iron, and the place within this palisade is filled with rich soil. No wonder that this oak is nearly dry. Here on this plain we walked around a long while and could hardly realize that I was walking around in the very same plain where Abraham, the father of the faithful, was walking around, waiting for the fulfilment of the promises. I felt a chill pass through my body when I considered, that it was about four thousand years since that man of God was walking around here. Having photographed this revered oak, which by no means dates from the time of Abraham, but may be about five or six hundred years old, we left this sacred place and went to Hebron. The watchman at the oak wished to have baksch-

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isch; but my dragoman asked him what he done to get it, and he could not answer anything. In about half an hour we arrived at Hebron. The country around Hebron is quite well populated. Here we see vineyards, and orchards with watch-towers among the trees, where sat the watchmen to take care, that thieves may not come and steal. Our road passes down among stone walls until we come to Hebron. The street is very narrow, but we are able to drive on with our carriage. Our coachman drives ahead until he comes to a pool, in the neighbourhood of which David hanged the murderers of Mephiboseth. This pool is 130 feet long, 130 feet wide and forty feet deep. Near this pool we sat down to eat our dinner. We are at Hebron, one of the oldest cities in the world. We may be sure that the city of Hebron was here at the time of Abraham, or about 2,000 years before Christ. Its first name was Kirjat Arba, and when this place is mentioned for the last time in the Bible it has the same name (Neh. 11: 25). Abraham came to Hebron, put up a tent in the plain of Mamre, and here built an altar (Gen. 4: 13). Here the patriarch was visited by the angels and here he instituted the covenant of circumcision with Abraham. Here Sarah died and here she was buried in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre: the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan. In this cave Abraham, Isaac, Rebekah, Leah and Jacob were also buried.

The spies came through this part of the country and cut off, in the valley of Eschol, a branch of a vine, a cluster of grapes, pomegranates, and figs, and brought these to the Israelites in their camp at Kadesh-Barnea. Joshua captured Hebron, killed its king, and made it one of the six cities of refuge. Here David was anointed king of Judah, and when he had ruled here for six months and seven days, he was anointed king for the whole country. Here it was that Absalom ar-

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ranged for a meeting with the rebels, and allowed them to chose him their king. The king of Judah, Rehoboam, fortified the city. After that Hebron is not mentioned before the people returned from the captivity. Then some of the captives settled in Hebron. The Maccabees captured the city and tore down its fortifications. Now the city has no walls, but there are certain gates where the main streets lead into the city. In 1167 a bishopric was established here, but in 1187, Saladin captured it and ever since that time Hebron has been under the sceptre of the Turks. The city, which is now called El-Chalil, i. e. God's Friend, after Abraham, whom the Arabs called El-Chalil, is located in a valley, which extends from east to west. At the east side another valley runs into this from the north. The latter valley is now considered to be the valley from which the spies brought the fruits of the land. This is called the valley of Eschol. The name is still preserved in a spring called Eskali, which is located a little distance north in the same valley. The city of Hebron is located in the valley of Hebron and extends along the hillside towards the north. In the southwestern part of this valley is the cave of Machpelah and the mosque of Abraham is built over it. This is the greatest monument at Hebron and it is very large. This mosque is surrounded by a wall, which is 200 feet long, 112 feet wide, and 55 feet high. The walls are about seven or eight feet thick. The stones in this wall are quite large, some of them being over 30 feet long. On each corner are towers, and two of them are rebuilt into minarets. Inside of this wall is a building, which was built at the time when Hebron became a bishopric. This building is 95x70 feet. When the Mohammedans came to the power at Hebron, they made some changes in this edifice. For sometime after the Mohammedans had gained possession of this

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territory, Christians were admitted into the mosque, but neither Jews nor Christians are now admitted.

The entrance is on the east side, and as you enter you come into a large room. On the north side are the graves of Jacob and Leah, and on the south side those of Abraham and Sarah. The mosque does not occupy more than about half of the space within the outside walls. By arches this building is divided into six rooms. In one of the smaller Isaac and Rebekah are buried.

The wall which surrounds the cave and a great deal of the cliff in which it is cut out, was built during the time of Herod the Great. The inside building is Gothic in form and was erected after 1167. The Mohammedan additions to the building are from 1331 and 1393.

There are 15,000 inhabitants in Hebron and these are, with the exception of a few hundred Jews, Mohammedans. They are very fanatical and the tourist must be careful so as not to arouse their fanaticism. The people around Hebron devote themselves to agriculture and cattle raising. The people of Hebron proper carry on a lively trade. They manufacture glassware, leather sacks, and other goods.

When we had rested for some time by the pool, we visited the bazaars and observed the folk life in the city. The streets are miserable. You do not find any poorer in the Orient. A very bad smell is everywhere noticeable.

We went up to the mosque of Abraham and walked around it, but this proved to be a difficult task, as there were so many cactus hedges around it on the north side. We came to the entrance on the east side. Here you may enter only to the inner door of the building, but no further. The Jews are allowed to go a little further. At the stair is shown a wailing place for the Jews, where they may come to pray and weep. Through

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a hole in the wall they are permitted to look into the mosque where their great ancestors slumber. Not far from the stair there is a well called the Well of Abraham.

When we had strolled around the town for some time, we went back to our coachman, and when we had made some observations at the pool, we began our journey back to Jerusalem, at about two o'clock. On the way back our dragoman showed us a new house to the left of the road upon a hill. John the Baptist is said to have been born at that place. The Catholics inform us that this stern preacher of repentance saw the light of the day in this locality. They show us another place to the west of Jerusalem, but you know it is a poor prophet who does not have more than one birthplace. There is a keen competition in this respect, and they seem to think that the more places they can show, the better off they are.

On our return journey we stopped awhile at Ain Arub, so as to give our horses time to rest awhile. They needed it. As we travel along we see a town towards the northeast. It is Bethlehem. At five o'clock we are at this place and drive along its narrow and crooked streets. I wondered if it was a reality, or if I was dreaming. Not in the stately palaces of Rome, where Emperor Augustus held the scepter, not at Cæsarea, where a bloodthirsty Herod, under the iron rod of Rome, sat at the helm, but in the little town of Bethlehem was the Saviour of the world born. Bethlehem, whose first name was Ephratah—which means fruitful—was, as the prophet says, “little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be a ruler in Israel, whose going forth have been from of old, from everlasting” (Mi. 5:2). This town was located in the tribe of Judah, and is for this reason called Bethlehem of Judah. There was another Bethlehem in Zebulon. The name signifies house of bread, and is very significant, because in the fulness

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of time came He who said about Himself, "I am the bread of life."

The country around Bethlehem is very desert-like. East of Bethlehem is a fruitful valley, but outside of this, the vicinity is rather desolate. Perhaps it was to the east of this city that the young man, David, watched the father's sheep, protecting them from lions and bears. Because David came from this place it has been called the City of David. After the captivity there returned to this place one hundred and twenty-three persons, and after the destruction of Jerusalem, during the time of Hadrian, some Jews lived here, but the emperor forbade them to remain. During the time of the Crusaders Bethlehem became a place of considerable importance. Here they founded a cloister and throngs of pilgrims came here to see the birthplace of the Saviour. The Emperor Justinian built walls around the town, but the Mohammedans tore them down when they came into power.

Bethlehem is located on two ridges, which are connected by a third one that extends from north to south about 3,000 feet, and about 1,500 feet from east to west. The new houses are well built, but the old ones are real hovels. The streets are mostly narrow and not very clean. The soil is considered to be very fruitful, and around the town you see all kinds of fruit trees. There are 11,000 inhabitants in the ancient Bethlehem of Judah. Of these, 5,300 are Roman Catholics, 4,000 Greek Catholics, 300 Mohammedans, 250 Armenians, about 150 Protestants, and about 50 Copts and Syrians. Most of the people here are Christians, and this we observe immediately in their behavior in general. Here they manufacture various kinds of trinkets of wood, asphalt and other materials. The people in this city are very handy to do such things, and from here they export these products to

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other places, not only within Palestine, but also to foreign lands and cities.

The greatest sanctuary in this place is the St. Mary's Church, or the church in which Christ was born. This building is located in the eastern part of the city on a limestone cliff. There are five naves in this church, and they are separated by pillars twenty feet high. St. Mary's Church is the oldest church in Christendom, and is built over the stable in which the Saviour was born. It is customary even yet to use such places, cut out in the hillsides, for stables, where poor travelers may find a safe refuge from storm and rain. And into such places they take their beasts of burden with them. The church was built by Helena, and her son, Constantine, who was emperor over the Roman world, completed it (326-333).

In the eastern end of the church there is a stair that leads down to the place of the Nativity. This is a small chapel, only 38x11 feet. Just as we came down to the floor in this chapel, we found a place covered with marble. This is the Grotto of the Nativity. Here is an altar where fifteen silver lamps burn night and day. Under the altar is a silver star in the floor, and on this the following words were written: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary). Here is the place where the great wonder took place, where the word became flesh and dwelt among us. When we come down the stairs and into the Chapel of the Nativity, we have to the left a crypt where the manger is said to have been located. Everything is made of marble here. The real manger is to be found, according to the story of the Catholic authorities, in the church Maria Maggiore in Rome. Near the place where the manger is supposed to have been is an altar where the wise men worshiped the new-born King of the Jews (Matt. 2:11). If we go to the Chapel of the Nativity at its western end, we

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have to the right a well which began to flow for the benefit of the Holy Virgin. Here is a narrow passage which turns northward, and then we come to the Chapel of Joseph. Here Joseph kept himself while Jesus was born. A few steps from here is the Chapel of the Innocents. Here the children which Herod killed were buried, according to the belief of the monks. This chapel is very small, and it is a question to me how twenty thousand children could have found room in such a small place. But that is a question which does not concern the monks. They believe these things blindly. Towards the north from the Chapel of the Innocents there is a small passage to a chamber where the church father, Hierome, is buried. Quite near this one is another, where this church father translated the Bible from Greek to Latin. This translation is called *Versio Vulgata*, or the general. Of course, we cannot believe all the stories which the monks tell us about these holy places. One thing is certain, and that is, that Jesus was born in the stable at Bethlehem. It was night when the Saviour came to this sinful world, and it was night, too, in a religious sense of the word. Darkness covered the world, but Jesus, the light of the world, came and with His light dispelled the darkness, and thousands have through Him found light, life and peace. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined" (Is. 9:2). When we had seen this historic building, we went out and walked around in the city of Bethlehem for some time, and then we drove out to see the surroundings of this interesting place. On the east side is a valley. In about twenty minutes' walk we reached the field of the shepherds. Here the shepherds tended their sheep when the angels sang, "Glory be to God on high, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Here the

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Greeks have built a chapel. Here, too, is the field of Boaz to be sought.

It was getting late, the shadows began to grow and in a little while darkness broke in. We started on our way back to Jerusalem, and drove by the tomb of Rachel, along the road on which the wise men from the east traveled in the darkness of the night, led by the star, hastening forward over these hills with Bethlehem as their goal. It was already dark when we passed over the plain of Rephaim. At half past six o'clock we were at the American colony. The following day I remained in my room, attending to my correspondence and buying some souvenirs from Jerusalem. My health was better, and I prepared for an excursion to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan.

## CHAPTER XXI

### EXCURSION TO JERICHO, DEAD SEA AND JORDAN

**T**UESDAY, the 20th of October, I arose early, as I was going to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. This excursion takes two days; and now we can go down to this part of the country in a carriage, since the government has made a fairly good road to these places. This road was made for the German Emperor, when he visited the Land of Promise a few years ago. The emperor did not go down to these parts of the land, though. It was a very beautiful day when we started, and Captain Johnson served as our guide even during this excursion. At six o'clock in the morning he came to the colony with a carriage, drawn by three horses. The coachman was an Arab, and he drove as I imagine Jehu drove in the southern part of Galilee. We came to the Damascus gate, turned to the left and followed the wall, passing by the Herod gate, until we came to the north-eastern corner. Here we turned to the south for some time, and came down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, passing over the bridge that leads over the Cedron Valley. Although it was early many were up and about their business. The Mohammedans do not generally oversleep.

We now drove along the road that passes around the Mount of Olives and down to Bethany. Part of this road I had traversed before and was acquainted with the surroundings. Two miles from Jerusalem is the little village of Bethany. This is located on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, and here is a quiet and restful retreat. Hither came the loving Master,

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when He was tired and needed rest, and here He was understood and loved by Lazarus, Martha and Mary. Here the Master was a guest also in the house of Simon, the leper, when a woman, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, came and poured it on His head as He sat at meat (Matt. 26:7). Here Christ performed miracles, taught and found rest and recreation. Especially do we find Him a guest in the house of Lazarus, Martha and Mary. No wonder that Christ withdrew from the noise and the turmoil of the city to find a quiet retreat in this secluded spot, where He was understood, and where they heard Him gladly. At the upper end of the village we see some ruins of a church, where the home of Lazarus is said to have been built, and at the northern end of Bethany is the tomb of this man. About thirty steps towards the south from this tomb we find the house of Martha and Mary, and at another place is shown the house of Simon, the leper. On our return journey we stopped here and observed the tomb of Lazarus, but on this early morning we went right on to Jericho. Here from the mountain side we see the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley, where the river runs in various bends along the plain, the goal for the day. It looked to be so near, but these places are farther off than we imagine. The story of the Master about the man who went between these places and came into the hands of robbers, came before my mind very vividly as our coachman drove on rapidly down the defiles of the Mount of Olives. My dragoman told me that he has met on his way down to Jericho persons that shortly afterwards have been shot or cut to pieces with knives. No wonder that the tourist feels somewhat timid when he is on his way down to these regions.

When we had gone about an hour down the slope of the mountain, our road became very steep, zigzagging along the mountain sides and deep valleys. We came to the Valley of

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El-Hod, at whose western end the Spring of the Apostle is located. This spring is called Ain Shemesh, or the Sun Spring, and is mentioned in the Book of Joshua, where we read: "And the border passed toward the waters of En-Shemesh, and the goings out thereof were at En-Rogel" (Jos. 15:7). This spring was located on the boundary line of Judah and Benjamin, and is called the Spring of the Apostles, because the Apostles drank from its waters when they went up and down this road. The Saviour no doubt rested here and drank from this spring. Near by is a café, where the tourists may rest as they return from Jericho. A little farther down the road is the place where the good Samaritan found the wounded man and brought him to the inn, or chan.

Soon we arrived at the Chan El-Hatrur, or the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Here are a crude hotel and a Turkish post office. This hotel is the only chan on the way down to Jericho, and perhaps this is the one referred to in the story of Christ about the good Samaritan. On a hill northeast of this chan is a ruin of a fortress from the Middle Ages. Here we rested for awhile and observed as carefully as we could the surroundings; then we continued and in half an hour we were at Wady El-Kelt, to the left of the road. Even in the summer time there is little water in this valley. Many have considered this brook to be the Cherith of Elijah, and even my guide pointed towards this romantic valley and exclaimed: "Here the prophet Elijah kept himself, because here is the brook Cherith." I told him that this is not in accordance with facts, because we read in the Scriptures that the brook Cherith runs from the *east* into Jordan (I Kings 17:5). But he insisted, nevertheless, that the brook Cherith was flowing in this valley, and then I opened the Bible and showed him the words of the Scriptures and added: "If the brook

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flows from the *east* into the Jordan, we certainly cannot find it on the *west* side of the river." Then he gave in.

We are now in the desert, Quarantania, or the desert in which Jesus was tempted by the devil. A more ugly looking country than this I had never seen before. Here are deep valleys and barren mountains, where huge masses of rocks are thrown together helter-skelter. If the Saviour was tempted here by the devil, it was a great contrast between His place of temptation and the one where Adam was tempted.

In this wild desert the road turns in every possible—I had almost said in every impossible direction—until we come down to the plain. Along the road we find caves in the cliffs, and these tell us that hermits have come to these desolate regions to find a quiet refuge and to spend their time in prayer and religious meditation.

When we came down on the plain of Jericho, we saw Mount Nebo due east from the northern end of the Dead Sea, in the land of Moab. It looked to be very near and yet it is quite a distance off. On yonder mountain the man of God, Moses, stood when he looked into the Land of Promise, the land which his people should occupy in days to come.

It took some time before we came to the wretched village, Er-Riha, the old Jericho. Both names signify "sweet scent," and this town is rightly so called, because of the abundance of flowers on this plain. Jericho is also called the Palm City, because of the palm groves in the vicinity. The history of Jericho is full of changes. The first time we hear of it in history is when the Israelites under the leadership of Joshua, captured it from the Canaanites. Here lived Rahab, who received the spies and was afterwards, with her relatives, spared, when the town was captured. Joshua authorized his people to take the following oath, "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth

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up and buildeth this city, Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it" (Jos. 6: 26). It must not have been desolate very long, because in the times of the Judges it was taken by Eglon, king of Moab (Jud. 3. 13). Later on we read in I Kings 16: 34, that in the time of Ahab (918-896 B. C.) the Bethelite, Hiel rebuilt it. But when he laid its foundation it cost him his oldest son Abiram, and when he put up its gates, it cost him his youngest son Segub, in accordance with the word which the Lord had spoken through Joshua, the son of Nun. In spite of the promised condemnation it was rebuilt and a school for the prophets was established in the time of Elijah and Elisha. Fifty of the sons of the prophets followed these two prophets to the Jordan when Elijah ascended to heaven and they returned with Elisha to Jericho. The Old Testament Jericho was located at the Fountain of Elijah whose water he made sweet by throwing salt into it (II Kings 2: 19-22). Josephus writes that the fountain was located nearby the old town and there on the east side of the ruins it is still flowing. The present-day Jericho is about fifteen minutes distance south of the old place. That Jericho, which is spoken of in the New Testament, was located about half a mile south of the present Jericho by the road which leads to Jerusalem, and near the valley which runs down from the desert of Quarantania. There are still some ruins here. Herod the Great fortified the city, and also built a stadium or athletic field. Here he imprisoned some of the prominent men of the country and commanded his sister to kill them in order that there might be weeping and lamentation at his death. He well knew that otherwise no one would lament him when he was dead. Here in Jericho he spent most of his time in his declining years. He tried to commit suicide, but was prevented in this criminal act. Shortly after this he died and his remains

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were brought to the Herodion where they were interred. In the time of Christ, Jericho was a city of considerable size. The Gospels tell us that He visited Jericho only once and this took place at the end of His public ministry, when He passed through Jericho, and went up to Jerusalem to attend the Passover. Jericho became a bishopric in 325. During the Crusades Jericho was a place of some note, but when the Moham-medans came to power, it dwindled down and now it is one of the most wretched villages in Palestine.

When we had arrived at the hotel Bellevue and there left our baggage, we drove to the Old Jericho. Along the road we saw a great many plantations and orchards, and these gave us an idea as to the nature of the soil on this plain. The ancient Jericho was recently excavated by the Germans under the leadership of Professor Sellin. Here we saw the old walls and some of the houses where the ancient Canaanites lived. The stones were not large nor especially well trimmed. The rooms must have been very small and dark and the streets unusually narrow. I went around among these ruins with my dragoman and these hours were certainly very interesting to me. The view of the surrounding country is very attractive. On the other side of the Jordan we see the mountains of Moab and we have a splendid view of the plain of Jericho, the mountains of Judah, and the Dead Sea. On the west side, not very far off, is Djebel Karantel, or the mountain Quarantania. Here we see the Wady Kelt, or Cherith, and the convents along the mountain sides look like birds' nests.

Now we must leave Jericho, with its many enjoyable as well as disagreeable memories. As I was walking around on the fallen walls of Jericho these words came to me as never before: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell" (Heb. 11:30). Near by is the Pool of the Sultan. It is very beautiful to see the water

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bubble forth in a vicinity where nearly everything is scorched by the sun.

We returned to the hotel, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we journeyed to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The road to those places sometimes led us down into deep ravines. It took us just an hour to reach the northern end of the Dead Sea—eight miles from Jericho. Having arrived at the sea, I took a bath, and this proved a very unusual one. The water is very clear, and you can see the bottom far out from the shore. A very strong wind blew from the south, and the waves were beating against the shore, as though they were of molten lead. It is very easy to swim in this water, and if one is not able to swim, he need not be afraid that he will sink. I took along some water in a bottle, and it was very bitter.

At the shore of the Dead Sea! What occasion for serious meditations do we not have here! Time and again we have heard that the surroundings of the Dead Sea bear the stamp of desolation and death, and that is so. The mountains which run down to the sea bear the stamp of loneliness itself. In the water there is no life. If you put a fish into the water it will die in less than a minute. What changes have not taken place in this locality! What a serious reminder of how God punishes ungodliness! Sodom and Gomorrah shall stand forth as examples of this truth. The name Sodom is still preserved in the name Usdum at the southern end of the sea. There is also a mountain of salt. This sea is about fifty miles long, about ten miles wide, and very shallow at the southern end. Time and again pieces of asphalt have come up from the bottom, and such pieces are still to be found, although not in such an abundance. This asphalt is sold at a great price in the market. This sea is called by the Arabs Bahr Lut, i. e., the Sea of Lot.

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Five times this sea has been investigated. It was first studied in 1835 by the Irishman, Castigan. In 1837 this sea was carefully investigated by two Englishmen, More and Bleek. These men discovered that the Dead Sea is much lower than the Mediterranean Sea. It is 1,292 feet below the level of the sea. A third explorer was Molyneux. He went down the River Jordan in a boat. His fellow travelers were plundered by the Arabs, but he returned with his boat to Jaffa in 1848. Another explorer was Lynch, who in the same year made an exploration tour down the River Jordan and over the Dead Sea. The result of this journey was of considerable importance.

Now we must break away from the Dead Sea and go to the Jordan. We have been at the sea a little distance to the west of the place where the Jordan enters into it, and now we start over the plain towards the northeast, and come to the fording-place of the pilgrims. There we found certain boats which are kept there for Pilgrims, who may wish to go out on the river. The water was so dirty that I did not feel inclined to take a bath, although I was in need of washing off the salt which stuck to my body from bathing in the Dead Sea. Several times before I had been on the banks of the historic Jordan, and I was very pleased to be there again. Here John the Baptist went about, preaching the baptism of repentance and the forgiveness of sins. To this place people came from various parts of the land to hear this stern preacher of repentance, and many were moved by his words and became baptized. John the Baptist went to the bottom of things, and preached to high and low repentance and forgiveness of sins. No wonder he stirred up the whole country with his solemn call to God. Here on the banks of the Jordan he saw Jesus, and as he saw Him, he said: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world" (John 1:29). John's mission was to prepare the

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way of the Lord, and as a true friend of the bridegroom he rejoiced when he saw the people come to Jesus and believe in Him. Jesus bore testimony of John, and said of him that he was a shining light, and John wished to see the light on the candlestick. But Herod Antipas, although he heard him willingly and sometimes conformed to his wishes, began to suspect him, and so he put him into prison and finished his career at the instigation of a harlot. John the Baptist had said: "It is not lawful for thee to take thy brother's wife," and that testimony was sufficient. And so he died a martyr in a dungeon—he the greatest of those that are born of women. God's ways are wonderful.

For a long time I stood there on the banks of the Jordan and reviewed the past events in my mind. I thought particularly of Him who here at Bethabara, on the other side of the Jordan, was dedicated to His public ministry by the baptism of John. It would have been a great delight to see the Master as He came walking along these banks. The river is between 80 and 100 feet wide, and from 5 to 12 feet deep. Here it flows down in a deep valley, and in some places the banks are quite high. Along the banks there are trees and bushes of various kinds. Although the water is very muddy at this ford, there are thousands of pilgrims who bathe at this place. Along the plain there are many tents, and then the tourist is reminded of the time when Israel came over the Jordan under the leadership of Joshua. There is a great throng of Russian pilgrims who come here annually to visit the holy places and to bathe in the River Jordan. These pilgrims have saved their money from year to year, in order that they might go to the Holy Land. Some of them are walking and endure a great deal of hardship. They consider it to be a special grace to bathe in the waters of the Jordan, and they believe that they become free from their

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sins if they bathe in this water. It is very interesting to be here, because this place has so many holy memories, and besides this, it is a place of natural beauty. This river is 134 miles long, but owing to the many bends and crooks along its course, it is somewhat over 200 miles from Hasbeya to the Dead Sea. From the springs at its source it descends about 3,000 feet. This river is then lower than any other river in the world. No city has, at any time, been built on its banks, and because of the many waterfalls, it has not been used for navigation. The valley at this fording place is about fifteen miles, and is an old lava field. When we came to the bathing place of the pilgrims, there stood a great many Americans on the shore, silent and meditating. It was an impressive hour. The day was drawing to its close. Resting awhile, we drove back to Jericho. Our road goes due west over the plain of Jericho. In a short time we come to a little hill on the left side of the road. It is called Tell Djiljul and is the site of the ancient Gilgal. The English Palestine Fund has made this discovery, and the location—one and a half miles to the east of Er-Riha—corresponds with the testimony of Josephus and of Joshua. Here the Israelites erected twelve memorial stones; here they celebrated Passover; here the Prince of the army of the Lord revealed Himself to Joshua; and here the manna ceased, because the children of Israel ate of the fruit of the land. Here at Gilgal Joshua circumcised those who had been born during the journey in the desert.

In a little while we are in the village of Er-Riha. Here we are again reminded of the most pitiable misery, poverty and dirt. Poor human beings who live in such a wretched state! At five o'clock we are at the hotel. Tired of the day's journey, I went to bed at my earliest convenience, as we planned to rise early in the morning to return to Jerusalem. But I was not able

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to sleep at all, because of the hyenas and the jackals, which made a fearful noise all the night. On our way to the Dead Sea we had seen one of those animals; he seemed very scared and fled as fast as he could. On this plain there are also some wild boars; and I pity him who meets with them and has nothing to defend himself with. One of the members of the American colony was on the point of losing his life at one time on this plain, in a combat with one of those brutes.

The 21st of October we arose at three o'clock, and within three-quarters of an hour I was in the carriage on the way back to the Holy City. It was so dark that we could not see our hands when we extended them in front of us. When we came among the hills of Quarantania, my dragoman observed an animal right by our carriage. I asked him what it was and he answered, "A hyena." A little farther on in the road we saw something else and I wondered what that might be. Were these Beduins, watching for prey? A few minutes more and we observed a caravan in the streaks of light that began to appear. Camels and asses were working their way up to the city on the hill. Poor animals! They were very heavily loaded with coal, which they had brought from Moab to Jerusalem. We felt secure in the company of this caravan in the early morning, as we knew that the robbers did not dare to attack so many at one time. Hastening along the hills and valleys, we came quite early to the Chan of the Good Samaritan. Here we stopped awhile and rested our horses. Not far from this chan there is a road which the Mohammedans have made to Jebel Musa, or the Mountain of Moses. They consider that the tomb of this man of God is somewhere among these hills, forgetting that Moses died in the land of Moab, on the other side of the Jordan. Slowly we came to the Spring of the Apostles. Here we rested awhile and then continued to Bethany, or El-Asarje. Here we

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stopped for some time and went up to the tomb of Lazarus and the house of Martha and Mary. There is a long stone stair leading down to the real tomb. This tomb has the form of a chapel, and on the floor is an excavation, in which the body of Lazarus is said to have been laid. The Master stood on the outside and spoke those powerful words, "Lazarus, come forth!" The dead man came out, although he had been dead for four days. Some time we shall all hear the voice of the Son of Man, and then we shall come forth from our graves and some shall go to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt. The Lord Jesus has by His death hallowed our graves and deprived them of their terror; and in the name of Christ we can say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (I Cor. 15: 55).

From Bethany we move along the road and come to the southern slope of the Mount of Olives. As we turned back I saw for the last time the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and their historic surroundings.

Some time before noon we arrived at the colony and enjoyed a needed rest after the interesting excursion.

The 22nd of October I spent in clearing up my bill with my dragoman, and with the good people of the colony. I also visited some of the holy places to bid them my last farewell. I had enjoyed my visit in the Holy City, and the American Colony had helped me in this very much. I had learned to value those kind and congenial people. Now I put my things together and prepared myself for the departure with a certain regret. No wonder that a Christian departs from Jerusalem with sadness. My longing was satisfied: I had knelt on Golgotha and in the Holy Sepulchre. With a heart full of feeling I had sat in the Garden of Gethsemane and there read of His battle with the tempter, and on Moriah I had been walking about and seen the

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place where the temple stood. From the Mount of Olives my eyes looked down upon the surroundings, which, with their holy places, have no parallel on this earth. A man's heart would be like a stone if it could leave these sacred landmarks in the history of Christendom without regret. But I must continue my journey to Egypt.

## CHAPTER XXII

### FROM JERUSALEM TO PORT SAID

**E**ARLY in the morning, the 23rd of October, I bade my friends farewell. The train rushed along the plain of Rephaim, and here I saw for the last time the walls and some of the housetops. Our train went through the valleys of the mountains of Judah, and soon we came to the plain of Philistia. Here in the car I sat with Turks, Arabs and various other kinds of people, but my spirit was in the Holy City and at its holy places. A little before noon we were at the station in Jaffa. Here we heard the usual noise and the boisterous crowd of Arabs were trying to get hold of our baggage. An Arab boy tore the handle from my valise. At last I left it in the care of a "ham-mal" and he brought it down to the wharf. This was the fourth time that I had been in Jaffa, and I began to feel at home here. We went along the narrow streets and came at last to the shore. Out at sea, at quite a distance, was the Austrian Lloyd Line steamer *Amphitrite* at anchor. The storm was quite hard, and the question was, how we should be able to go out to the boat. I delivered myself into the hands of an Arab, and stepped into a boat manned by ten rowers. The rowers sang their monotonous song to Allah as they rowed powerfully together. We were going safely "through the rocks," but were sometimes deep down between the waves, and saw neither the boat nor the city. The storm was raging at Mersina, but it was more furious here. At last we drew close to the steamer, and in a few minutes I was on the deck. I paid the Arab two francs, and I considered

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this cheap, because he carried my baggage from the station and took me to the steamer for the same price. The intention was to start at 2 P. M., but we did not depart before five o'clock in the afternoon. In the Orient they are not in a hurry.

From the boat we have a very good view of the city of Jaffa, the coast north and south of this place, and of the mountains of Judah. At six o'clock we see the last glimpse of the Holy Land, which then sinks slowly beneath the waves. From these shores the greatest message given unto man has been sent abroad into the whole wide world! Thou art still, because of a perverse generation, as an owl in a ruined city, as a desolate land; thou art as a widow in the garment of mourning. From Dan to Beer-Sheba thy valleys are sighing because of misuse, and thy mountains echo their sighs. But thy memories are still there. Everywhere within thy boundaries there are unmistakable proofs of the truthfulness of the Holy Book. In this land the spade has done wonders. The prophecy is being fulfilled and rightly so, because God's word cannot fail. The more we learn about the Land of Promise, the more we find evidence in abundance showing that the word of the Lord remaineth forever. Just as the storms and the showers will clear away the sand and the rubbish at the foot of the cliff and show the solid foundation, the eternal rocks, in like manner the storms of unbelief and the floods of rationalism will only help to show forth the solid foundation upon which the words and the promises are built. This foundation shall never waver, but remain forever. . . . Such thoughts filled my mind, as I saw the last glimpse of the Land of Promise.

Darkness set in early and I went to bed seeking rest, after weeks of travel on horseback or on trains and boats. In the morning, the 24th of October, I arose at half past five, and then the pilot and the physician came on the boat; the former to

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guide us on the right course, and the latter to find out if there were any sick people on the boat. Straight ahead of us we saw the lights of Port Said, and our boat continued due west. In half an hour we were at our goal. The yellow flag was raised until the physician could determine whether there were any sick people on the steamer. In a little while they pulled down the yellow flag. We understood that our case was clear, and that we did not need to lie in quarantine. Right before us we saw the African coast. It was very low, only a little above the sea. At seven o'clock in the morning, October 24th, I set my foot on African soil for the first time. This was the fourth continent which I had seen during my journey. At eight o'clock the train was to start for Suez, and I prepared to continue my journey through Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ

**B**EFORE we leave this place, we wish to remind ourselves of some things about the city and its surroundings. It is located at the eastern end of the island, which belongs to the narrow strip of land extending between Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean Sea. At the eastern end of the town the Suez Canal empties into the sea. This is a great shipping place, and boats are coming and going to every part of the globe. There are about 50,000 inhabitants in Port Said, and about 12,000 of these are Europeans. At the northeast end of the town is a lighthouse, 174 feet high, one of the largest in the world. You can see this light about twenty-four miles out at sea.

As our time was very limited, we did not have a chance to see much of the town. At 8 o'clock we were on the train, bound for Suez, passing along the canal on the left and the lake of Menzaleh to the right. In this northeastern part of Egypt there were several cities, and among them we might mention Tanis. This was located towards the southwest from Port Said, on the other side of the lake, by the Tanitic branch of the Nile. Its present name is Gan, and is the Zoan of the Bible. For quite good reasons they have considered that the ancient Avaris, the capital city of the Hykos dynasty, was located here. Hebron in the land of Canaan was built "seven years before Zoan in Egypt" (Num. 13:23). There is no doubt that King Pharaoh, who oppressed the Israelites, lived here. We read in the Psalms: "And he had wrought his signs in

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Egypt, and his wonders in the field of Zoan" (Ps. 78:43). In Isaiah we read of the "princes of Zoan" (Isa. 19:13). Tanis gave its name to the twenty-first and twenty-third of the Egyptian dynasties.

While the train is speeding along the Lake of Menzaleh, we observe how various kinds of birds play their games in the water. There are pelicans, herons and flamingoes. There are buffaloes wading in the water by the shore. At El-Kantara we are at the southern end of the lake. The name signifies bridge, and here is a bridge which unites this lake with another named Balah. Here on a peninsula is the old caravan road from Egypt to Syria. Along this highway the holy family no doubt came down to the land of Pharaoh. A little farther west and to the north of the caravan road is Tell Daffaneh, which Petrie has identified with the Greek Daphne, and with the Biblical Tahapanes (Jer. 2:16). "At Tahapanes also the day shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt: and the pomp of their strength shall cease in her" (Ez. 30:18). To the west the country is very level, but on the Asiatic side it is more uneven.

But now something about the canal to the left, which reminds us of the great work that De Lesseps has accomplished. This man was very young when he came to Egypt for the first time in 1836. The great thought revolved in his mind, how he might be able to unite the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea. He began the work in 1859, and then he engaged 25,000 men. To supply these men with water he made 4,000 water kegs, which were brought to the men on camels' backs. About 1,600 camels carried provisions to these men at a cost of 8,000 francs per day. The 29th of September he completed the canal which brought sweet water to the laborers. This sweet-water canal was made side by side with the other, and it is still there. The 17th of November, 1869, the Suez Canal was ready for traffic, and

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had then cost ninety-five million dollars. A considerable sum, but now the passage from Asia to Europe was opened. Pharaoh Necho endeavored to dig this canal. Herodotus tells us that not less than 120,000 Egyptians were sacrificed in this undertaking, and then the king gave up the work. One hundred years later the Persian king, Darius, completed this work, and thus the answer of the oracle was fulfilled, "That the Persians would have the use of the work." That canal was located in about the same place where the sweet-water canal is at present. But the old canal was not kept up, and it became necessary for the Emperor Trajan (98-117) to restore it.

After we had passed by El-Gisr, a station to the right of the road, right by a mosque of some note, we came to Lake Timsah, or Crocodile Lake,. To the southwest of Lake Timsah we have to the left of the railroad a hill, Gebel Maryam. According to an old Arabian legend, Miriam became leprous here, because she opposed the marriage of Moses with an Ethiopian woman. For this she was compelled to dwell seven days outside of the camp (Num. 12). In this vicinity we have to look for Succoth. We are now following the same course that the children of Israel took when they passed by these lakes, and somewhere along these mountains we must seek Etham. This name signifies "wall," and can have reference to the mountain wall which is formed by Djebel Genefieh. To this wall they came from Succoth, and continued to Pi Hahiroth, which is located directly opposite Baal Zephon. The country at this place is constantly rising. Now we follow the canal where the sweet water flows along the railroad, and then we have the Suez Canal to the left. From this place the wide desert extends in all directions, and our train is speeding along very fast. At twelve o'clock we are at Suez.

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The city is located at the end of the Gulf of Suez on the northwest side and has 17,457 inhabitants. Suez is not old. It has grown with the building of the canal. I registered at the Hotel Bel Air. Here I rested for some time and then in the afternoon I went out along the plain to the southwest of the town. Here I came to the shore of the Red Sea. I tried to ascertain where the children of Israel crossed the sea; there have been several theories regarding this. Here I spent the greater part of the afternoon, trying to find out where Moses was when he had the Red Sea before him, mountains on both sides, and the army of Pharaoh behind. I had often heard preachers and other public men tell their audiences what a critical condition Moses and the Israelites were in here among the mountains; but I could not see any mountains here by the sea. I looked into my Bible and, behold, there is nothing said about any mountain in this connection! To the southwest from the Suez Canal and along the bay is a mountain range called Djebel Ataka. But why should Moses go so far to the south along the shore? There was no need of that. He knew these regions, because he had gone back and forth on his way to the mount of God, Horeb, and had lived there forty years. According to the latest investigations they have found that Pi Hahiroth is Agrud, near Suez, and Baal Zephon must have been near here. The children of Israel were encamped at the first-named place, and this was located near the sea. They crossed the sea at Pi Hahiroth. Some Bible students have with a great deal of reason supposed that the Red Sea at that distant time extended quite a distance to the northwest. Many have tried to prove that the whole vicinity around the Suez bay at its northern end was much lower at the time of the Exodus, but that the land by the Mediterranean Sea, where the canal empties into this body of water, was much higher. If that is the case, the prophecy of Isaiah

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has been fulfilled: "And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea, and with His mighty wind shall He shake His hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dryshod" (Is. 11:15). Furthermore he says: "And the water shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up" (Is. 19:5). Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it seems clear that the Israelites went across at Suez, or somewhere above, towards the northwest. At present there is a bay extending northward from Suez, and this body of water is very shallow. The bay must have been much broader then than it is now. Now it is about three-fourths of a mile across; then it must have been at least three miles. Now it is an easy matter to go around the bay, and Moses and the people could have done that, if the water did not extend farther northward than it does now. I observed, as I was walking along the plain, that there is a very strong ebb and flow right there at the end of the bay. When the water rushes in, the whole plain, very nearly, is covered, and in the time of ebb, the water runs out far into the bay. But we cannot explain this wonderful crossing of the Israelites on the tide-water theory, because we read in the Scriptures: "And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left" (Ex. 14:22). No matter whither you turn before this word, it is written, "the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." The tide-water theory is not sufficient here. It was a miracle of the Lord that He brought His people out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THROUGH GOSHEN TO CAIRO

THE following morning found me at the station a little before eight o'clock, ready to depart. I found it very difficult to secure exchange. I went to an Italian store and asked the storekeeper to exchange a napoleon, i. e., 20 francs. He put up seven francs, and then took my money and put it into his purse. I kept still until he had done this, but then I told him a few things which made him quite ashamed of himself. He did not think that I understood the money of the land. At last the depot agent changed the money for me, I bought my ticket, and off I went from Suez to Ismailieh. During this journey I was in the company of a throng of Russian pilgrims. They had been to Sinai and were returning to their own country. They looked to be very pleasant and were well dressed. At Ismailieh I had to change trains, and here we must wait awhile. From here we go to Cairo through Goshen. I had looked forward to this journey with a special interest. This part of ancient Egypt is very fruitful, but during the Turkish régime everything had gone down, and so had agriculture in this part of Egypt. In the beginning of the past century four thousand Arabs could hardly support themselves here, but the development has been very marked under the English supervision, and now there are about 15,000 inhabitants here and more are moving in right along. Near the canal the land is cultivated, but farther out there is a naked and barren desert.

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When we came to Tell El-Maskhouta we saw on the south side of the canal a ruin. Here was the old Pithom, one of the old treasure cities which the children of Israel built for Pharaoh, king of Egypt (Ex. 1:11). The great discoverer, Naville, has diligently used the spade, and he has discovered certain granaries in the form of rectangular chambers without doors. Into these the Egyptians poured the grain through holes in the roofs. Perhaps these storehouses date from the time of Rameses II. At Abu Hamad we come into the country of Goshen, which in all likelihood extended farther east than this place. Pharaoh gave this land as a possession to Israel and his descendants. Rameses was another city built by the Jews in this province. At this place the Israelites gathered themselves together, when they went out of Egypt, and continued to Succoth. At present there is a marked development in Goshen. New houses are being built, more land is taken up for cultivation and irrigated according to better methods, and it begins to appear as if the people of Goshen will have a better future.

This part of Egypt Joseph promised to his people (Gen. 45:10). Later on Pharaoh promised them this part of Egypt, when he said: "The land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, make them rulers over my cattle" (Gen. 47:6). Here the children of Israel dwelt as strangers, "And Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt, in the country of Goshen; and they had possession therein, and grew and multiplied exceedingly" (Gen. 47:27).

Our train follows the canal, and this is, no doubt, the same canal that passed through this part of the country in the time of Israel. On either bank of this life-giving stream there are

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trees of various kinds, and beautiful plantations and orchards are seen on both sides of the railroad. In the canal there were a great many boats and along the banks the colored sons of Ham were pulling them by means of ropes. Sometimes they used asses for this work. I suppose this is the way it looked in the time of Joseph, with the exception of the railroad. Here the Israelites were in bondage under their oppressors, and the Lord saw their affliction and heard their cry, and came down to deliver them (Ex. 3:7-8). This He did with a powerful arm, after He had done many signs and wonders by His servant Moses.

The farther west we go, the better cultivation we find, and the more the land is being tilled. Soon we arrive at Zakazik, a city of about 36,000 inhabitants. In this part of the delta cotton and various kinds of grain and garden stuff are being raised for export. A little distance to the southeast from this place we see Bubastis. This is the Pibeseth of the Bible (Hez. 30: 17). Here was a great temple formerly, built by Cheops and Chefren, the pyramid builders, to the honor of the goddess Bastets. Hither great throngs came to worship this goddess.

From this place we continued due west to Benha, and from there southwest to Cairo. To the southwest from a station called Taukh is Chibin El-Kanater, in the vicinity of which Tell Jahoudieh, i. e., the "Jew-height," is located. Here was the place for the ancient Leontopolis, which was the center for the Jews in the time of Onias. Here the Jews built a temple in 170 B. C., and this resembled the Solomonic temple in Jerusalem. The Jews had been driven away from Jerusalem by the Syrians, and had found a refuge in this part of Egypt. Soon we are at Cairo. Here is life and business, and no difficulty in securing a good hotel, because we are asked by so many representatives who are anxious to have guests. I registered at Hotel Londres, and prepared to see as much of this city as I could.

## CHAPTER XXV

### CAIRO, HELIOPOLIS, AND THE PYRAMIDS

THE city of Cairo is located on the east side of the Nile, where this river divides itself into two branches, Rosetta and Damietta. Here is the upper part of the Nile-Delta. Here Cairo covers an area of eleven square miles. A wonderful development has taken place here during the last years. This metropolis is the largest city in Africa and it contains 615,000 natives and 50,000 foreigners. To the east of the city are the Mokattam Mountains, only 650 feet high. Beyond the valley in the west the wild Libyan desert extends towards the Sahara. At this place the valley is about eleven miles wide. Here was formerly a suburb to the ancient On, called Khere-Ohe.

The development of Cairo has taken place especially during the last century. When England came into power in Egypt, this developed according to European methods and plans, and we find that this has been for the good of the country. In Jerusalem my dragoman told me: "When you come to Egypt you will thank God that the Englishmen have had something to do with the development of the city of Cairo and Egypt in general. They have taught the citizens of Cairo to wash themselves." He spoke the truth. Cairo is a beautiful city with the exception of the southern part, or the Old Cairo. I secured a guide and the following day, the 26th of October, we went out in the morning to see the ancient On, or Heliopolis, the Beth-Schemesch of the Bible. As my hotel was located quite a distance from the station, we rode to this place in a street car, and from the station

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we rode on the railroad train; for trains go to On every half hour of the day. In twenty minutes we were there. A little distance outside of Cairo is the village Kubbieh, and quite near this is the residence of the Khedive of Egypt. This is a magnificent residence and everything is built in a very luxurious style. In the valley, a little farther on, we see two battlefields. In the year 1517 the Battle of Heliopolis took place in this valley. This battle made the Turks masters of Egypt. The second battle fought on this plain was on the 21st of March, 1800, when the French general won a decisive victory over the Turks with only 10,000 French troops, while the Mohammedans had about 60,000. But the consequences of this victory were not lasting.

From this field we soon come to El-Matariyeh. Here we leave the train and go through the village in a westerly direction, and then turn to the north. In about ten minutes we are at the obelisk and the ruins. Here was the location of the ancient On, which is often spoken of in the Scriptures. This was one of the oldest cities in the country, and the chief place for sun worship, wherefore Jeremiah called it Beth-Schemesch, the Greek translation of which is Heliopolis, which means the City of the Sun (Jer. 43:13). Here we find only heaps of gravel and stones, and these heaps indicate where the old walls were built. They were made mostly of brick. Here among these ruins is an obelisk of red granite, brought hither from Assuan. This is 66 feet high above the pedestal. Here at the Temple of the Sun there were a great many such obelisks, but they have been taken to other cities, such as Constantinople, Rome, London, and New York. The obelisk which stood in front of Ra's temple was built by Usertasen I, during the twelfth dynasty, or about 2500 B. C. This ancient monument is surrounded by a wooden fence and the whole looks very good here among the mulberry trees. The

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same writing in hieroglyphics is on all four sides, and informs us that King Usertasen I, ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt, and the son of the sun, erected this monument. Here at the Temple of the Sun was a priestess, Potipherah, and Pharaoh gave her daughter, Asenath, as a wife to Joseph (Gen. 41:45). When he lived here this obelisk had been standing for a thousand years. I stood a long time at this very old monument and I really shivered when I thought of its age. Here it has been standing for 4,500 years, and has had a chance to witness many changes in this valley. I wonder if Joseph went into this temple to be married to his bride? Maybe he did. One thing is certain, and that is that Joseph has been walking around these precincts many a time, and his eyes have, no doubt, been resting on this red pillar. The Sun Temple at this place was one of the greatest in the country of Egypt. We get an idea of the size of this temple, when we remind ourselves that during the time of Rameses III, in the thirteenth century B. C., this sanctuary required 12,913 servants and sextons. In this metropolis a considerable literature saw the light, and the priests of this temple were known to the students of various sciences. Even in the Grecian times they became renowned; Heliopolis was still a seat of learning, and the philosophers came to this place to sit at the feet of the wise priests. Herodotus and Plato came to Heliopolis to drink from the fountain of knowledge, and it is said that the latter spent thirteen years in order to be able to bring away with him some of their knowledge. Next in prominence to the Temple of Ammon at Thebes came the Temple of the Sun here at On. Strabo visited this place about 60 A. D. Then the city was in ruins, but the temple still stood there. The house of the priests and the dwelling place of Plato were shown at that time. The old school did not exist then, and only some priests and some guides for the tourists were then to be

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found here. From that time on the ruins have crumbled more and more, and now there are only heaps of bricks and gravel.

Near by we observe how oxen and asses, by means of wheels, were drawing water from wells. This runs to the surrounding plantations and orchards. It was so very still this morning. The air was clear and warm and we felt that we were in a southern climate. If at any place we can see how destruction has written its "mene, mene tekel," we see it here at the old On. Only heaps of ruins are found here, and this is all that is left of the great city, and from these ash heaps we seem to hear a whisper, "All is vanity." There is only one thing that remaineth forever, and that is the word of God.

As we returned, we went to the west side of the town, and there we saw the well of the Virgin Mary. At this well is a very large tree, and according to the legend, the holy Virgin and her child, Jesus, rested underneath this tree during their flight in Egypt. Another legend says that the Virgin and her Son hid themselves in this tree. A spider spun a web before the opening, and in this way they escaped the danger. That is nothing but a fabrication, because the tree was planted in 1672 A. D.

Now we returned to the station, but inasmuch as we had a few minutes left before the train arrived, we walked to an ostrich farm near by. It cost me fifteen piasters to be admitted. There are about 800 ostriches here and they are owned by some Frenchmen. The keeper showed us around and it was a very interesting sight to watch these big birds. Some were very angry and hissed as we stuck our hands in through the fence. Those that had eggs in the nests were ready to fight. Along a high stair we came up on the roof and had a most excellent view of the vicinity, where the old On was located.

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At about twelve o'clock we returned to Cairo, and in the afternoon went out to see the pyramids; but as we came to the Nile bridge we found it closed because of the many boats that sailed down the river. It is not open for traffic from half past two to three o'clock in the afternoon. We stood a long time at the eastern end of the bridge. From that point I saw the pyramids for the first time. It was rather lonesome to stay here so long, and so I asked my guide to take me to the citadel. On a street car we came very soon to the foot of the hill on which the citadel is located. I paid a piaster for my sandals at the door and walked in. To the right of the door is the sarcophagus of Mohammed Ali. I walked around in this building for some time, and found that they had not spared money in decorating the interior of this edifice. We walked around the building to the southwest side and from here we had a very good view of the whole vicinity. Behind us were the Mokattam Mountains, from which they secured building material for the pyramids. There is a very large quarry there. Below us lay the city of Cairo, and with its minarets, parks, towers and the Nile at the west side, it made a splendid panorama. On the Nile we saw a great number of vessels; toward the edge of the Libyan desert we had a good view of the pyramids. I counted more than forty of them. The clear air made them seem very near. Down on the plain we saw the fellaheen toiling along on their farms, and along the banks of the Nile we observed well-filled passenger trains run to and fro in this populous metropolis. Towards the south we beheld palm groves, where the ancient Memphis used to be. Towards the north the obelisk stood out clearly at On, and towards the northeast lay the desolate desert.

While we were standing on this citadel, I reminded myself of what took place here, March 1, 1911, at the instigation of Mohammed Ali. This man was born in Cavalla in 1769, and

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had been chosen at the recommendation of the French consul, de Lesseps, to counteract the influence of England and the Mameluks in Egypt. He was the officer of 1,000 Albanian soldiers here and was an able man, but very reckless in all his actions. When he had disposed of his enemies, he was chosen Pasha for the whole country in 1805, and captured the citadel on the third of August. He considered the Mameluks to be a hindrance to the proper development of the country, and resolved to dispose of them in a very deceptive manner. He invited them to a festival, and they came in gala attire, as they thought he wished to consult them on important matters. When he had entertained them and they were about ready to depart, they found the gates shut, and at once they saw their situation and fate. A killing fire was opened on them from the fortress, and this massacre continued until all, with the exception of one, Amin Bey, were slain. Four hundred and eighty were killed. This man escaped by urging his horse to jump down through a hole in the wall, and he and his horse threw themselves into the abyss. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped with his life. As I looked down into this deep abyss, I could not understand how he could escape from such a plunge. What a crime!

Nevertheless Mohammed Ali was one of the most powerful rulers in recent times. He was the man who made improvements in agriculture and introduced the cotton plant into Egypt. He also improved the canals, appointed Europeans to public offices, and sent young men to Paris to train them for various occupations. He also made several improvements in the army. In 1831 he intended to make Egypt independent of the Turkish Sultan. He captured Acre, Damascus, Aleppo and many other places, destroyed the Turkish fleet, and intended to capture the city of Constantinople. Through the peace in Kutahia, 1833, Mohammed Ali received Syria, with the provision that he must

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be subservient to the Sultan of Turkey. He was obliged to pay an annual tribute of \$2,060,000 to the Sultan, and to reduce the standing army to 18,000 soldiers. This powerful ruler finished his career in 1849 at the castle Shubra.

The citadel is a city by itself. Here are the castle of the Pashà, an arsenal and factories, and a number of other buildings. We saw a very deep well in the southeastern part of the citadel. This is called Bir Yusuf, the Well of Joseph. It is two hundred and ninety feet deep and is cut out of the solid rock, eighteen feet square. My guide threw a stone into it, and it took a long time before it reached water. From this well the city received its water before the present waterwork was finished. In the twelfth century, when they began to build here, this well was filled with sand, and a certain Joseph cleaned it out—hence its name. My guide said with a smile on his lip: "Here in this well the sons of Israel threw down their brother."

Returning from the citadel, I walked into the bazaars. These are really stores and are built along very narrow streets. According to the custom of the Orient the goods are made here in the shops and sold at the same place. These bazaars are not so large as they are in Damascus. Mondays and Thursdays they are visited mostly. Then you can hardly get through from place to place. Here they sell everything that one may need. Here they cheat, and they consider it no sin or shame to do so, but a sign of smartness and good business ingenuity. Here they haggle and are just as often cheated.

My guide did not satisfy me in every way, so I gave him his pay at the end of the day and let him go. Of course I had to give him bakschisch besides.

The following morning I went out to see the Egyptian Museum. This museum was founded by Mariette in 1857; and here he gathered things of interest that he had found during his

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excavations. Later on Professor Maspero and others developed this institution in a most wonderful way. Here we find the greatest collections of Egyptian antiquities. Whatever of value is found in excavations is delivered to this museum. Mariette gathered all his findings in a house on the island of Bulak, and hence it is sometimes called the Bulak Museum. But this place proved too damp and the location too small, so they secured an old castle on the west side of the river, and here the antiquities were kept from 1889-1892. Then the castle was torn down and a suitable building was erected at a little distance from the Nile. The present curator of this museum is Professor G. Maspero. Outside of the building is a statue of Mariette, and near by is a sarcophagus of marble. On the south side there is a portico, and this is supported by three great pillars. To the right of the entrance are two great obelisks of Rameses II from Tanis. Within the building we found a world of the most interesting objects. Here are obelisks, sarcophagi, paintings of the dignitaries in the land of the Pharaohs, idols, weapons, furniture, wagons, jars, manuscripts, rolls of papyrus, etc., etc. Among other things I saw a war chariot which belonged to Thutmosis III. This had only two wheels, and the front part was covered with leather. This king was a warrior, built a great deal, and ruled about 1600 B. C. There was something that interested me very much, and that was the department where the mummies were placed. There were three mummies which I particularly wished to see. These were Seti I, his illustrious son, Rameses II, and his successor on the Egyptian throne, Merenptah. I recognized them at once from pictures which I had seen of them in papers and books. I was wondering if it were all a dream or a reality that I was standing face to face with the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt.

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Perhaps we ought to recall a few facts regarding the dynasties of Egypt. An Egyptian by the name of Maneto, a priest at Heliopolis, wrote a history of Egypt in the third century B. C. This history is lost and only certain parts of it are extant. From the time of the first king of Egypt, Menes, who founded Memphis, to the time of Alexander the Great 332-323) there were thirty-one dynasties, or houses. The historic period begins about 3300 B. C. The fourth dynasty (2850-2700) is known as that of the builders. Kheops and Khephren then built the great pyramids at Gizeh. The nineteenth dynasty ruled from 1400 to 1280 B. C. Among them we have the following kings: Seti I, Rameses II, and Merenptah. These were great warriors and builders as well. Seti carried on wars with the Libyans and Syrians. His wars with the Hittites are well known in history. As a builder Seti I was one of the greatest in the world. He was the one who built the Hall of Columns at Thebes. This king cut out in the rock a tomb for himself, and this is one of the most beautiful among the royal tombs of Egypt. He also began to dig the canal which united the river Nile with the Red Sea. Rameses II was also a prominent king. He was the successor of Seti I. He was without doubt the greatest character among the kings of the nineteenth dynasty, and by some he was considered to be the greatest king in Egypt. He ruled 67 years, and was 30 years old when he succeeded his father to the throne. Some consider him to be the king who oppressed the children of Israel in Goshen, where they built the cities Pithom and Rameses. He carried on wars with the Hittites (Khita), and feared that they might unite with the Syrians, and with the help of the Hebrews in Goshen conquer his country. This was the king, then, who made the lives of the Hebrews bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field (Ex. 1:13-14). It was his daughter who

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found Moses among the reeds by the shore of the Nile. In this king's palace Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds (Acts 7:21). Rameses II had several sons, and only one survived him, his successor, Merenptah. This must have been the king who hardened his heart against the Lord, in spite of all the miracles performed in his sight. He is the Pharaoh who saw the children of Israel depart from his country. With Rameses there is the beginning of a decline. He reminds us very much of King Louis XIV of France. "After him came the deluge," and his successor found it out to his great dismay.

Here in the museum of Cairo are the mummies of the above-named kings, side by side, father, son and grandson. How wonderful that we are able to look into the faces of these kings after about 3,500 years. That the public may now look at these mummies is due to the following circumstances. The tombs of these kings are at Biban El-Muluk, but for a long time these were empty, for the mummies were concealed in a secret place known only to certain Arabians. How this place was discovered is one of the most interesting chapters in Egyptian history, and shows how these mummies were saved from destruction, and kept for the museums. As soon as Professor Maspero discovered that mummies were sold in Upper Egypt to tourists, he organized a secret police squad. Very soon some were arrested, but no one knew anything about these mummies or their secret hiding place. These policemen whipped their prisoners, but not one divulged anything. Among others one Mr. Wilson bought the hand and the head of a mummy from one of the four Arabs who used to guide tourists in the vicinity. A certain Arab was arrested at the instigation of Professor Maspero and kept in prison some months. They whipped him and threatened him with death, but his mouth was dumb as the sphinx. From his

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lips they heard no more than from the hidden grave. His brother Mohammed was offered a great bakschisch, and behold, this was a key that opened up all hidden mysteries. Now he confessed where the mummies were to be found, but no one until this day has ever learned how these brothers had found out the secret place. In company with the curator of the Bulak Museum, Emil Brugsch Bey, the Arab went to Deir El-Bahari and showed him the grave where the mummies were concealed. Here above a limestone cliff they found that the stones were so arranged that it could be seen that the hand of man had placed them. Here was a well and into this they descended forty feet. At the bottom of this they found, when they had cleaned out the well, a passage which led them several hundred feet into the mountain, and behold, at the end of this they found a chamber. In this were Rameses II and forty other mummies of kings, queens, priests and other prominent characters. This happened the 5th of July, 1881. It was very dangerous to bring these mummies to Thebes, but by the help of 300 Arabs this work was done in six days. It became necessary to do this work behind the gun, so to speak, because the Arabs were aroused when their treasures were taken from them. In this way the museum at Cairo secured these valuable mummies. The public have seen pictures of them and know how they look. Seti I seems almost as dark as a Negro. This is due to the medicines used at the embalming. The features are still so clear that I have no doubt but that his former subjects would recognize him if they could see him again. The statues of him in stone are also well made. He is represented as a smiling and joyful personality. Right near this is the mummy of his son, Rameses II. There we see his body all covered up in linen rags. How does he look? Well, who can describe him? I stood there for a long time and have the picture very clearly in my mind, but I wish to give the word

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to the man who let him loose from his bandages, and stood face to face with him after these thousands of years. Professor Maspero says: "The head is long and in comparison to the body small. His forehead is nearly bare. On his temples are some scattered hairs, but it is very thick on the back part of the head, where it forms smooth, straight locks about five centimeters long. The hair was white when he died, but it has been colored yellow by the drugs used at the embalming. The forehead is low and narrow, the bone of the forehead is very prominent, the eyebrows are thick and white, the eyes are small and close together. The nose is long, thin and crooked, and somewhat crushed at the end by reason of the pressure of the bandages. The temples are somewhat sunken, the cheek bones are very prominent, the ears are round and stick out from the head, and are pierced as the ears of women who wear earrings; the chinbone is coarse and strong, and the chin is very prominent. The mouth is small, and the lips are thick, and in between them is a kind of black pitch. When this black mass was cut away by means of scissors, there appeared some neat and beautiful teeth, which were white and well kept. The mustache and the beard is thin. It seems as though he had shaved them off, but perhaps he let them grow during his last sickness, or perhaps they grew after death. The hairs are white as those which are on the head, but stiff and bristle-like, and from two to three millimeters long. The skin is of an earth-brown and blackish nature. At least, we can say that the mummy gives a good idea of the face of the living king. The face is not intellectual, perhaps a little animal in it, but even under this peculiar covering of the mummy, you can clearly see the attitude of the royal majesty, of determination and pride. The upper part of the body is just as well kept as the head, but because of the contraction of the nerves the outward form has become less living. The neck is not any thicker than the spine.

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The breast is wide, the shoulders are square, the arms are placed in a cross over the breast, the hands are small and covered with henna; the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers removed the intestines, is large and open. The legs and hips are large and without any flesh, the feet are small and long, with somewhat flat soles, and, as the hands, they are covered with henna. It is the corpse of an old, but powerfully built man. We also know that Rameses II ruled for 67 years, and must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

Near by this mummy lies another one, who in lifetime bore the name Nefret-ere Mi-en-Mut. She was the queen of Rameses II. The coffin resembles the form of a woman, and here the eyes of a woman are looking at the tourist. The lid on the coffin, which is made of wood, is very well preserved. When this is removed you see the face of a woman which bears the traits of beauty and nobility. She was the queen at the court where Moses was educated, and without doubt he saw this face many a time. Is it not wonderful that the king and queen, and her father-in-law and her son are there in the same museum and within glass cases! It must have been very beautiful to live in the palace of this king, and yet we read in the Scriptures that Moses refused, having grown up, to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with God's people than to have pleasure in sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward (Heb. 11:24-26).

Here in this museum are so many things of interest that one cannot look them over satisfactorily in a few days. But the whole does not leave the same impression as the museum at Athens. There is something stiff and hard in the Egyptian sculpture. Here we do not find the neat and well-rounded form

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as we find among the Greeks. And yet you observe in the various works of sculptors a beauty in the work that is surprising. We must not forget their standpoint in religious matters. Among the ancient Egyptians we find a depth in science which is astonishing. To Egypt came the wise men of Greece to take a post-graduate course, and yet we find that their religion was of such a low nature that they worshiped dumb brutes such as oxen, dogs, cats, birds and crocodiles. Here we are in a museum where so many things remind us of how far advanced they were in the distant ages. They have done things that compel our wise men at the present time to stand with admiration and place their fingers on their mouths and cry, "Mysterium, mysterium!" We only need to mention their skill in embalming dead bodies. In that way our learned men have not come as far as they. The Egyptians placed a great stress on science, but we have found that the dry sciences are not sufficient for man. He needs something more. We need the true religion to lead and guide us. In all their wisdom the Egyptians bent their knees to dumb brutes. These thoughts passed through my mind as I was walking among the interesting objects in the museum at Cairo. It was a sermon to me that we should not build on science alone. Let no one think for a moment that I despise science; it would be foolish to do so. But there are a great many who are satisfied with science alone, and care nothing for the word of revelation, the guiding star to eternal bliss. Our help is in the name of the Lord, in the living gospel which He gave mankind. Our educational institutions must write on their banners, and raise them high, that our salvation does not come through men with a well-developed intellect, and the salvation of our church will not be brought about by "learned" preachers, but by the pure and saving gospel of the Nazarene.

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These thoughts came to me as I was walking around in this museum, where science has left such proofs of triumphs. My visit in this museum I shall never forget.

Early in the morning I secured a guide, whose name was Essayed Faïd. He was a typical Beduin as to his appearance, and as to his religion a Mohammedan. We went to Old Cairo on the street car. This part of Cairo was called Babylon formerly, and here is a fallen wall from the time of the Romans. The streets are narrow and dirty, and it looks as though we had come to another city. Here is the center for the Copts, and here is their church, Abu Serge, which is visited by a great many tourists. This sanctuary is very old and its crypt is said to be the place where Mary and Jesus kept themselves during their stay in Egypt. The Copts are the descendants of the old Egyptians, and were early Christianized. They are monophysites, i. e., they believe that Christ has only one nature, the divine. At their services they make use of the language which was used in Egypt in the third century. The priests can read and understand it, but the people in general cannot. The Coptic church has not developed very much since the early centuries. It is in great need of a reformation, a regeneration to life and activity.

There are about 609,000 Copts and they are scattered about in Upper Egypt. They are found in the cities mostly. They are watchmakers, carpenters, tailors, clerks, weavers, turners, and builders. As to their appearance they differ from the Egyptian farmer or fellah. The Copts are not so strongly built, have smaller hands and feet, longer neck and head, and are lighter in color than the fellaheen. In everyday life they can easily be detected by their black and blue turban and black clothes in general. This color was determined upon by their oppressors, and they still keep it with a certain pride. An active missionary work is carried on among them by certain American churches.

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They have established schools and spread books, particularly the Bible. The Franciscans, who also have carried on missionary work among them, have been less successful. Many Copts are well versed in the Bible, and it is said that they know whole gospels by heart.

From Old Cairo there is a bridge over the Nile to the island of Roda. We went across on this bridge, to the western bank of the river. Here at the southern end of the island is the well-known Nile meter, which measures the water of the river. This meter was made in 716 A. D. It is a kind of cistern, sixteen feet in diameter, and in its center there is an octagonal pillar on whose sides Arabic figures indicate the depth of the water in the river. The 24th of August, when the water reaches its height, the embankments are opened, and water is let in on the land in the valley. This day is a festive day for the Egyptian *fellaheen*, and is celebrated with great joy.

From this place we came to the other side of the river, and we took another street car for the pyramids. During this pleasant journey we see the pyramids before us all the time, and the nearer we come, the larger they seem to us. The Nile Valley is intersected by a number of dykes, and in these there are a great many water birds swimming around. To the right of the road, as we approach the pyramids, there is a kind of hotel called Mena. Right near this place is the end of the car line. Here are a post office and a drug store. As soon as we came out of the street car, the mule-boys became very lively and wished us to use their mules. The boys cried out: "Good donkey, very good donkey, Yankee Doodle, Berliner Esel, jolie bourrique, besoin d'âne," and so on *ad infinitum*. My guide selected a large, white donkey, and I another one of the same color and size, and then we rode to the plateau where the pyramids are located. Two

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Arab boys followed us and they ran about in the desert sand like deer.

From the plateau we had a splendid view of the valley. How much better would the view be, if we could climb to the top! As I was not very strong I did not endeavor to do this. The climbing is quite strenuous and I must deny myself the pleasure of seeing the Nile Valley from the top of the pyramid. We rode around the pyramids a long while. These pyramids are the largest, and are called Gizeh; and this group is one of the five which belonged to the cemetery of Memphis. This is called Necropolis, or City of the Dead. The whole stretch between the Libyan desert and the Nile Valley was a great cemetery, and its length was about 20 miles. We are at the northern end of this Necropolis. These pyramids are sepulchral monuments and go back of the historical times. The first pyramid which we reached as we arrived from Cairo is called Kheops, the other is Khephren, and the third is Mencheres, after the kings who built them. These kings belonged to the fourth dynasty and ruled between 2850-2700 B. C. To get an idea of the size of these gigantic monuments let us remind ourselves that the largest covers an area of thirteen acres, and each side is 740 feet at the ground. It is 451 feet high; and has been twenty feet higher, but its top is torn down. There is at the top a certain woodwork which indicates the original height. This pyramid alone contains 10,000,000 cubic feet of stone. They made a roadbed across the Nile Valley, and it took ten years to make this elevated road from the Mokattan Mountains. The road was about five miles long from the Nile, sixty feet wide and at some places forty feet high. This road was built from cut stones, and here and there along the valley you can see traces of it. Herodotus, who visited this part of Egypt in 450 B. C., writes that it took 400,000 men twenty years to erect the Kheops

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pyramid. On the outside the pyramids were covered with cut stones, and so well put together that a knife could not be placed between the crevices. At the top of the middle pyramid there is a little bit left of the original covering, and from this we get an idea how it looked. The entrance is on the northern side, and about fifty feet from the ground. The passage to the chambers within is four feet high and just as wide. Inside is the king's chamber and below is the queen's. There have been several theories presented as to how these pyramids were built. Some believe that a little pyramid was erected first, and then several layers were added on the outside, and this looks reasonable. But for what purpose were they erected? The answer is not difficult. All are on the west side of the Nile, the region of darkness and death. In these pyramids they have found mummies of people, and in one of them they have found the mummy of an ox. The pyramids are, then, sepulchral monuments, erected in honor of kings and other dignitaries. They have by these monuments and the mummies signified their belief in the immortality of the soul. The ancient Egyptians and other Oriental nations believed in the transmigration of souls. According to this belief, the soul was brought before the judgment seat of Osiris. The divinities were grouped in three, Osiris, his wife Isis, and their son, Horus. All Egypt worshiped them. The king and the beggar must appear before the same tribunal to receive reward or punishment according to his deeds. If he could not pass the examination, he could not be interred among his relatives. If there was anyone who wished to repent, he was judged at the judgment seat of Osiris to return to the earth and there repent in the bodies of certain animals, and when this process was ended, he was permitted to return to his own body, and for this reason it was necessary to preserve the bodies so that the soul might find a home when it returned after its transmigration.

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This doctrine of transmigration is still held by many Oriental peoples. Some do not even dare to kill a fly or a bird, because they fear that the soul of some departed relative or some one else may be in this insect or bird. The idea of some of our modern heathens, who believe that we hail from the frogs or some other creeping things, is very much related to the idea of transmigration.

Several theories have been brought forth relative to these pyramids. Some believe that Joseph built them when he was in the prime of his power, and the name Khufu, which is found in the two highest chambers in the pyramid, is said to be the Egyptian pronunciation of Joseph. When Israel went out of Egypt they took the bones of Joseph with them, and this would explain why the sarcophagus was empty in the royal chamber. The most peculiar theory is the one presented by Smythe, the Professor of Astronomy at Edinburgh. According to his idea, this pyramid was erected, as the ark of Noah and the temple of Solomon, under the guidance of God and His inspiration, for astronomical purposes, and from its construction one can determine important events in history, such as Christ's return to judgment, etc. Such speculations regarding the pyramids are nothing but hypotheses, but nevertheless, they have sought grounds for this belief in the Holy Scriptures. On this large pyramid they have applied the prophecy of Isaiah the prophet, when he says: "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to the Lord of hosts. One shall be called the City of Destruction. In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt: for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppres-

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sors, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them" (Is. 19:18-20).

I stood for a long time at the northeast corner, looking up to the immense height, and the longer I looked the higher it appeared to me. They generally climb up along this corner. Here I saw a great many Arabs rest themselves on the stair-like sides. I saw a tourist who endeavored to ascend at the southeast corner, but he had to give it up; he climbed for awhile, but had to return. Some were standing at the top, and they appeared as small as dwarfs.

After some time we continued our ride along the east side and wended our way to the sphinx, which is located about five minutes' walk to the southeast of the Kheops pyramid. We were followed by a number of Arabs who wished to sell us antiquities, and others who wished to sell photographs. Now we are at this monster, which not long ago has been delivered from the sands of the desert. This sphinx looks like a lion with a human face. It has not been cut loose from the rocks, but is partly cut out from a rock which stuck out from the hillside. We get an idea of the size of this when we note that from the head to the paws there is a distance of 66 feet, and its length is 187 feet. The ear is four and a half feet, the nose five feet seven inches, and the mouth seven feet seven inches. The face is thirteen feet eight inches wide. If a tall person stands at the upper edge of the ear, he will with his finger tips reach the top of the head. Between the paws there is an altar and before the breast there is another one, to the honor of Thutmosis III. Several theories have been presented regarding this very ancient monster. One of the old kings, perhaps Khephern, is said to have made it to represent himself. Later on the Egyptians considered this as a sungod, which with its smiling countenance, greeted the rising sun beyond the Mokattan Mountains. Now the face is very

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badly damaged, because the Arabs have used it as a mark to shoot at. The nose and the beard are gone. Although the face is so badly damaged, there is a certain majesty and nobility in it. The eyes appear as if they were looking into the unknown distance, and there is a smile on the lips. As a watchman this image has stood there from the gray dawn of history. It was here when proud and populous Memphis sent its armies forth into the world to conquer its enemies. Here it stood when Abraham, the father of the faithful, came to this fruitful valley, and when his descendants came down to this country, serving as slaves, in yonder Goshen, building the storehouse cities, Rameses and Pithom. Here it stood when the 20,000 cities of the land of Egypt were being built. It has seen proud Cambyses, king of the Persians, conquer Egypt in 525 B. C. Here this sphinx stood, when the king of Macedonia, Alexander, founded the city of Alexandria, and here it stood when the Ptolemaeans, who ruled from 323 to 30 B. C., carried the scepter over Egypt. Here it witnessed the conquest of the country by the Mohammedans in 641, and here it has observed how the Mameluks were brought into the country as slaves, and then served as soldiers. What changes in the history of this land! What great events have not taken place here; and this sphinx has been watching all this on his elevated pedestal.

About 150 feet from the sphinx is a granite temple, just recently excavated, and is called the temple of the sphinx. This was discovered by Mariette in 1853. This temple is built of granite and is very well preserved.

I have seen the pyramids and the sphinx, and now we must go farther on. I confess that it was very difficult to tear myself loose from this place, about which I had heard so much. A visit to the pyramids reminded me very forcibly of the great questions

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of the soul. We should ever mind how we build in reference to the coming eternity. The work of the ancient Egyptians has stood the test. How shall our work for the future stand the test? What kind of monuments shall we erect for the days to come?

## CHAPTER XXVI

### SAKKARA AND MEMPHIS

THIS time we are going through Sakkara to Memphis. My guide, Said, followed me on this highly interesting journey. Towards the west, as far as we can see, there is sand, sand, nothing but sand. The whole stretch from the Gizeh Pyramids to Memphis is nothing less than a cemetery. It was a peculiar journey. Everywhere we saw pieces of bones, or parts of hands and feet stick up from the sand. Who can count how many millions are slumbering here underneath this sand? All along the plain of sand there are pyramids, now and then we see Beduins watching their flocks along the edge of the valley and sometimes we meet tourists riding on camels. We rode on white donkeys and the boys ran behind, urging our donkeys onward with their whips. These boys were quite merry, and it was a conundrum to me how these boys could run along in the sand, as they did all day long. When I asked them if they were not tired, they answered, "We are used to it." Poor boys! They have had no opportunity to educate themselves, and for this reason they will have to be mule drivers all their lives.

Our journey in the desert to the house of Mariette proved to be very tiresome. This house is located way out in Sakkara. This prominent Egyptologist lived here on the edge of the desert, while he made his investigations in this great cemetery. We went into the house and found a great many tourists taking dinner. The house of Mariette stands in a very interesting place. About six hundred feet to the west from here is Serapium.

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Here we find subterranean tombs, in which the ox Apis, dedicated to the god Ptah, was placed in a stone chest, having been regularly embalmed. Here we are at the center of this abominable Apis worship. Above these subterranean tombs a temple to the honor of Osiris-Apis was erected, whence the name Serapeion. Here we took our dinner; then, accompanied by my guide, Said, I went with a light in my hand into these subterranean vaults, where people and oxen have found their last resting place. Some of these subterranean passages formed a circle, along the circumference of which the bodies were placed in sarcophagi. These sarcophagi were very well made and manifest a great care of their dead. To me it appeared almost hideous to pass along these lonely passages. The dead were not here any more, though, with the exception of a few cases where the tombs had not been plundered. Among others I visited one which was particularly light and beautiful. The light came in from above, and on the walls were images of oxen, birds and human beings. The painting on the marble wall was as plain as though it had been done yesterday. Think of the work that they have done here! In these subterranean vaults, as well as on the obelisks and in the temples, there are a great many of these hieroglyphs, the language of the old Egyptians. For centuries this language was a sealed book, and desperate attempts were made to find the key to it, but, as it seemed, all in vain. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many learned men endeavored to explain this writing but without any results. The renowned Jesuit, Athanasius Kirshner (1601-1680) was one of those who studied this hard problem. In the beginning of the nineteenth century some headway was made. The Englishman, Young, the Swede, Okerblad, and the Frenchman, Sasse, worked diligently on this problem of solving the hieroglyphics, and succeeded quite well. It was the Frenchman, François Champolion who found

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the key to this script; in 1822 he discovered the alphabet. With the aid of the Rosetta Stone the riddle was solved, and proved to be one of the great triumphs of science. This stone, found in 1799 at the fortress of St. Julian, at the Rosetta branch of the Nile, near the Mediterranean Sea, is now preserved in the British Museum. We have already spoken of this discovery. The first step in solving the mystery of the hieroglyphic writings was taken when they understood that these signs, which are enclosed in so-called cartouches, were names of kings. Now if the name of Cleopatra was found in one group, for instance, then one character must signify *l* and another *r*. Now if we compare this group of hieroglyphics with another one which possibly represents Alexander, then the same letters must be found in this group, too. And behold this was the case. In this way they found the letters *l* and *r*. Champollion had discovered the key to the riddle and now one letter after another was found. Mr. H. Brugsch was the one who discovered that in conformity to other Semitic languages, no vowels were used, only consonants. With the aid of the Coptic language, a daughter language to the old Egyptian, they proceeded to the solution of the problem, so that we now can read the hieroglyphic writing nearly as readily as the Hebrew. The faithful work of the scientists was crowned with success. What was considered an absolute impossibility for centuries is now done very easily. The old Egyptian monuments and tombs open up their secrets, and we now read the language of the ancient Pharaohs. Wonderful things have been accomplished during the last century! We left the house of Mariette and rode in a southeasterly direction, passing by the Stair Pyramid. The sides of this monument resemble a stair. This is the boundary line of Sakkara. Here is the grave of King Zosers, built during the third dynasty. This is 196 feet high, and is built from smaller limestone blocks.

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Now we come into the real Necropolis of Sakkara, and this is about four and a half miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. A little before we came to the Stair Pyramid, we were shown the cemetery where they have found mummies of cats and ibis birds. In this cemetery the spade has been used most diligently, and everywhere we observe pieces of bones sticking up out of the sand. On this plain we found a high roadbed. Along the road we observed beautiful palm groves in whose shadow the cattle found a much needed shelter from the sun. Now we came in on the plain where the ancient Memphis was located.

If it were not for the immense cemetery at the western boundary of the Nile Valley, we could hardly realize that the most populous and prominent city in ancient times was located here. Menes, the first historic king of Egypt, is spoken of as the founder of this city. Here and there we saw ruins of fallen buildings. The prominent part of this city seems to have been located where the villages Bedrashein and Mit Rahineh are found. At the last named place there is a great palm grove about the miserable houses. A little distance toward the south-east from the village Mit Rahineh are two statues of Rameses II. The first was discovered by Caviglia and Sloane in 1820. This one is found inside of walls made of sun-dried clay, and above its middle they have erected a kind of bridge, to which we came on a little stair. From this place you can look down upon the colossal statue. This is made of limestone, and is forty feet high. The artificial beard is placed on the chin, and in the belt is a dagger with two falcon heads. Right by this statue we find some fragments with the name of Rameses II. Not far from this statue is another which was discovered in 1188. This is made of granite, is placed on an elevation, and is only twenty-five feet long; with the crown it is six and a half feet longer. The name of the king is inscribed on the shoulders, the girdle and

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bracelet. On the left side of the statue is a little image of the princess, Ben Anat. Right here where these statues were found was the heart of the ancient Memphis, which in the Bible is called Noph. Isaiah says: "The princes of Zoan are become fools, the princes of Noph are deceived; they have also seduced Egypt, even they that are the stay of the tribes thereof" (Is. 19:13). The prophet spoke of the suppression of the people, and behold, it was suppressed, and the great capital with all its pomp and glory was sunk down in the earth. Memphis, or as it was called in the old Egyptian language, Men-Nufer, was the seat of the monarchs for a long succession of years. Here Joseph lived and served as governor, and in this city the Pharaohs lived while Israel was in Egypt. The sediments of the Nile, gathered during thousands of years, now rest over the proud city, and palm trees are waving their crowns over the ruins where the mighty seat of Osiris stood. Only smaller fragments are now left of the old temple, which was the principal glory of the city of Memphis. The words of the prophecy regarding this city has been literally fulfilled: "I will destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt: and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt" (Ez. 30:13-18). How many citizens there were in Noph when the city was at its height cannot be determined now, nor will this number ever be known, and still less can we find out how many were carried across the lake and found their last resting place in Necropolis. Some have supposed that about 25,000,000 slumber in the oldest and greatest cemetery in the world. A great throng!

In the afternoon we started back. It was dark when the train rolled in at the station in Cairo. I had seen a great deal of this interesting city, and on the 28th of October I was ready

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to continue my journey to Alexandria. I did not leave Cairo without a certain regret, as here are many things of interest to observe, many things to study, and here I had had an occasion to look into Egyptian history as at no other place. Here is a rich territory for study.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### FROM CAIRO VIA ALEXANDRIA TO NAPLES

IT was early in the morning when I boarded the train that should take me to Alexandria. Our train takes us very quickly down to the Delta, and here we can obtain an idea of how the Egyptian fellaheen live on this plain. Here and there along the road long caravans march, and now and then we see an ox and an ass work at the waterwheel. In this way they send the water out on the plains from the wells. Along the plain we see now and then a miserable looking hut made of sun-dried clay, and roof of straw and hay. It is the home of the Egyptian farmer. It is very plain. Only a jar of water, a pot, and some other things—that is all you will find in this plain home. We must not mention anything about the vermin found therein. Poor people!

Along this rich valley we soon arrive at Tanta, a city with something like 60,000 inhabitants, and located between the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile. Here is a chief seat for the Mohammedans; it is a kind of Mecca, and in the month of July they celebrate great festivities there, when about half a million people gather to celebrate the festival of Ahmed el-Bedawis. This man was born in the twelfth century, and having made a pilgrimage to Mecca, settled here. A mosque is erected to his honor, and great throngs gather to celebrate this festivity in a most licentious manner. On the altar of the lusts they sacrifice thousands of dollars, and become regular spend-thrifts. Here is the residence of the Khedive, and there are a

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great many beautiful residences here. At the station we saw great heaps of cotton, grain and other products, waiting to be exported to foreign lands. Egypt is still a granary, the land is very fruitful, and water is flowing around in the dikes, where we see sail-boats moving around. The uniformity of the plain was broken by palm groves and orchards.

In a short while we arrived at the shores of Lake Mariotis. The railroad follows the shore for quite a distance before we come to Alexandria. In ancient times its shores were almost covered with villas. This land was very fruitful, and Horace and Virgil praise the wine which was made here. During the Middle Ages this lake dried up. When the English besieged Alexandria in 1801, they opened the canal at the Mediterranean Sea at Aboukir, let in the water, and in this way destroyed one hundred and fifty villages. The lake covers seventy thousand acres at present, although Mohammed Ali did all he could to restore the land for cultivation. The present Khedive is endeavoring to occupy the land for cultivation even to the Libyan desert. This part of the land is inhabited by Beduins, who live by agriculture and cattle raising.

At half past ten we were at the station at Alexandria. The agent at Cairo had informed Cook & Son about my arrival in Alexandria. Their representative met me here, and took good care of me during my stay in that city. My stay here was not very long, but I did my best to see as much of this historic city as I could. Alexandria is located on the small neck of land on whose northwestern side extends the Mediterranean Sea, and on the southeastern side is Lake Mareotis. The city, which numbers 362,750 inhabitants, has an excellent location for a business center. There are about forty-six thousand Europeans here, most of them Greeks and Italians. These have their quarters in the eastern part of the city.

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There are two harbors here, the eastern and the western. These are protected by artificial walls, and here the ships find protection. Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great in 331, while he was carrying on war here in Egypt. The clear-sighted Macedonian intended to make this city a central point for the Oriental trade, and it is still the greatest merchant city in Africa. Napoleon saw at once the significance of Alexandria as a base for his operations in his campaigns in the East. The architect of the city was the competent Deinocrates, the same man who built the renowned Diana Temple at Ephesus. For centuries this city was the seat of riches, science and power. When Alexander died, his kingdom was divided, and Ptolemaeus I (323-285 B. C.) became his successor in Egypt. During his reign Alexandria became a resort for artists and men of science. Here we find the orator, Demetrius, the painter, Apelles, the mathematician, Euclid, and the physician, Erosistratus. Ptolemaeus founded the renowned museum, which became a resort for learned men. During the time of his successor, Ptolemaeus Philadelphus (285-247), the Old Testament was translated from Hebrew into Greek. This was done in the following manner: Seventy Jewish rabbis were closed up each one in a cell on Tarus, an island on the Nile, and translated the Old Testament books in seventy versions, and when they compared them with one another, they were found to be exactly alike. This translation has been called Septuaginta. This was the translation in use at the time of our Saviour. Here they founded a very comprehensive library. It is said that there were four hundred thousand volumes in it already in the time of Ptolemaeus. The king wished to have the Old Testament translated for this library. When it was burned by Emperor Theodosius and his bishop, Theophilus, it numbered 900,000 volumes. There

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is a legend that Omar burned it in the year 640, but this has not been found to be in accordance with facts.

At this place Cleopatra and the Caesars ruled in their splendor and glory. At the mouth of the Nile there was an island by the name of Pharos, which was united with the mainland by the so-called Hepta-Stadion. At the east end of this island was the lighthouse Pharos, which was 551 feet high. This was erected by Ptolomaeus Philadelphus and was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. The fire which was burning at its top threw its light about a hundred miles over the Mediterranean Sea. Sostratus served as architect for this lighthouse.

Christianity was brought to this city very early. It is supposed that Mark was the first Christian bishop here, and here he became a martyr. The Christian church at this place had many prominent teachers during the early centuries. Here we have Clemens Alexandrinus (220) and Origen (254), both leading men in the school of Alexandria. This school had received its special tendency, called Gnosticism, from the school of Philo and Neoplatonism. They laid special stress upon this tendency. Here we have also the powerful champion for orthodoxy, Athanasius (373) and his opponent, Arius. During the persecutions the Christians suffered great hardships. Alexandria has also its catacombs from that time, but they have been changed into stone quarries. A visit to that place is hardly worth while.

Here we have the old pillars of Pompey, the oldest relic in the city, a hundred feet high. Here stood the obelisks of Cleopatra. One of them was brought to London in 1878. The other one was brought to New York in 1880, where it is still standing. Removed from its home country to another climate, this obelisk

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seems to be subject to a process of erosion, and may be damaged in the course of time.

I walked around a great deal along the streets to get an idea of this ancient metropolis. At the wharf I saw how the raging storm brought foaming waves towards the shore. They had built a wall of stone along the coast as a protection against the waves. The houses in the eastern part of the city were quite near the shore. Here I sat for a long time, watching the billows. In a few hours I was destined to cross this sea on my way to Italy. The life on the streets in Alexandria is of an Oriental nature. Yet we observe the European influence everywhere in the city,—in the stores, workshops, and the private dwelling places. There is very little left of the ancient city. The old has passed away and upon the ruins a new city has risen. Here and there we observe parts of the early buildings, such as Serapium, the Temple of Serapis. At that time this was the greatest building in the world with the exception of the Roman Capitol.

Tired because of my many wanderings in the city, I went to Thomas Cook & Sons to take care of my baggage and take it to the boat. This was the best that I could do, as there are so many things to do before one departs from the country. I must secure a physician's testimony that I was well and did not carry any sickness to the boat. Then we must have permission from the authorities to leave the country, and I do not know how many places we must visit. The whole thing cost me only five francs, and this was certainly reasonable. I wish to advise others to do the same, namely to deliver yourself in the hands of Thomas Cook & Sons, and they will take good care of you.

I came to the boat in time. The steamer belonged to an Italian steamship company, and was anchored at the western

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harbor. This is quite a distance from the office. I went aboard the steamer for the last time in Egypt, and I felt very pleased that I had left the Turks and their police escort. It is very interesting to travel in these countries, but you are always required to show your passport, or tesquere, as though you were up to mischief all the time. But it is much easier to travel in Egypt than in Turkey proper.

In the afternoon at three o'clock our boat steamed out of the harbor. It was the 23rd of October. We steam along between a number of smaller boats, and we have to the right the great lighthouse. But this is not the old Pharos. This has been buried under the billows for a long time. The one now in use has been built quite recently. As soon as we came outside of the harbor Orione began to roll a little. It looked to be quite large at the wharf, but it seemed very small now. The wind was with us, and this was a great help.

My journey in the land of the Pharaohs was ended, and a very interesting one it had been. There is Alexandria along the coast, and to the right the Libyan desert is extending towards the southwest. It did not take long before the coastline of Africa with the lively coast town, Alexandria, sank beneath the waves. The last glimpse we saw was the top of the lighthouse, and then we were out on the wide and open ocean. Farewell, thou land of the Pharaohs; thou hast also thy Biblical memories, since within thy boundaries the chosen people dwelt, and through their leaders God made signs and wonders. Thy monuments shall to the end of time bear a faithful testimony of the truthfulness of the Scripture, and long sealed graves have already delivered their dead, which in their own way shall bear testimony of the truth of God's word. At the present time we observe the great need of the gospel truth for the oppressed people of the Nile Valley.

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The farther we came out on the ocean, the stronger became the storm. I sat on the deck until darkness set in, and beheld how the waves were rolling on the blue deep waters, while our *Orione* worked its way on the wide expanse in the dark evening. As I did not feel very well, I went to bed early. My roommate on the boat, whom I had never met before, a German engineer, was traveling through the world. He came from India and was going to Mexico. In many ways he was a pleasant personality, but sadly enough a freethinker. I did not dispute with him, as I well knew that it was not worth while. At one time he said that there were so much unreasonable things in Christianity. I retorted that there was much more unreasonableness in rationalism than in Christianity, and then he kept quiet. The following day, October 29, the storm had subsided somewhat, and later on in the day it was almost a calm. At dinner there were a good many tourists and the tables were all occupied, but the passengers were very pale from seasickness.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the island of Crete comes within our horizon, and we pass along its coast, not very far from the shore. This island appeared to be very mountainous, and was much like the Grecian islands. Here we are reminded that Titus was bishop among the Cretans. The Apostle Paul placed him there to tend to the needs of the church. Paul's letter to this bishop is a most excellent epistle, which he wrote shortly before his death in Rome in the year 67. The people on this island must have been very ungodly, as he describes their spiritual condition by quoting what one of their prophets had said: "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies" (Tit. 1:12). When the apostle was sent to Rome after his captivity for two years at Caesarea, he passed by this island, just about where our steamer is plowing the billows with the same goal as we have—Rome. He sailed by the eastern end of the

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island and along the southern side until he came to Beautiful Havens. A little farther on is the island of Claudia, and at the southwestern end of Crete the city of Phoenix. From this place he was brought by a strong wind in an Alexandrian vessel called Euroclydon, westward on the Mediterranean Sea over about the same course as our boat is now taking. It was about the same time of the year that Paul sailed along these waters (Acts 27).

The sea was very calm, and I sat on the deck watching my fellow passengers. It was a mixed crowd of Italians, Frenchmen, and Mohammedans from Syria, who were on their way to South America, and a few Germans. On the whole it was a very pleasant company. There were many Italian priests and monks with Petrian tonsure, who were walking around on the deck in their coarse looking garments, with a rosary and a cross at their side. Some were reading their prayer books very faithfully.

When I arose in the morning, October 30th, the sea was very calm. The blue surface of the Mediterranean was very beautiful. Later on in the day the storm began to roar, and in the afternoon the sea was very unruly. I kept myself in the cabin, reading and resting all the day. At supper many were absent because of the hard storm. October 31st was Sunday. I arose quite early as I hoped to see the coast of Italy, and behold, there was the mountainous coast range to the right of the ship, when I came upon the deck. It was Calabria, or that part of Italy which we usually call the toe of the Italian boot. This country looked to be very barren and desolate. There were no trees and along the shore there were certain villas, small cities and orchards. To the left we saw the island of Sicily, an equally barren and desolate mountainous region, with the volcano, Aetna. This mountain is quite near the coast, and in the early morning

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hour its top was concealed in a white cloud. We are now going through the Messina Sound.

Here the Apostle Paul sailed along, having suffered shipwreck outside of Malta, and landed on yonder coast of Italy. To the right we see Raegium, where Paul landed (Acts 28:13). The farther north we come the narrower is the sound. At ten o'clock in the forenoon we are right opposite the cities which became so badly ruined during the devastating earthquake in these sections. The sound is about a mile wide. We can clearly see the ruins of St. Giovanni and Raegium. Our boat anchored in the harbor at Messina. Here we landed so as to be able to observe the terrible desolation. We went around the city, and as we saw the ruins there were two things that surprised me, namely, the total destruction by the earthquake and the general Sunday work. We could see no difference between the Lord's day and a week day. They bought and sold as they would do any other day; out on the street they were working very diligently, and in the barber shops they seemed to be very busy also. No wonder that the punishment came with such a devastation over so ungodly a generation. But the punishment did not seem to have exerted any influence upon the people. In the city there were 150,000 inhabitants, and about 100,000 were killed by the earthquake, which took place the twenty-eighth of December, 1908, at half past four in the morning. There were three hard quakes and in a little while eighty thousand people were killed. To describe the appearance of the city as I was trying to find my way along the streets, filled with ruins, is impossible for me. Nothing has been done to restore the city, because they fear that if they commence to stir the ruins before the bodies have become decayed, they will thereby cause pestilence. For this reason they are delaying the repair of the city.

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A passenger on the *Orione* told me that two girls, one seven and the other ten years of age, were saved in a most wonderful way. As the houses fell over them, they were protected by some beams. They kept alive for fifteen days, during which time they sustained themselves with oil and bread. While soldiers were marching along the Garibaldi Street, they heard the cries of the children, and went to their rescue. It is wonderful how God protects in the hour of danger. At five o'clock in the evening *Orione* lifted anchor and steamed out of the harbor and along the sound. At half past six we passed between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. *Scylla* is a mountain ridge which extends from Calabria, and this is surrounded with a great many dangerous cliffs. *Charybdis* is a whirlpool opposite this rocky point, and located towards the coast of Sicily. This was a very dangerous pass to sail through, especially when small vessels were used. The expression "between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*" signifies the difficulty of passing through a place where there are dangers on both sides. I expected to see the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean, *Stromboli*, on the *Lipari Islands*, but as the evening was somewhat foggy, I missed this "play of nature." The next morning I came up on the deck very early to observe the Italian coast. There is a certain romantic atmosphere over this country. The coast is mountainous and barren. For some time before we entered the harbor of Naples we saw the island of *Capri*, where the Emperor *Tiberius* used to stay occasionally. We saw *Vesuvius* as we were far out at sea, and beheld a pillar of smoke ascending from its crater. The harbor of Naples is very beautiful. It was easy to get through the custom house, and then we went to the *Hotel Metropol & Ville*. We are at Naples, one of the most beautiful cities of Italy. We felt that we had come quite a distance on our way home. In the neighborhood of

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Naples there are two cities which I wished to see, and they were Pompeii and Puteoli.

The very first day at Naples I found out that Mustapha Faïd had spoken the truth, and that the "people at Naples are a wicked generation." At the wharf I engaged a man to bring my baggage to the railroad station, where I intended to place it in the baggage room and have it checked, but the rascal did not wish to bring it over to the station, and so he brought it to another place to have it weighed. What his object was in doing that I could not understand. I could not make him bring my baggage to the station, so I paid him and brought it over there myself. Several times I saw that you have a crooked generation to deal with when you come to Naples. During the limited time at Naples I wished to see as much as possible, and so I went up on the heights in the northwestern part of the city. Here you have a most excellent view of the whole surroundings. Yonder is the volcano, Vesuvius; on its top is a cloud and through this a pillar of smoke is rising towards the sky. All along the sides of the mountain there are vineyards and orchards and a great many houses. It is surprising that they have dared to build their homes on such a dangerous ground, in spite of the fact that this volcano is apt to have an eruption any time. Below us is the Bay of Naples, where ships from all parts of the earth are coming and going. In the distance we see high mountain ranges and along the valleys there are villages and smaller cities. In the afternoon of the second of November we visited the museum, and found quite a few things of interest. The statues from the early history of the country are very interesting. Here are a great many things to be seen from Pompeii. Among other objects of interest there are loaves of bread which have been found in the baking ovens of that place. This certainly ought

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to be very stale, as it is about two thousand years old. It looked very black.

In this museum there is a certain chamber called *Camara Secreta*, the Secret Chamber. Here we find objects so hideous, so fearful that it makes a person shudder to look at them. It is well that children are not admitted into this chamber. If these statues and figures are a reflex of the public and private life of Pompeii, the moral condition of the people must have been fearful. Unchastity must have been their bosom sin. The pictures manifest such a depravity that it is beyond belief, and a person shudders at the sight of them. I could not stay very long in this place. My visit to this chamber was very instructive as to the moral condition in Italy about two thousand years ago, and these object lessons prove conclusively the great need of a Redeemer from sin and vice.

The museum at Naples is very interesting as a whole. From this place we traveled around in the stores to find out how they are doing business in this part of Italy. Here I saw for the first time the so-called "galleria," streets covered with glass. It was a great pleasure to walk around in these places. In a way they remind me of the bazaars of the Orient. Here they sell everything you might want.

Naples is a very beautiful city. The saying, "See Naples and die," is a strong expression, and yet there is something in it. The parks are very attractive, and the marble statues and monuments add to the beauty. The balmy air which breathes against us everywhere reminds me that we are in a southern land. Here we find many old churches and schools from the Middle Ages, but our time does not permit us to visit them. We must make excursions to some interesting places outside of the city of Naples; we have reference to Puteoli and Pompeii.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### POMPEII AND PUTEOLI

THE third of November I made the excursion to Pompeii. We went down to the station and by railroad to this most interesting place. The road passes around the volcano Vesuvius. Here we saw streams of lava, which at the last eruption flowed down the sides of the mountain. Pompeii is located on the southeastern side of the volcano. We came to the ancient city in a comparatively short time, bought tickets and began our walk along the streets in the "City of the Dead." I have read somewhat about this very interesting place, and now I have the pleasure of walking along the streets and seeing these remarkable ruins.

The reader is familiar with the fact that Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed in the year 79 A. D., during a severe outbreak of the volcano. If it were not for the fact that many antiquities have been preserved for posterity, Pompeii would not have the fame which now rests upon it. The volcano, located so near, and which had been slumbering for centuries, began all of a sudden to throw fire and lava, burying these cities under debris and ashes. It was in this eruption that Plinius the Older lost his life near this dangerous place. The cities were covered with from eighteen to twenty feet of ashes, lava and volcanic stones, which the Italians call "lapilli." Pompeii and Herculaneum became, so to speak, lost to the world. No one seemed to know where they were located, and orchards and vineyards were planted over them. In the year 1748 a man who was digging

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a well happened to find a house, and this gave occasion to commence the excavation. In 1755 this work of unearthing the city began with all earnestness, and now the greater part of the city is uncovered. It is about a mile wide and just about the same length. The streets are about twenty feet wide, sometimes even twelve, and this includes the sidewalks on both sides. The streets are paved with large lava stones. In these we find the wheel tracks along the streets, and this gives us an idea of the width between the carriage wheels. In the nature of the case these streets are of very great interest to the tourist. Here we get an idea also as to how the ancient Italians lived. Among the various streets you find the living houses of the rich and the poor as well. Here we see bathhouses, factories, bakeries and ovens in good shape. In these they have found bread and fried meat, etc. Here you learn how they built their houses and how they decorated them. Some of the homes were very well decorated. In some of the houses there are such hideous looking paintings on the walls that they make almost anyone shudder at the sight. Here we saw their waterworks, the theater, the forum and bathing places, the Isis temple and the courthouse, etc., etc. At the southeast end of the excavated place there is a museum, and here they have placed the things which they have found, such as jars, instruments and furniture, etc. Here you see dead bodies, which they found on the streets and in the buildings. In their faces we can almost read how they felt in their agony, when the death-dealing volcano poured out ashes and lava on their city. But these bodies are nothing else than stucco-work, and they have secured them in the following way: When the ashes and lava together with the water fell down it formed a kind of dough, which placed itself very closely to the bodies, filling every crevice. During the course of time the bodies were decayed and cavities were formed, showing the crevices of the

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clothes and the expression of the faces. Whenever the excavators came to such a cavity they poured a thin mixture of plaster of paris into the cavity; and when this mixture became hard it looked just like the body, which at one time was lodged in this cavity. We saw a great many such "bodies." A visit to this ruin is highly interesting. Here we are reminded how suddenly the judgment of the Lord came upon this city. They knew nothing of the danger until the stream of lava came down and destroyed their city and killed its citizens. Let us at this time recall the words of the Master, "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not" (Luke 12:40).

Having seen all there was to be seen in this ruin, we went to a hotel and took dinner, and then returned to Naples by the very same way we had come. There was a thick fog on the top of the mountain, and we did not wish to ascend; and even if we had gone up, we could not have seen the vicinity around the volcano. We spent the rest of the day in observing some interesting sights in the city of Naples.

Another day we went out to see Puteoli, and we took the street car to that place. Within an hour we were there. Puteoli, or as it is now called Puzzuoli, has 28,000 inhabitants, is located near a bay north of Naples, and is a very dirty city. Led by a guide we went to a volcanic crater in the vicinity, called Piccolo Vesuvio, or the Little Vesuvius. Here we walked around in the crater for a long time, and listened to the noise of the water boiling under the crust which we were walking on. Pillars of smoke and steam arose here and there. There were certain places designated where we could go, and where the crust was too thin there was a rope strung around the dangerous places. On the east side of the crater is a cave or grotto, and it is claimed that the Emperor of Rome came here to be cured from rheuma-

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tism. We went into this cave, but the sulphur steam was so hot that we could not stay there more than a few minutes. It was very interesting to see this crater, and this made up for the disappointment at our inability to see the crater of Vesuvius. This volcano has destroyed Puzzuoli several times. The city is quite near the crater. During the journey we observed with great interest the romantic bay down there. Here the emperors of Rome used to live in villas which they built along the shore. The scenery is very grand around here.

The amphitheatre is very near and it is still in good shape. Here many a Christian has been thrown before the wild beasts, to be torn to pieces and thus receive the crown of a martyr. Down in the valley are the ruins of the Serapeum Temple. The ruins indicate that this must have been a grand structure at some time. Near by is the place where Saint Paul is said to have landed on his way to Rome. This journey he made about the year 60 A. D. At this place, right by the wharf, the Catholics have built a chapel. Here Paul found the brethren, who asked him to remain with them, and here he staid for seven days (Acts 28:14). As we returned from this excursion we observed some very beautiful residences along the shore and on the islands. Having returned to Naples, we went to bed very early, as the following day would find us on the way to Rome. The next morning as we were on the way to the station, it rained as though the windows of heaven had been opened. I came to the station in time and boarded the train for the "Eternal City." We passed along the base of Vesuvius and then in a northwesterly direction through valleys and along the hillsides through a very picturesque country. About noontime we saw before us a wide, open plain and mountains in the distance; on yonder plain we see the glimpses of a city. It is Rome. As our train speeds along we see towards the left the aqueduct of Claudius, and quite

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a pile of ruins along its course. At 11:45, the fourth of November, our train rolled into the station at Rome. Here I left my baggage at the railroad station, and went out in the city to look up a hotel. I found such a place quite near the station. I am now in the city of the ancient Caesars.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### IN THE ETERNAL CITY, ROME

NOW what shall we say about this city, so full of historical interest? In less than a week you cannot see everything that there is to be seen; but the tourist gets an idea of the most interesting objects. Here is the city of the popes, and here is the residence of these bishops of the Catholic church. Rome is full of ruins and no matter where you go, you see ruins stick out between the houses and around the temples. But where shall we go first of all? Let us go to St. Peter's Church on the north side of the Tiber. In a street car we soon reach this destination. In a short time we see the immense cupola and the great cross above it. Remember we are in the city of the popes. Priests, dressed in black garments, are walking around on the streets everywhere, and on the spires of the churches there are crosses. Even the old pantheon has been changed to a sanctuary, and on the roof is a cross. A little distance from St. Peter's Church we stepped off the street car and walked towards the open space, in front of the church. In the middle of this open space there is an obelisk from Egypt. Here we have the Vatican, near the church, to the right. We enter this, the greatest temple in the Catholic world, and to be sure this is a most imposing sanctuary. I shall not endeavor to describe it, but this much I wish to say, that this church is the most beautiful edifice that I saw during my journey. I went in here often to admire the wonderful architecture, the beautiful paintings, the adorned altars, and the many chapels. Indeed, Michael Angelo could build! Here is

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the largest church in the world. April 18th, 1506, the foundation was laid by Pope Julius II. Leo X gathered money for this structure by the sale of indulgences.

As we enter the door we have to the right an image of Christine, the queen of Sweden, who left her faith and became a Catholic. Under this image there is a lengthy writing in Latin, describing how she was adopted in the Catholic faith. One thing is certain, and that is, that Queen Christine was very capricious and even frivolous, and yet she has been placed among the prominent women of the world,—for what reason we have not been able to determine. “The World’s History and Its Makers” has a great deal to say about this queen, while it has nothing to relate about her great father, Gustavus Adolphus II, who gave his life for the evangelical truth and liberty of conscience. He is not even mentioned in this work of history.

Having seen this church, we went out to see the fortress, St. Angelo. This building has its history, and is very gloomy, indeed. We pass by this building on the bank of the Tiber and proceed to Monte Pinco. Here a band of music played very beautifully. Then darkness set in and thus my first day in Rome was ended. The following day we saw the Royal Palace. The reader may know that the Pope and the King of Italy are not very good friends. The latter has deprived the former of his political power, and now the Pope is a “prisoner in the Vatican.” We also saw the Capitol Building, St. Andrew’s Church, the Jewish Synagogue, Marcellus’ Theatre at the bridge, the Vesta Temple, the Protestant cemetery, the Pyramid at the St. Paul Gate, and the gate of St. Sebastiano, along the Via Appia. Returning we observed the bathhouse of Caracalla, a ghost-like building. Then we came to the Coliseum. This is the largest of the ancient Roman buildings. The Emperor Vespasian began to build it in the year 72 A. D. This is also called the Amphi-

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theatre of Flavius. On the site where the Coliseum is built a temple was erected to the honor of Isis. There is a hill here, once called Collis Isaeum, whence we have Coliseum. This building had four stories, and these are very well preserved to the present time. Here and there they have been compelled to repair the walls. About 80,000 people found room here on these galleries. This building was used for gladiatorial combats, and here the Christians were thrown before wild animals. In the fourteenth century they used to have bull fights here, and at one time eighteen persons lost their lives at such fights. Because of the fact that a certain monk by the name of Telemachus at one of these gladiatorial combats went in the arena to separate the contending parties—and at this time was killed by stoning at the hands of the infuriated public in the Coliseum,—Honorius IV forbade such combats in the year 404.

Near the Coliseum is the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. The nation erected this arch to commemorate Constantine's victory over Maxentius and Licinus. This arch is a masterpiece and one of the most beautiful ever produced by Roman art. It is located on the Via Triomfale.

As we are so near the palaces of the Caesars let us take a look at them for awhile. The ruins of the palaces are located near by. Here we can form an idea of how the ancient heathens lived. The rooms are decorated very beautifully, and you will notice on the floors very well-preserved mosaic work. On the wall we see paintings and paper well preserved. Here Nero, Caligula, and other Caesars have lived, and it seemed to me that their dark ghosts were still moving around in these ruined buildings. On the north side of these, which by the way occupy a very great tract, is the Forum. Here you find a number of pillars and ruins of fallen buildings. Here the present-day Romans have carried on extensive excavations, and now the tourist may

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walk around on the very streets the old Romans used to walk on and gaze at. The streets are in a very good condition. At the eastern end of the Forum is the Triumphal Arch of Titus. This was erected to the honor of Titus, because of his victory over the Jews in the year 70. Inside of this arch you will still notice how the Romans carried away the seven-armed candlestick. A little farther to the west are the Pillars of Castor and Pullux Temple, the Temple of Augustus, the Senate Building, the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, and many other objects of historical significance. Here is a world by itself, and you get a good idea of how ancient Rome looked. Near the Forum, at the northwestern side, is the Prison of Paul and Peter. This is a miserable place, and yet it may be possible that these heroes were incarcerated here. Here in this city they suffered martyrdom in the year 67 A. D.

While we are in Rome we must see the Catacombs. The 6th of November we walked out there. We then passed by the Coliseum, and along the Via de San Gregorio, the old Via Triomfale, and a little farther on we turned into a street which leads us through the St. Sebastiano Gate; along this we passed the Circus Maximus, and turned to the left to see St. John's Church. The Catholic Pater was very kind in showing me his beautiful church. To the right of the street we find the tomb of Scipio. But there too many things of interest to note. We must But there are too many things of interest to note. We must hurry through the Sebastiano Gate and proceed along the Via Appia, which is guarded by stone walls for some distance outside the city. After some time we come to a small river, Almone. A little farther on we have a small chapel to the left of the road, called "Domine Quo Vadis?" We entered, and a woman met us and showed us around in the chapel. The ancient Via Appia passed along where this chapel is located. In the floor we see

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the masonic work of the old street. Here they have placed a stone, which is an exact copy of the one which the Saviour is said to have stepped on and left a mark after his foot. Here Jesus is supposed to have met Peter, when he fled from his prison in the city, and as Peter asked him, "Whither are you going?" (*Domine quo vadis?*) Jesus answered, "To suffer death for you once more." This moved the disciple so that he went back to his prison.

Leaving this chapel, we have still a good distance to the Catacombs, called St. Callisti. This is to the right of the road, and the entrance is in a certain yard. Here we found a monk, who showed us the way down among the Catacombs. It cost us one lira, or about twenty cents. At the entrance we kindled our lights, and, guided by the monk, we went through these subterranean passages. These are quite small, and along the sides we find niches, where the bodies of the dead were placed. Along these passages we find chapels, where religious services were held. Some of these niches had been opened, while others had not been disturbed. In others we saw the skeletons of the arms placed crosswise on the breast. On the walls we find the emblem of an anchor, Jonah in the ship, the fish, the Good Shepherd, etc. One of the illustrations represented Jesus performing the miracle with the bread. In another we saw seven men sitting at a table. "This represents the seven sacraments," said the guide. We went around these passages for a long time and saw the chapels. Some of them were very well painted. In one of these niches I saw the body of a woman in a coffin, and could easily see the hair, clothes, and the skeleton. In another of these places I saw a skeleton without any head, and the monk said, "Perhaps he was beheaded." The Callisti Catacombs are so long and comprehensive that it would require three whole days to see them all. Here we are reminded of the struggle which the Christian

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church was compelled to carry on in the earlier centuries of its history. Here they have had their places of refuge in the times when the heathen raged against them with hellish tyranny. Here they gathered for their services; here they prayed, read the word of God, and celebrated the Lord's Supper. In these niches they have indicated what constituted their hope in life and in death. With a moved heart I walked around in these Catacombs and thanked the Lord, who has spared us from such sufferings as they had to endure. As we came out of these tombs, I asked the monk if it was far to the Forum Appii and Tres Tabernae. He became somewhat puzzled and did not know what he should answer. When I noticed that he did not know anything about these Biblical places, I turned the conversation to some other subjects. Then I walked down along the road until I came to St. Sebastiano Catacomb. This one is smaller and not so much visited by the tourists. Then I returned to the city.

The following day was Sunday. A Sunday in Rome! Even in this city things were done on the Lord's day. This was, to say the least, surprising. I wished to attend the services in some church and went to one, quite near my hotel. This was a very beautiful church. Then I went by street car to the east end of the city to see the St. Agnes Catacomb. A church is built over the opening. Here high mass was celebrated. I asked the monk to be given the privilege of seeing the Catacomb, and he told me that he would take me down as soon as the mass was over. He told me also that the Catacomb is closed during Sundays, but he would give me the privilege of seeing it, inasmuch as I was a tourist. I followed my good guide through these subterranean ducts. They are only three miles long. These Catacombs are in the main like the others I had seen.

In the afternoon I went to the Lateran Church in the southeastern part of the city. This church is very beautiful, and here

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many of the popes are buried. Near by this is another building, and in this is the Scala Sancta. The middle stair of the five is the broadest and has twenty-eight steps. The Catholics tell us that this belonged to the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, and that Jesus went up and down on this stair. We recollect that Luther endeavored to creep up this stair, when these words resounded in his soul, "The just shall live by faith."

We must see the Vatican. At ten o'clock in the forenoon I went there. First of all we went to the museum. Here we found a great collection of statues of the most beautiful kind. Into this place the popes have gathered, during the course of centuries, statues from near and far. This is one of the best museums I have visited. Here I saw the Laccoon group, and a she-wolf who gave suck to two children. The reader is familiar with the story of Romulus and Remus. We also went into the library, and in another place we saw the chamber of Raphael. Here we found an immense number of beautiful paintings. The painting representing the last judgment is very remarkable, but here we find many that we cannot even mention them all. From the balcony in this building we look down into the orchard of the Pope. A visit to the Vatican is worth while; there are many things to be seen here which you will not see anywhere else. As we went up to the museum we came to the main door of the Vatican, and here we found soldiers guarding the entrance. This reminded us very much of a royal palace; and, indeed, the Pope has been a ruler in temporal matters as well until Victor Emmanuel deprived him of his scepter. It seemed rather strange that the Pope, who calls himself *Servus Servorum Dei*, and represents himself to be the representative of Christ on earth, should live in such splendor and pomp. The temporal power of the Pope is broken, though, and he will no doubt have to be satisfied to be the ruler of the Catholic church.

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Now we have been in Rome about a week and have passed through the city in various directions. It was surely interesting to see the Eternal City, its many churches, old monuments, and not least, the many obelisks which they have brought hither from Egypt to decorate the city parks and other public places. To be able to see Rome we should have had at least three months at our disposal, but we shall have to be satisfied with what we had been able to see in a week.

When Doctor Martin Luther visited Rome, he found very much unbelief and superstition among high and low. There is a great deal of misery in Rome as yet, and unbelief has struck deep roots in the Eternal City. The moral condition is not any better here than anywhere else. Rome has governed the world for centuries in the past, and there is a great deal of the Roman spirit in these times. May the liberating gospel be preached in its truth and purity even here, and then the Son of man shall make the people free.

## CHAPTER XXX

### IN NORTHERN ITALY

THE ninth of November, about midnight, I left Rome and went to northern Italy. When I bought my ticket for Venice, the agent tried to cheat me, but he did not succeed. Several tourists told me that the station agents in Italy are very deceptive when selling tickets to tourists. As we are leaving Rome it is dark and we are not able to observe the lay of the land. The farther north we come, the colder the climate grows. At six o'clock in the morning we are at Florence and remain here for some time. This is a very beautiful city, and is located in a valley surrounded by hills and mountains. Along this valley flows the River Arno, and on its banks is the beautiful Florence. Here are churches and schools in abundance, and besides, an immense collection of paintings. The citizen of Florence is proud of his city and its history, and he has reason to be. Here among the Apennines the Renaissance struck deep roots. Here is its cradle. One of the chief citizens was Girolamo Savanorola, a Dominican monk, who with glowing eloquence preached against sin and vice. He wished to establish a theocratic state according to the Old Testament idea, and represented himself as a leader in accordance with this pattern. The Pope waged a war against him. He was put under the ban, and later on burned at the stake, in the year 1498.

Great men have risen here. Let us remind ourselves of Dante, the man who, in a certain sense, may be called the creator of the Italian language; Galileo, the astronomer; Giotto, who

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has been styled the "morning star of the Renaissance"; Amerigo Vespucci, who, because of his description of the New World, gave his name to it, and last, let us mention Michael Angelo. There are many more who have made the city of Florence renowned. Surely you have a beautiful history, Rose of Italian cities.

Now we are hastening over the Apennines and come to Bologna. Here I changed trains and boarded the one which should bring me to Venice. The land along the railroad is very even, well cultivated, and a great many orchards are seen along this road. We are now in the fruitful valley of the River Po. The fog hinders us from seeing very far. At two o'clock we are at Venice. It was something unusual to see a city surrounded by water, and it is also unique in its character. Directly in front of the station is a great lagoon, and here we must go into a boat to reach our hotel. As we are going along the lagoon, hundreds of gondolas are gliding by, and there stands the man with an oar in his hand, guiding and propelling the boat as he pleases. Wherever you turn you see water. A railroad bridge, two miles long, unites the city with the mainland. Here is the queen of the sea on its hundred islands, which are united by four hundred and fifty bridges. But how did it happen that the people have taken their refuge upon these islands? The answer is this: While the barbarian Huns, under Attila, pushed forward through the dark forests of Germany at the time of the great migrations, the inhabitants of the country were driven away, and they had to seek refuge somewhere. The people of Italy in this part of the country fled to these islands, and here they felt secure. Here they found refuge and built a city whose history has been full of vicissitudes.

Leaving my baggage at the station, I went in a boat to the Hotel Blanco. I had never seen such streets before. No car-

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riages are rolling along, and everything is so quiet. Here I must look around as much as time will permit, and, to be sure, there are many objects to be seen, such as paintings, statues, and churches. My hotel was quite near a building, which had been a palace once upon a time, but which was now used for stores. It was an immense building. Not far from here we have St. Mark's Church. It is beautifully decorated, but looks somewhat antiquated. From this place I went to the bridge called Ponte Dei Sospiri, i. e., Bridge of Sighs, which connects the court-house with the prison. Many a one has gone from the judgment hall, over this bridge, to his death. A walk along the shore at this place is very interesting. Here we find how the people of Venice spend their time and how they take life easily. Here they sit by their coffee cup or some other cup and enjoy life.

The following morning I was up early and went around the city. At half past eight I boarded the train and went along the valley of the Po. Our destination was Milan. We spent the whole day, almost, in reaching that place. In the afternoon we came to a beautiful lake, Lago Garda, at the foot of the Alps. Most of the time we saw the Alps towards the north. Along the mountain sides we saw villages, and down in the valleys charming lakes, which in a remarkable way reflected the distant mountain range. On the mountain tops we saw fortresses from the Middle Ages. At half past four we were at the station in Milan. Here I stopped at the Bellevue Hotel, which is in the middle of the city, and quite near the Cathedral of Milan. I wished to see as many of the sights as I possibly could, for Milan is a great city and very old. It is built on a very fruitful plain which, when you look at it, takes the aspect of an orchard. Around Milan there is a seven-mile-long wall and this is almost circular. Because of the fact that the city was in the way of the migratory tribes it was very often plundered by merciless hands. The

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Huns came here, led by Attila, and captured the city in 452, by the Herulians under Odoasser in 476, and by the Goths under Theodoric in 493. Here the fearless Bishop Ambrosius (397) labored so diligently for the propagation of Christ's Kingdom. This man was born at Treves, 330, and educated at Rome. Later on he became governor in northern Italy. When Bishop Auxensius died a conflict arose as to who should be the successor. Ambrosius was present at the meeting, called to establish peace, and here he asked them to choose a bishop in all humility. While he spoke a child cried out, "Let Ambrosius be chosen bishop!" And he was chosen, although he was only a catechumen at that time, and was not even baptized. Shortly after this he was baptized, eight days later he was set apart as a bishop, and he was a most excellent bishop for the flock of God.

While Emperor Theodosius massacred seven thousand persons in Thessalonika and then intended to attend the Lord's Supper, the bishop met him at the church door and said, "How can you life up your hands in prayer, while they are yet dripping with the blood of innocent people? How can you with such hands receive His holy body? How can you bring to your mouth His precious blood? Get thee away from here, and do not dare to heap crime upon crime." The emperor made public penance, and was admitted to the Lord's Supper. Not long after this event he died and was buried here at Milan.

But we must enter the wonderful cathedral, the renowned dome church at Milan. It is rather gloomy inside and more so because the heavens are cloudy. This cathedral was founded in 1386 and is thus a work of the Middle Ages. They were masters of architecture at that time. The style is rather odd; the tower is not very large, but a great many smaller turrets are scattered here and there over the entire roof. Within we find unmistakable evidence of saint worship; we must not forget that we are

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in the land of the Pope. Milan is also a center for the beautiful arts and here is the home of prominent sculptors, architects, and paniters. The art galleries are among the best in Italy, and that says a good deal. We cannot describe all the sights that we saw in this city, and shall have to leave and prepare to depart for a colder climate. Here we are amongst green orchards, beautiful villages and cities, picturesque mountains, charming valleys, historic temples, museums, libraries, and many other objects of interest, but now we must leave all these things to depart northward and homeward.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### OVER THE ALPS TO PARIS

THE seventh of November found me at the station in Milan, and twenty-five minutes later we were on the train, going northward to cross the Alps. It did not take long before we reached the foothills of the Alps. Here we see many beautiful and charming lakes. Soon we arrive at Como, at the southern end of the lake on whose sides romantic mountains extend northward. Along these mountain sides there are a great many attractive villages. The name of the lake is also Como. From here we come in a little while to Chiasso, at the northern boundary of Italy. Here Switzerland's collector of customs looked through our baggage, but this proved to be very easy for all concerned. At Bellizona the train stops long enough for the passengers to take dinner. From this place the train winds along narrow valleys. Yonder among the mountains snow-capped peaks point heavenward. It is very picturesque here, and no wonder, for we are among the Alps. I have passed over and along many high mountains on my journeys, such as the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades, the Alleghanies, and other mountains, but I think that the Alps surpass them all in their picturesqueness and grandeur. The mountain peaks are more pointed and the valleys are particularly inviting. Along the mountain sides we notice villages, and in a short time we are at the southern end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel. It took just twenty minutes to pass through it. On the southern side of the mountain, just as we entered the tunnel, the weather was very beauti-

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ful and warm, but when we came out at the other end of the tunnel at Goeschenen a fearful storm was raging among the mountains. This tunnel is 44,994 feet long. Our train passes through one tunnel after the other, and late in the afternoon we arrive at Luzern. We are now in the heart, so to speak, of the Alps country, Switzerland. Here we see some of the most beautiful lakes among the mountains, and I am not at all surprised that tourists wish to live here among these picturesque valleys, and along the charming lakes. Late in the evening we come to Basel. Here I saw what I also observed at Milan and Venice, how the representatives of the various hotels were lined up along a certain wall, and there they stood still and said nothing. If you wish to select a certain hotel, then they come forth and give you all the information you need. A gentlemanly way, indeed! Here I left my baggage at the station and went up into the city to look-around and take supper. In Basel I did not stay long. At 9 o'clock in the evening I continued my journey to Paris.

At ten o'clock the following day I was at Paris, at Gare de l'Est, the eastern station in this city, and here I registered at Chemin de Fer, a hotel near the station. I secured a map of Paris, and with the help of this I went around to the interesting places. Here I saw the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and Notre Dame. I also visited the noted churches in this city. Above the door of one I read these words, "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," the same words that we find on the French money.

I went to Notre Dame at the time when they celebrated mass. Here I heard the beautiful song, and looked over the cathedral, both within and without. This is comparatively small in comparison with St. Paul's in London and St. Peter's in Rome. The style is very plain and attractive, and the tourist is very well impressed. It was a Sunday when I was there, but very few attended the mass. It was quite void and desolate in a spir-

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itual sense. Another day I visited the Pantheon. This temple is located on the south side of the Seine. Here we find very many beautiful paintings and statues. Here I saw, among other pictures, a painting of Joan d-Arc on the funeral pyre. From here we went down into the crypt. Here are the tombs of Rousseau, Voltaire, and some of the presidents. Here are the remains of Victor Hugo. As far as the decorations were concerned it looked to be very poor down in the crypt. And why would it be necessary to have needless decorations here?

Not far from this place is the University, and I went there. Here the students were going in and out in streams. Near by is a church, and I must see it. Here is the burial place of Saint Genevieve. On her tomb these words are written, "Indulgence de cinq jours a ceaux qui reciteront canq Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri devant le tombeau de St. Genevieve." (Indulgence for five days to those who recite the Lord's prayer, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri before the tomb of St. Genevieve). Here we see another evidence that the Catholic church still believes in indulgences.

On my way through the city I looked into the Musée de Luxemburg. There are many things of interest to be seen here, but the nudity of the statues is somewhat improper. But we must go to the Hôtel des Invalides, in the neighborhood of which the remains of Napoleon are found. Here everything is grand and magnificent. In this edifice you find a cavity in a circular form on the floor, and down at the bottom of this the coffin is resting on a pedestal. Down there are several flags bearing several names, such as Jena, Friedland, Marengo, Austerlitz, Pyramids, Rivoli, Moscow and Wacram. Farther on in the chapel there is a cover, which is supported by four spiral-formed pillars, and behind these and facing the chapel we read these words, "Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur le bords de la

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Seine a melieu de peuple Français, que je tant aime'' (I desire that my ashes might rest on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, which I love so much). Napoleon knew how to express himself so as to be understood by the French nation.

As you wander through the city of Paris you find it is a very beautiful city. Here is the home of the styles, and here they determine what kind of clothes the ladies shall wear throughout the world. In Paris we would need months to be able to see the city as it ought to be seen. But time does not permit, so we go on and are bound for home.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE JOURNEY HOMEWARD

LATE in the evening, the 16th of November, I stood at the Gare de l'Ouest and there I waited patiently for the departure of my train for Cherbourg. At six o'clock the following morning I was there, and at the Hôtel Grand du Casino I waited for my steamer, which was to arrive at six o'clock. I had bought my ticket on the German Lloyd Line steamer, Printz Friedrich Wilhelm. Here we had to wait till eight o'clock before the ship arrived. On a little steamer "Willkommen" we were brought to the ocean liner. It was dark, the storm was roaring quite hard, and the great monster was rolling quite a good deal as we were boarding it. The following morning we saw, towards the right, some lighthouses, which shone on the coast of England. Now we are going homeward over another Ponte dei Sospiri, Bridge of Sighs. We have a very desirable company on the boat. Most of them are Americans who are homeward bound.

The storm is raging quite severely sometimes, but our Printz breaks through the billows quite easily. Early in the morning, the 21st of November, while the passengers were sleeping in their cabins, the band played the music to "Nearer My God to Thee" and "All Hail to Thee, O Blessed Morn!" It was beautiful to hear the sweet tones echo over the boat, while the storm was raging out there on the ocean. The choral music is certainly very beautiful. It was a greeting from the true home country. In the morning of the 25th of November we were near the American coast, outside of New York. As it was dark we anchored

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at the mouth of the Hudson River. In the morning our boat brought us to the landing place. There we see land, our beloved country. There is no country under the sun like it. It is beautiful to disembark after a stormy journey here on earth. How grand shall it not be to land on the eternal shores, when all the storms of this life have passed away! At 9:15 in the morning the "Printz" landed us at the wharf, and we went ashore. Here we had to show our baggage to the customs officers, and this was the most careful inspection that I have had during my journey. The servants of our dear Uncle Sam did their work in a business-like manner. I had nothing to fear, as my case was clear. I am afraid that some had something on their conscience, though.

Here we left our fellow travelers, and I went to the immigrant home, where I was very kindly received by the superintendent, the Rev. A. B. Lilja. Accompanied by him, I saw a good deal of our greatest city. In the evening I left New York and went to Niagara Falls, and enjoyed my visit there immensely. From here I went to Chicago, and thence to Minneapolis, and home.

My journey through the Bible countries was ended, my youthful dream to see the Land of Promise had become a reality. With a kind and loving hand my dear Heavenly Father had protected me during this journey, and I had reason to return my heartfelt gratitude for his goodness and mercy. My esteemed reader has followed me on this interesting journey. We have had occasion to look into the condition of the Land of Promise particularly. We have spent some quiet hours in Gethsemane, we have knelt on Golgotha, and in the Holy Sepulchre. On the Mount of Olives our eyes have beheld the unique surroundings, where the Son of Man has walked with his blessed feet. We have been sitting at the Well of Sychar and there reminding ourselves of him who conversed with the woman of Samaria;

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we have been journeying along the shores of Tiberias, along the pathways where the blessed Master was walking.

The land of Canaan is an emblem of the heavenly. This is our goal as Christian pilgrims, and longingly we look towards that goal. From the storms and turmoil of life, from the hot sands of the desert, the pilgrim is longing to reach his destiny, the Land of Promise. My feet have stood in the gates of Jerusalem. In the ancient times pilgrims journeyed thither to celebrate festivities in honor of the Lord, and still great throngs of pilgrims are going there, that they may make these sacred places whisper of faith, love, and hope. God grant that we, having finished our pilgrimage on earth, may land in the Canaan of the blessed, where we shall unite with the great throng to sing glory to the Lamb. During our toilsome journey towards that goal, the lamp of God shall throw its light upon our pathway, and as we are journeying, we shall sing:

“My heart is yearning ever  
To reach a place of rest,  
Jerusalem,  
My happy home,  
In thee my heart shall never  
By sin or grief be pressed.  
My heart is yearning ever  
To reach that city blest.

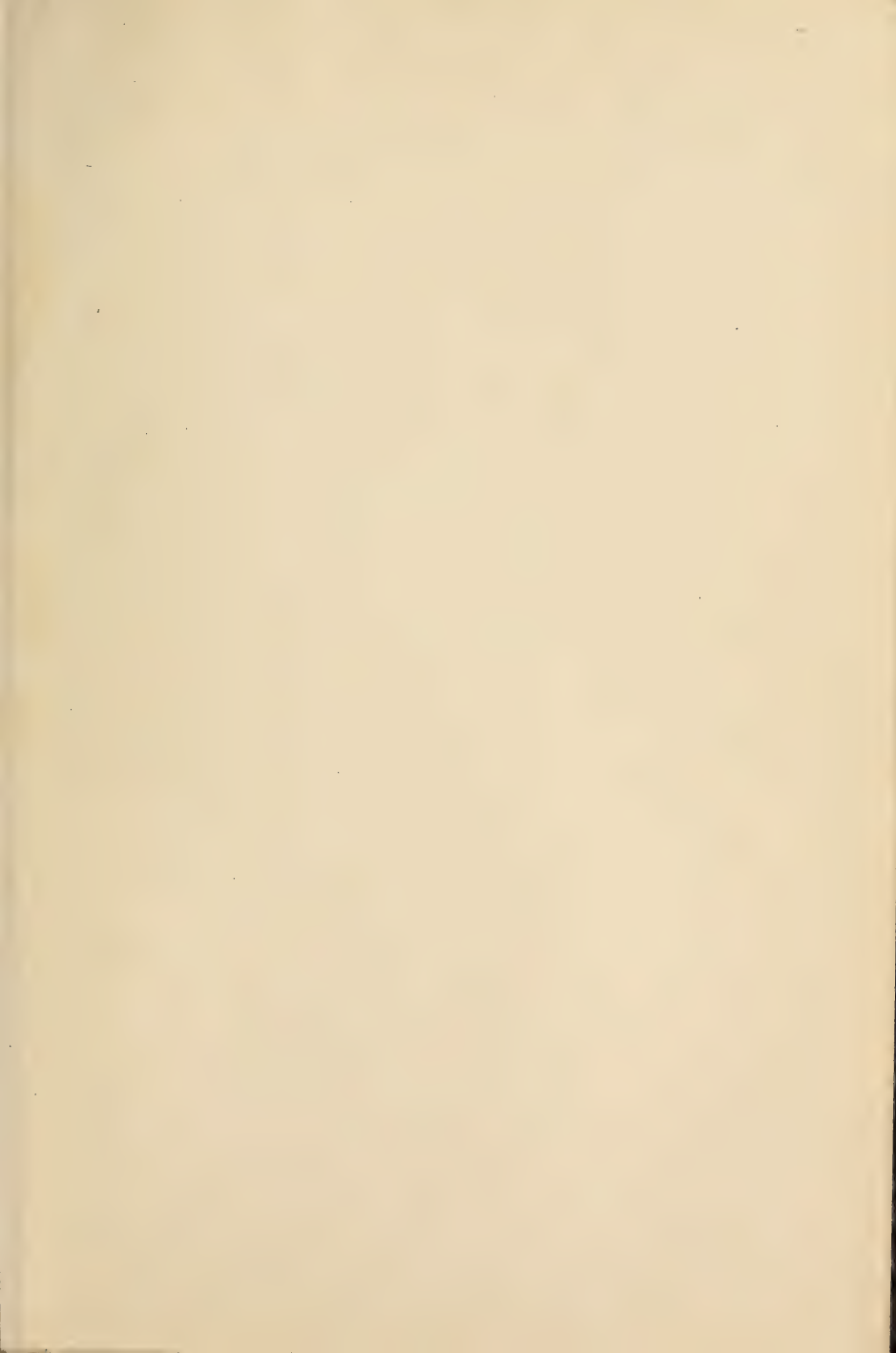
Behold the goal in glory,  
Now shining from afar;  
Oh, city of  
The God of love,  
Where no more earthly worry  
My happiness shall mar!

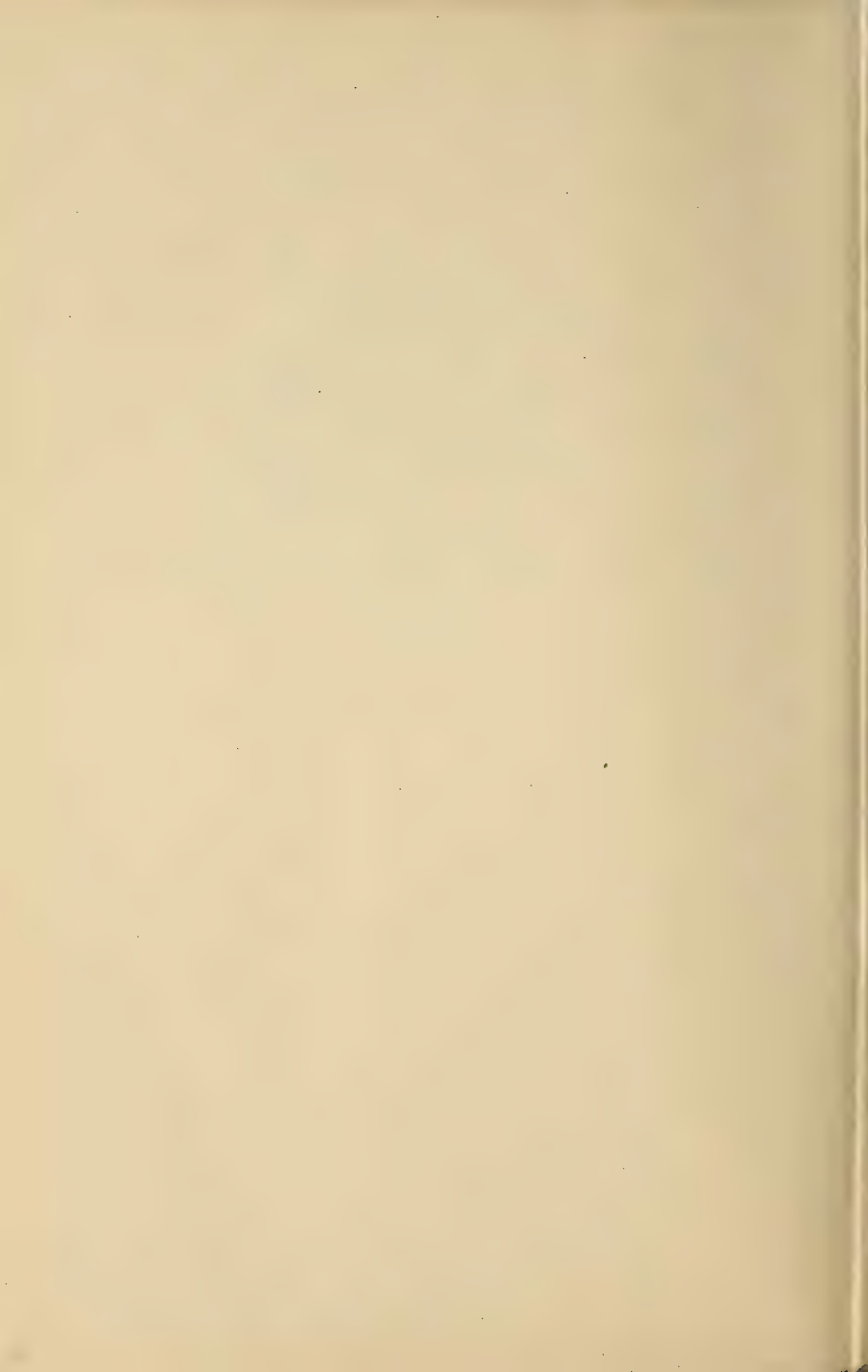
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Behold the goal in glory,  
Now shining from afar!

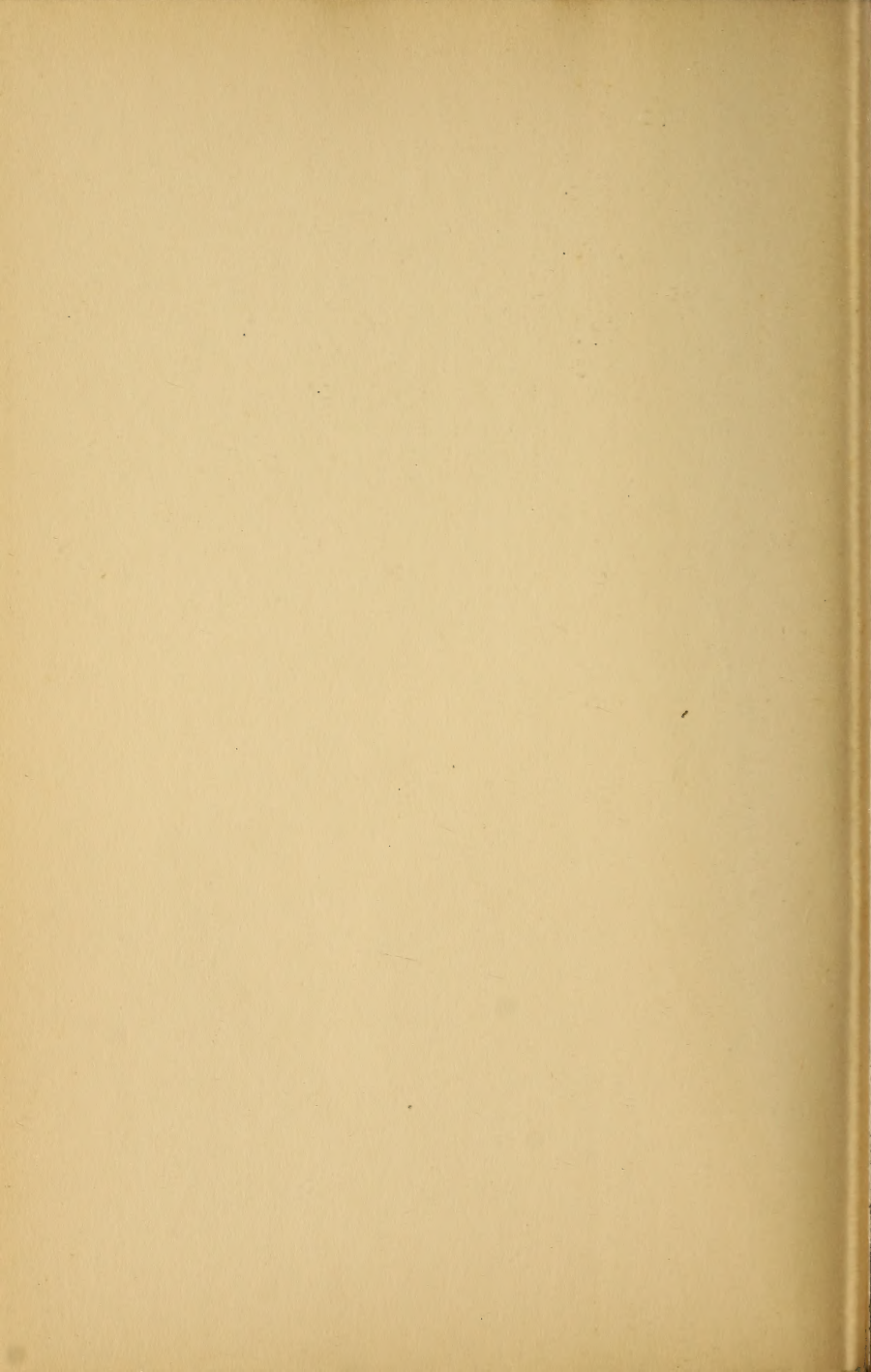
And even I shall conquer  
In Jesus' name and might.  
Though weak and faint,  
Still as a saint,  
I'll in the haven anchor,  
Sweet haven of delight.  
Yea, even I shall conquer  
In Jesus' name and might."

(*Finis*)











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